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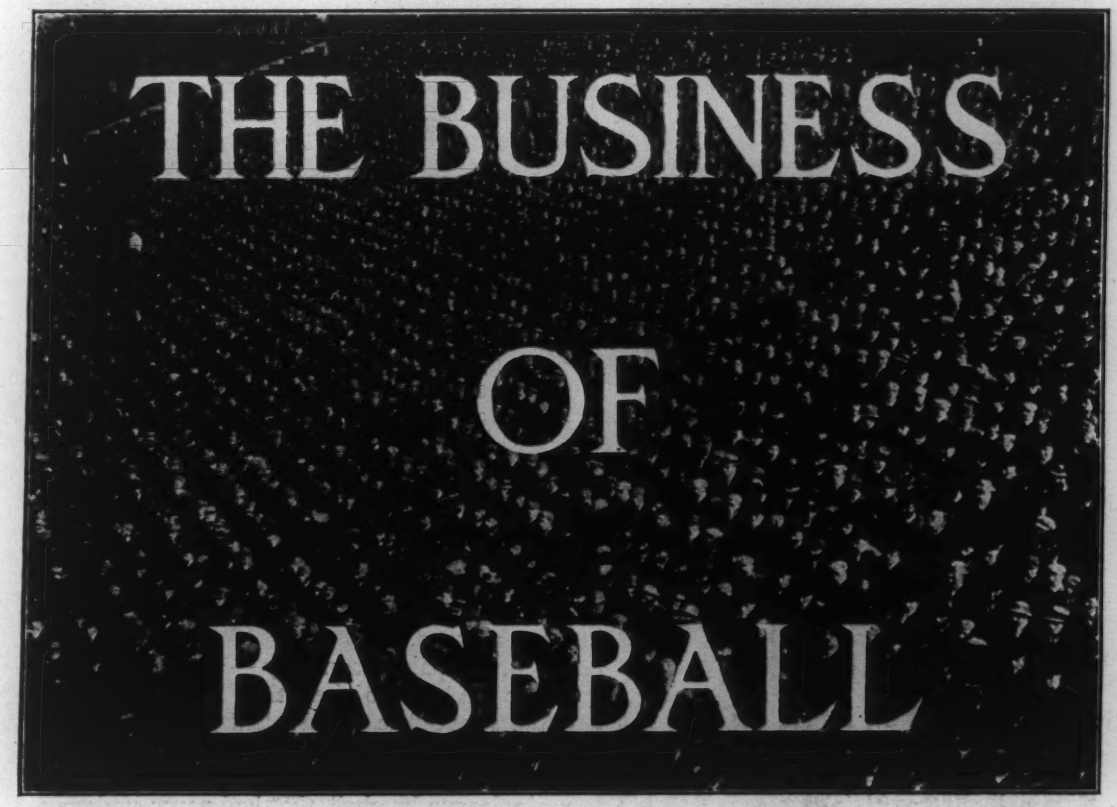

BY EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

Fifty million people pay $15,000,000 a year to see baseball games.
One hundred and seventy-nine thousand people paid $350,000 to see one series of baseball games.
Baseball magnates pay salaries of $10,000, $12,000, $15,000, and $18,000 to their managers and players.
One baseball magnate paid $22,500 for the right to employ a single player.
Millionaires like Charles P. Taft invest in baseball franchises as they do in railroads and industrials.
Baseball is a business—a wonder business.
The following article aims to take the reader out of the grand-stand into the box-office—and into those inner councils where business giants play for baseball fortunes.

TO the private office of an Indianapolis baseball owner there came one day a long-distance telephone call. "This is John T. Brush in New York," a voice said. "I'll give you five thousand dollars for Marquard."

The Indianapolis man laughed. "Nothing doing," he answered.

"I'll give you six thousand," said the owner of the famous New York "Giants."

"You're away down at the bottom," the Indiana voice told him. "Your offer is absurd."

"Seven thousand, then! I'll give you seven thousand in cash!"

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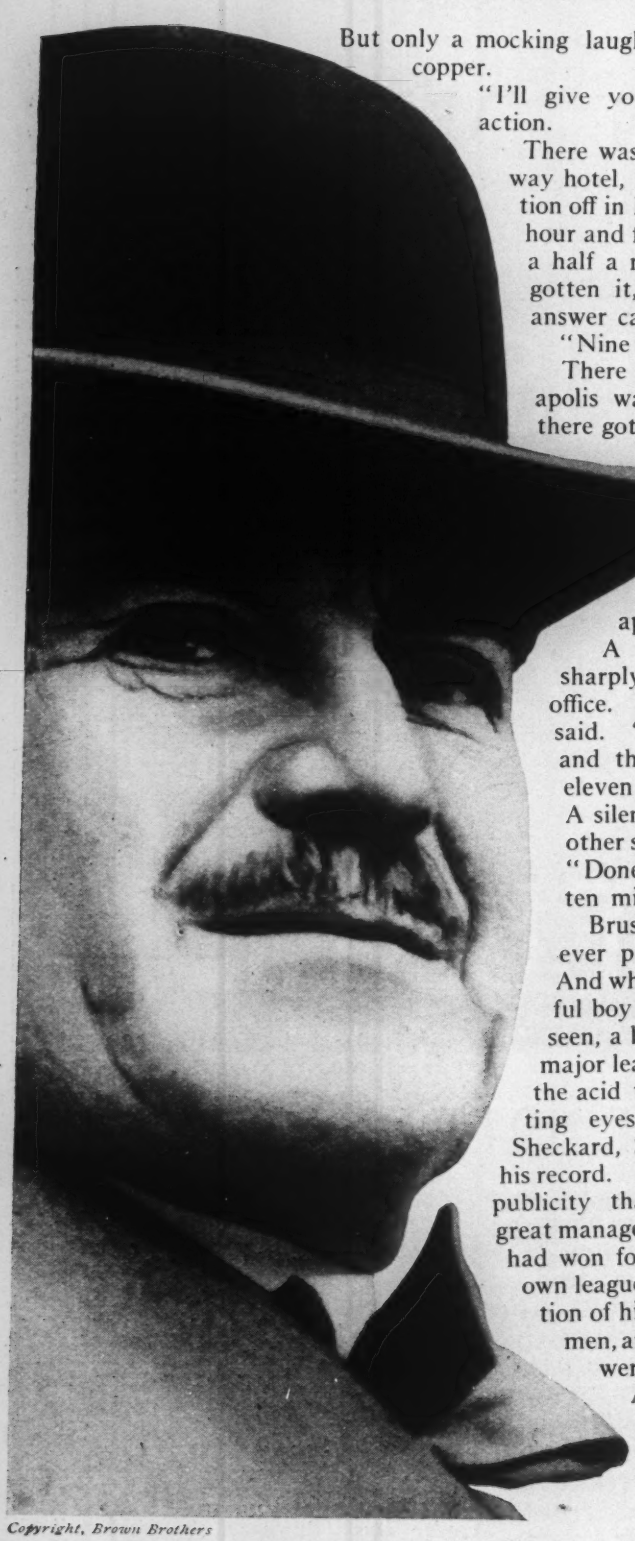

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THOMAS J. LYNCH

THE FOREFRONT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE. LYNCH WAS FORMERLY THE MOST POPULAR UMPIRE IN THE HISTORY OF BASEBALL

But only a mocking laugh traveled back to New York over the copper.

"I'll give you eight thousand." Mr. Brush was in action.

There was a moment's silence. Brush, in a Broadway hotel, heard snatches of a whispered conversation off in Indiana. He had been holding the wire an hour and forty minutes, and the toll of a dollar and a half a minute was still piling up; but he had forgotten it, or was indifferent. Then the Hoosier answer came back: "Too low!"

"Nine thousand!" said Brush promptly.

There was a longer pause this time. Indianapolis was wavering. But presently the owner there got back his nerve. "No, not enough."

"Ten thousand!"

"No; come again."

"I've gone the limit," said Brush; "I'll not pay another dollar!"

"Then good-by," and the Indianapolis receiver clicked on the hook.

A few minutes later the telephone jangled sharply once more in the Indianapolis baseball office. "This is Brush in New York," a voice said. "I'll make my offer eleven thousand—and this is final! I want an answer quick—eleven thousand dollars in cash!"

A silence of ten seconds; then a cough and another silence. "I'll take you," said Indianapolis.

"Done!" said Brush. "I'll mail a check in ten minutes."

Brush paid his money — the highest price ever paid up to that time for a ball-player. And what did he get? A lanky, awkward, bashful boy of nineteen years that Brush had never seen, a boy that had never pitched an inning of major league baseball, that had never undergone the acid test of facing in a row the mighty batting eyes of Clarke, Leach, and Wagner or Sheckard, Schulte, and Chance. But Brush knew his record. By that marvelous system of newspaper publicity that has made baseball, Brush and his great manager, John J. McGraw, knew that Marquard had won for Indianapolis the championship of his own league, that he had won a marvelous proportion of his games, that he had struck out so many men, and who those men were and how good they were and how hard they were to strike out. And McGraw's scouts, whose business it is to hunt ball-players, had seen the "Rube" in action. Brush knew what he was buying — or thought he did.

Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the nerve, daring, and judgment required of the modern baseball magnate. Within recent years this business of owning ball teams has grown

into a calling that has enlisted the brains and capital of many big men — big altogether aside from the technique of the diamond. It is a business that is unique, strenuous, and often health-destroying; and it has put the owners in a class with the Wall Street broker or the operator on the Chicago Board of Trade. It is a business, too, that holds many wonder-stories.

John T. Brush — this man who acts with the rapidity of lightning and stakes thousands on his judgment and on the skill of his manager, John J. McGraw — began his baseball career twenty-five years ago, when he invested twenty-five dollars in an Indianapolis ball team. Mr. Brush was a clothing merchant in that city then —indeed, he still retains his interests there, although he is virtually a New Yorker. Originally he was interested in the game chiefly because it advertised business in Indianapolis; but the fever of the sport grew in his veins; it was not many years before he owned his local club. And then began his baseball fairy story.

Mr. Brush secured a membership in the National League for his Indianapolis team, but not long afterward received notice that the membership was to be reduced and that he must get out. At this point he first showed himself as a national figure in baseball. He denied the right of the league to evict him, and showed himself such a fighter that he was offered $20,000 in settlement.

"No," said Brush promptly.

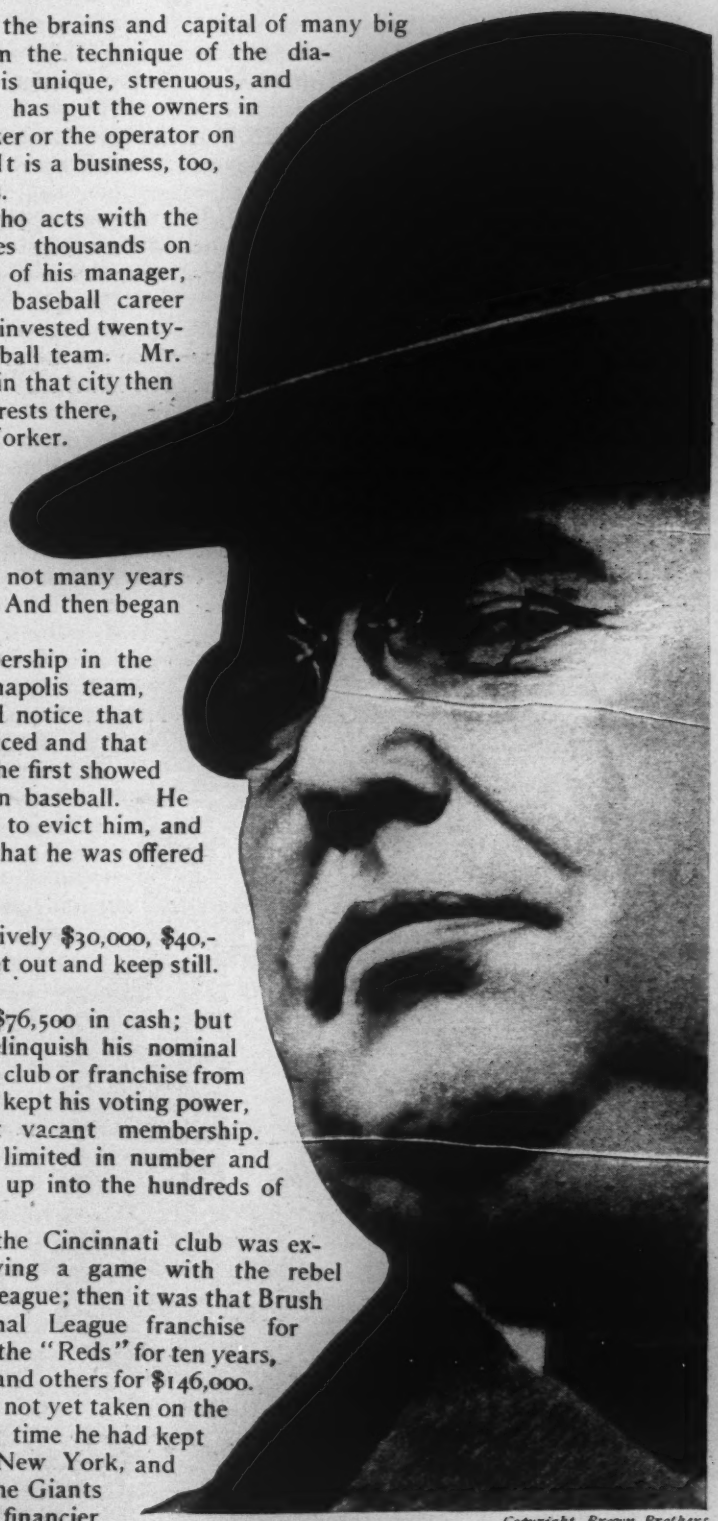
Then he was offered successively $30,000, $40,000, $50,000, and $60,000 to get out and keep still.

"No," he reiterated.

Finally he compromised for $76,500 in cash; but even at that he would not relinquish his nominal league membership. He had no club or franchise from the league to play ball, but he kept his voting power, and he was promised the first vacant membership. These league franchises are limited in number and often command prices running up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

By a curious turn of fate, the Cincinnati club was expelled the same year for playing a game with the rebel organization, the Brotherhood League; then it was that Brush secured the Cincinnati National League franchise for practically nothing. He owned the "Reds" for ten years, selling out to August Herrmann and others for $146,000.

But Brush's wonder-tale had not yet taken on the real tinge of magic. For a long time he had kept his eyes on the wonder-city, New York, and finally the chance came to buy the Giants from Andrew Freedman, traction financier in the metropolis. The price was something like $200,000, a very low figure for these famous players — famous they were, although standing eighth on the



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BANCROFT B. JOHNSON
THE FOREFRONT OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE. JOHNSON IS A VERITABLE CZAR IN MANAGEMENT AND DISCIPLINE

list at that time. "I'll redeem New York," said Brush. Then he touched the team with his magic wand. It was a wand of business management. If you wish to know the ingredients of business management in baseball, you must study Brush's methods of building up his aggregation of players. It was he, more than any one, who developed this art as it is practised to-day by all modern owners. The scouts from the Giants are scouring the land continually for players whose peculiar abilities, one way or another, fit in with Manager McGraw's analyses of his needs. When McGraw says the word, Brush pays the money -- three, four, five thousand dollars for a youngster, ten thousand for a veteran, whatever is necessary to get the man he wants. And then, of course, you must study the Brush financial methods and the enterprise that has given New York, at the Polo Grounds, the most magnificent baseball stadium in the world. "Yet the finest grand-stand will not make a successful baseball business," says Brush. "The organization and upbuilding of the team must be given first place. Without this, baseball ownership falls."

With all his aggressiveness and executive ability, Brush is a pathetic figure. Rheumatic ailments have deprived him of the use of his legs, and he is held a practical prisoner in his suite at the Imperial Hotel in New York. But he is one of those men who rise above physical suffering, and for many years he has fought disease as he has battled for pennants. His strong, clean-shaven face shows his character, and his eyes flash the fire of the man who leads. All day he sits in his easy-chair, in the grip of his relentless physical enemy, but still master of his business.

The Giants now constitute the most valuable baseball property in the country, being held at more than a million dollars not including the grounds, which are leased. Brush has made immense profits from the team, ranging from $100,000 to $300,000 or more annually.

The risks and strain of the business are illustrated in Marquard, the pitcher whom Brush bought for $11,000. Dealing in human muscle and skill is full of strange contradictions and unforeseen happenings. For three seasons after Brush bought him, Marquard "fell down" ignominiously. Hailed as the "$11,000 beauty," he soon became known to the "fans" as the "$11,000 lemon." Then he suddenly emerged from his disgrace and became a sensation. It was the limelight of the big club that broke him up temporarily. But Brush never lost faith in the youngster, and Marquard has justified his judgment. To-day the announcement that Marquard is going to pitch at the Polo Grounds is good for a crowd that will more than pay his $11,000 purchase price at the gate.

For the star system is just as profitable in baseball as in the theater. Ty Cobb is as big an attraction for "the gate" as Maude Adams is for the box-office. In this respect, but only in this respect, Hans Wagner might be compared to Ethel Barrymore, or Ping Bodie to John Drew. The brightest star in baseball for ten years back is Christy Mathewson, for whom Brush has said he would not take $50,000. Marquard bids fair to replace him as a magnet for the populace.

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JOHN T. BRUSH
A BASEBALL PIONEER AND OWNER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS, WHO FROM AN INVALID'S CHAIR IN A HOTEL ROOM OPERATES A MILLION-DOLLAR BASEBALL PROPERTY

Murphy's Million from the Cubs

Another million-dollar baseball holding is that of the Chicago National League team, the celebrated "Cubs." For a real wonder-story, the history of Charles W. Murphy outranks anything in baseball records.

From baseball writer in Cincinnati, Murphy was taken up by Brush and made press agent for the Giants. About this time the Chicago National Bank failed, and its ill-starred president, John R. Walsh, then owner of the Cubs, was in desperate straits for cash. Murphy received a tip on this situation and saw a baseball opportunity. He rushed off to Cincinnati and called on Charles P. Taft, owner of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, and brother of the President.

"I need a hundred thousand dollars," he told Mr. Taft; "I'd like to borrow it from you."

There are several stories as to what led Murphy to Taft. One story is to the effect that Taft had already purchased baseball stock from "Cap" Anson, and therefore seemed a likely lender. But, at all events, Taft was something of a fan and was a personal acquaintance of Murphy, who had done baseball for Taft's paper. Besides, Taft had virtual control over a huge fortune; for Mrs. Taft, as the heir to the Sinton estate in Cincinnati, was worth $20,000,000.

Taft backed Murphy in the purchase of the control of the Chicago Nationals, the price being between $105,000 and $125,000. Immediately following this deal came a series of the most extraordinary successes. The first year the Cubs won the league pennant, and the next season captured the world's championship. The profits that year were more than $165,000. Since then the annual earnings are believed to have been at least $100,000.

Murphy paid his Taft loan within a year or two, but today Mr. Taft is said to hold a quarter of the Cubs' stock.

When the team was bought, so the story goes, Frank Chance, Chicago's famous player-manager, took a one-tenth interest, paying for it with a slip of paper on which he had written: "I O U ten thousand dollars." The first year his dividend was $9,950.

When Murphy paid this neat little earned profit to Chance, he dug down into his pocket and brought out a fifty-dollar bill. "Here, Frank, we'll make it an even ten thousand," he said.

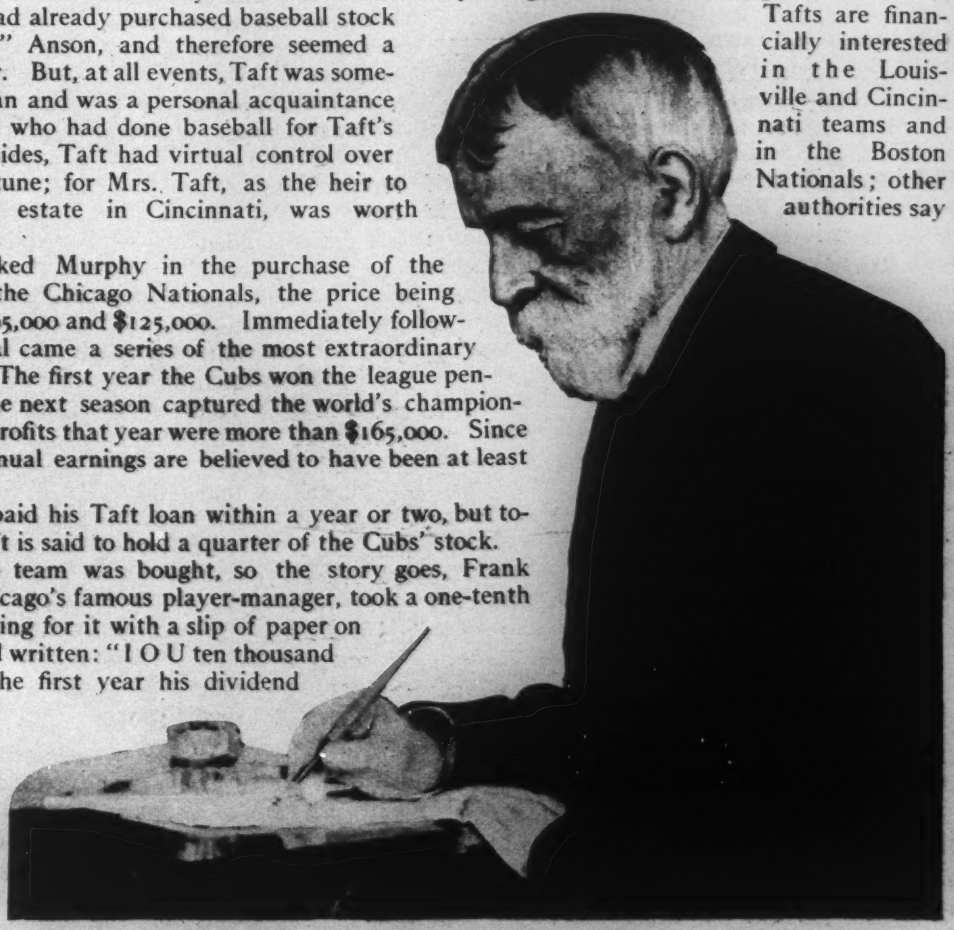
"Thanks," said Chance; "let's go to dinner."

The fifty dollars was spent on the meal, the memory of which brings a watery taste still to Chance and Murphy.

The Tafts and Baseball

Since those days the Tafts and Murphy have pulled together in baseball investments and in other affairs. Murphy, having been led into baseball finances largely by Brush, himself led the Taft family into successful enterprises. Mrs. Taft and Murphy jointly own the grounds of the Chicago Nationals, and Mrs. Taft herself owns the land used by the Philadelphia National team. "She bought the Philadelphia property," said Mr. Taft, "because it looked like a good real estate proposition. For myself, I am keenly interested in baseball."

Sporting authorities in Chicago assert that the Tafts are financially interested in the Louisville and Cincinnati teams and in the Boston Nationals; other authorities say



CHARLES P. TAFT
THE PRESIDENT'S BROTHER IS THE LARGEST SINGLE FINANCIAL POWER BEHIND AMERICAN BASEBALL. HIS INVESTMENT REACHES INTO THE MILLIONS

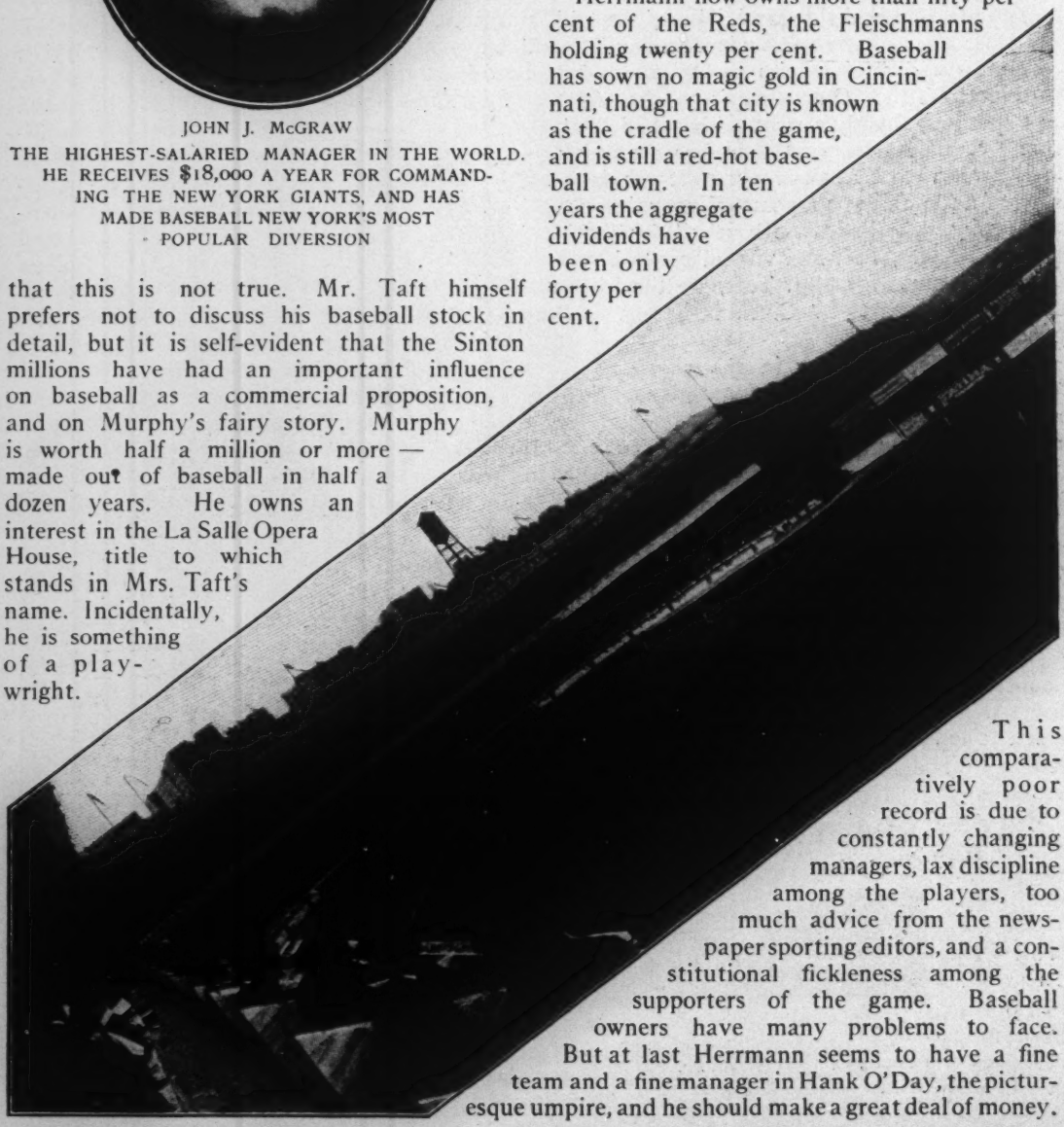
JOHN J. McGRAW
THE HIGHEST-SALARIED MANAGER IN THE WORLD. HE RECEIVES $18,000 A YEAR FOR COMMANDING THE NEW YORK GIANTS, AND HAS MADE BASEBALL NEW YORK'S MOST POPULAR DIVERSION

that this is not true. Mr. Taft himself prefers not to discuss his baseball stock in detail, but it is self-evident that the Sinton millions have had an important influence on baseball as a commercial proposition, and on Murphy's fairy story. Murphy is worth half a million or more — made out of baseball in half a dozen years. He owns an interest in the La Salle Opera House, title to which stands in Mrs. Taft's name. Incidentally, he is something of a playwright.

The Politician-Magnate of Cincinnati

Through the Tafts, Chicago baseball links itself naturally with Cincinnati. There is a picturesque ownership of baseball in Cincinnati, although not a story of riches. It is an ownership, too, that has a strong flavor of the political element which has worked into the business end of baseball. In Cincinnati it goes without saying that August Herrmann and the Fleischmanns make up the bulk of this political factor, while thirty per cent of the stock is divided into eighty lots and held mostly by small politicians. Originally George B. Cox, former boss of Cincinnati, was a backer; he is said to have differed with Herrmann over the management, whereupon Herrmann bought him out.

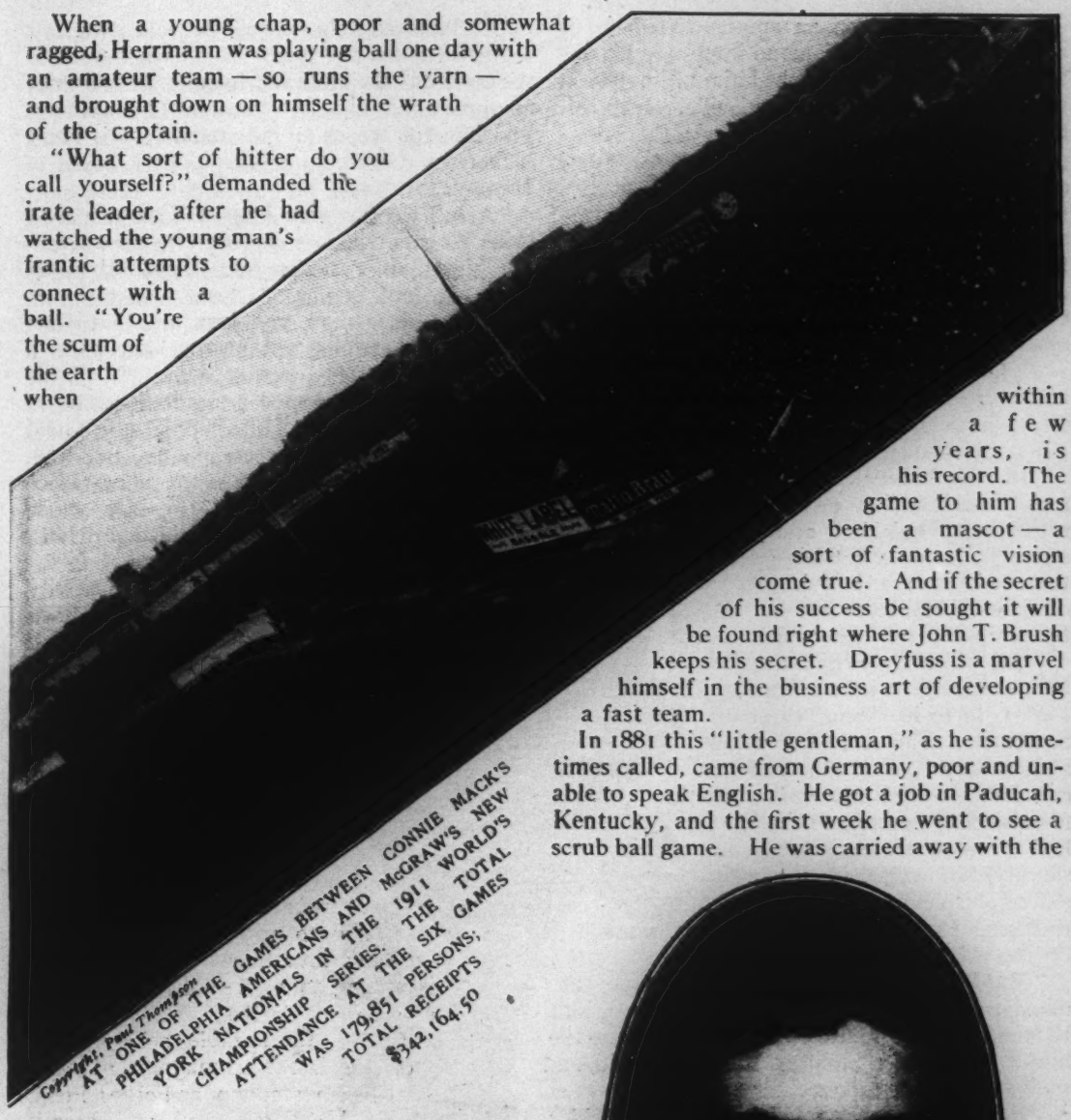
Herrmann now owns more than fifty per cent of the Reds, the Fleischmanns holding twenty per cent. Baseball has sown no magic gold in Cincinnati, though that city is known as the cradle of the game, and is still a red-hot baseball town. In ten years the aggregate dividends have been only forty per cent.



This comparatively poor record is due to constantly changing managers, lax discipline among the players, too much advice from the newspaper sporting editors, and a constitutional fickleness among the supporters of the game. Baseball owners have many problems to face. But at last Herrmann seems to have a fine team and a fine manager in Hank O'Day, the picturesque umpire, and he should make a great deal of money.

When a young chap, poor and somewhat ragged, Herrmann was playing ball one day with an amateur team — so runs the yarn — and brought down on himself the wrath of the captain.

"What sort of hitter do you call yourself?" demanded the irate leader, after he had watched the young man's frantic attempts to connect with a ball. "You're the scum of the earth when it comes to handling a bat! You don't belong in baseball. Get out!"



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AT ONE OF THE GAMES BETWEEN CONNIE MACK'S PHILADELPHIA AMERICANS AND McGRAW'S NEW YORK NATIONALS IN THE 1911 WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES. THE TOTAL ATTENDANCE AT THE SIX GAMES WAS 179,851 PERSONS; TOTAL RECEIPTS $342,164.50

To-day Herrmann is chairman of the National Commission, and thus has more power in baseball than any other man, while the wrathy captain of the early amateur team is a bartender along the levee in New Orleans.

Barney Dreyfuss — the "Little Gentleman"

But, of course, people like the Fleischmanns follow baseball as a side line and are not in the list of men who have heaped up financial marvels out of the game. Such a man is Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the National League "Pirates" of Pittsburgh. From bookkeeper in a distillery to millionaire baseball owner, all within a few years, is his record. The game to him has been a mascot — a sort of fantastic vision come true. And if the secret of his success be sought it will be found right where John T. Brush keeps his secret. Dreyfuss is a marvel himself in the business art of developing a fast team.

In 1881 this "little gentleman," as he is sometimes called, came from Germany, poor and unable to speak English. He got a job in Paducah, Kentucky, and the first week he went to see a scrub ball game. He was carried away with the

CONNIE MACK

MANAGER OF THE PHILADELPHIA WORLD'S CHAMPION ATHLETICS. HE HAS A FINANCIAL INTEREST IN THE PHILADELPHIA TEAM — AN OLD PLAYER GRADUALLY MAKING HIS WAY INTO THE OWNER CLASS

sport, and played on an amateur team. His achievements on the diamond interested his distillery employers, who backed him ultimately in the purchase of a club at Louisville. Into this he put $16,000, but earned a profit of only $72, which he spent on a dinner for the boys. He had a chance to buy some stock in the Pittsburgh Nationals, and in 1900 he acquired control of the club, the distillery backing him, so authorities assert.

A few bits of personal history, related by Dreyfuss for this article, will give the key to his management.

"In the baseball business," said he, "an owner must act quickly and secretly. He does not have time to consult a board of directors. He must act on the jump and talk afterward.

"Once I was down South, and, chancing to miss a train, I went out to see Memphis play Savannah. The score was 21 to 2 in favor of Savannah, and you can imagine that Memphis came in for a sizzling hot roast from the fans. I had been watching the game rather sharply, however, and I had my eye on a Memphis fielder who interested me. After the game I said to the manager: 'How much do you want for that chap?'

"Maybe I looked a little green; anyhow, the manager sized me up in a queer sort of way and then made up his mind that he'd soak me to the limit. 'I'll take a hundred dollars,' he said, and took a chew of tobacco.

"I had the cash, and I bought that fielder. I've got him to-day. He is Fred Clarke, my manager. The first day he played for me he made five hits.

At another time I heard of a player up in New York State, and I went up to look him over. On the grounds I met Harry Davis of New York. 'What are you doing up here?' I inquired.

"'Oh,' said he, pointing to the chap I'd come up to see, 'I'm watching that little shrimp play ball. I've got an option on him — but I'll tell you right now I don't want him. He's such a little cuss I wouldn't tie a can to him.'

"Now, I'm small myself. 'What'll you take for your option?' I asked.

"'A hundred dollars,' said he, as a joke.

"I fished out the hundred. Then I went to the owner of the club and bought the 'shrimp' for three hundred. In a few weeks I could have sold him for ten thousand dollars. His name is Tommy Leach. I reckon you've heard of Tommy.

"At still another time I heard of a man named Hans Wagner who was playing with the anarchists up in Paterson, and I sent Clarke up to look at him. Clarke wired me to gobble him; but just at that time Philadelphia got on the line with a bigger offer than I made. Well, the bidding jumped a hundred dollars at a time until Philadelphia quit, and I got Wagner at twenty-five hundred. At that time this was the highest price ever paid for a player. Of course everybody now knows the great Hans.

So you see that the chief factor in baseball success is the ability to pick good players. That's the game the owner plays — and it's a game that turns his hair gray."

But even Dreyfuss, canny baseball man that he is, doesn't buy all his players for a song. Last year he invested $22,500 in one pitcher, Marty O'Toole. To date, O'Toole has repeated Marquard's early experience of failing to pay dividends on his owner's investment. But Dreyfuss is willing to wait — those dividends may be cumulative.

One of the notable achievements of Dreyfuss is his magnificent Pittsburgh stadium at Forbes Field, costing — land and grandstand — about three quarters of a million. This has done much to make the game popular with the women of the Smoky City.

When one speaks of women in baseball, the St. Louis "Cardinals" instantly come into mind. Here is a team that is owned by two women. They are Mrs. Helene Robison Britton and her mother, Mrs. Sarah C. H. Robison.

Everybody in Cleveland knows the name Robison, and it was in Cleveland that Helene Robison used to go to the ball games, as a little girl, and follow the plays under the tutelage of

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"RUBE" MARQUARD

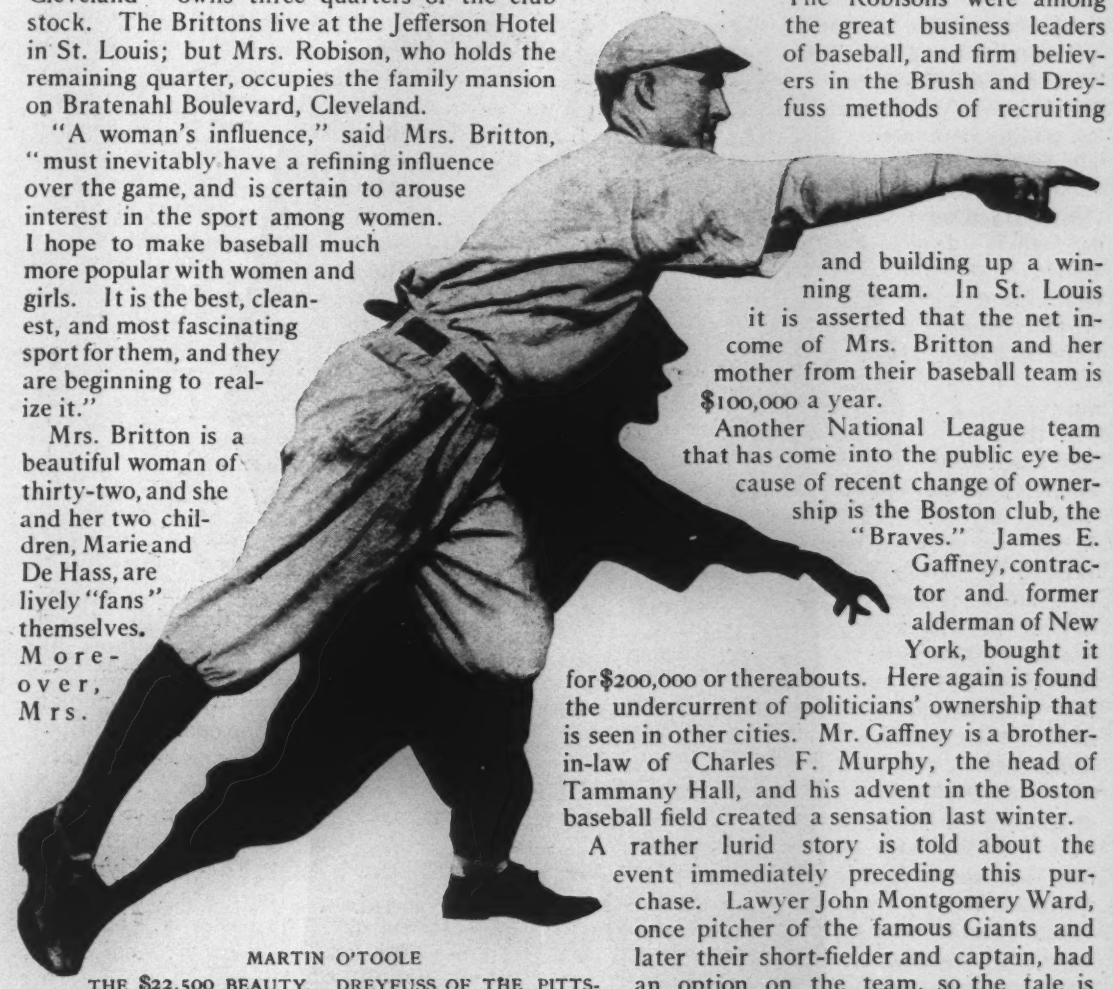
THE SENSATION OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE. BRUSH PAID $11,000 FOR MARQUARD, WHOSE NAME OUT OF THE DIAMOND IS RICHARD LE MARQUIS. McGRAW SPENT THREE YEARS DEVELOPING HIM BEFORE BRUSH REALIZED ON THE INVESTMENT

Frank De Hass Robison, her father, and Stanley Robison, her uncle. These two men were financiers and builders of street railways — rich, popular, and thorough "fans." They owned the Cleveland National League club, having acquired it from pure love of the sport. Old-time "fans" tell about the wonderful aggregation of players the Robisons got together.

In 1899 the Robisons transferred their franchise, as well as their players, to St. Louis, and now, through the death of both brothers, Helene — who married Schuyler P. Britton of Cleveland — owns three quarters of the club stock. The Brittons live at the Jefferson Hotel in St. Louis; but Mrs. Robison, who holds the remaining quarter, occupies the family mansion on Bratenahl Boulevard, Cleveland.

"A woman's influence," said Mrs. Britton, "must inevitably have a refining influence over the game, and is certain to arouse interest in the sport among women. I hope to make baseball much more popular with women and girls. It is the best, cleanest, and most fascinating sport for them, and they are beginning to realize it."

Mrs. Britton is a beautiful woman of thirty-two, and she and her two children, Marie and De Hass, are lively "fans" themselves. Moreover, Mrs. Britton has recently given evidence of an intention to take the detailed management of the business into her own hands. She has brought suit against the administrator of the Robison estate to prevent his voting the stock of the club. This is taken to mean that the young woman intends to embark as a magnate in earnest.



MARTIN O'TOOLE

THE $22,500 BEAUTY. DREYFUSS OF THE PITTSBURGH NATIONAL TEAM BOUGHT O'TOOLE FOR THE RECORD PRICE OF $22,500. THE OUTCOME OF THIS INVESTMENT IS STILL IN THE BALANCE

Incidentally, the lawsuit has made public the fact that an offer of $500,000 was made for the Cardinals not long ago by Roger Bresnahan, the team's manager. In two years this magnetic leader has demonstrated his right to such substantial financial backing by making a trailing club of untried players into a plucky fighting aggregation that is one of the biggest attractions in the circuit. Bresnahan, as all "fans" know, was a famous catcher of the New York Giants when, in 1908, Stanley Robison outbid every club in the National League for his services.

The Robisons were among the great business leaders of baseball, and firm believers in the Brush and Dreyfuss methods of recruiting and building up a winning team. In St. Louis it is asserted that the net income of Mrs. Britton and her mother from their baseball team is $100,000 a year.

Another National League team that has come into the public eye because of recent change of ownership is the Boston club, the "Braves." James E. Gaffney, contractor and former alderman of New York, bought it for $200,000 or thereabouts. Here again is found the undercurrent of politicians' ownership that is seen in other cities. Mr. Gaffney is a brother-in-law of Charles F. Murphy, the head of Tammany Hall, and his advent in the Boston baseball field created a sensation last winter.

A rather lurid story is told about the event immediately preceding this purchase. Lawyer John Montgomery Ward, once pitcher of the famous Giants and later their short-fielder and captain, had an option on the team, so the tale is told, but had no money of consequence. There were various bidders, and there seemed little chance of Ward's getting a backer. Almost on the expiration of the option he got on the track of Gaffney, who had been a great "fan" for years. According to one baseball authority, Gaffney made up his mind to buy the team something after this fashion:

Scene: Gaffney's office in the Metropolitan Tower. Enter Ward, breathlessly.

WARD. There's a ball team for sale up in Boston for two hundred thousand! Quick! We've got only sixty minutes left!

GAFFNEY (rising from his swivel chair). What's that? A ball team for sale for two hundred thousand? I've been looking for a thing of that sort for years. Are you sure you can get it — in Boston, the great baseball city of Boston?

WARD. Yes; but be quick! Only fifty-nine minutes ——

GAFFNEY (touching a button) A pad of telegraph blanks in a rush!

WARD (running out with the telegram and hammering on the elevator grating for a car). The world is ours!

So Gaffney is now the practical owner, with Ward installed as president. The property was bought from the estate of William Hepburn Russell, Mr. Russell, a New York lawyer, having died shortly before. At one time in the days of the stone-wall infield, Tenney, Lowe, Lang, and Collins — this Boston National club was worth half a million, but it exemplified the truth that a baseball business may go to pieces very rapidly without the most rigid management. The value of the club went down to almost nothing, and was resuscitated with difficulty. What Gaffney will do with it is a speculation for the "fans," but those who know the Gaffney business methods predict great things. The contracting firm of which Gaffney is the head dug the monster hole for the new Pennsylvania station in New York. A thousand men, hundreds of wagons, and half a dozen great steam-shovels were managed by Mr. Gaffney with extraordinary efficiency.

FRANK FARRELL
FORMER ASSOCIATE OF BIG TIM SULLIVAN, FAMOUS SPORTING MAN AND CHIEF BACKER OF THE NEW YORK AMERICANS

Philadelphia at the present time is something of a mystery, so far as ownership goes. The stock is held nominally by Horace Fogel, president of the "Phillies" corporation. Mr. Fogel was a telegraph operator and then a newspaper writer on the Philadelphia *North American*, *Ledger*, *Telegraph*, and *Star*. He was a baseball official in Indianapolis and New York before he took charge of Philadelphia. The major part of the stock is said to be distributed among a number of prominent men, some in Philadelphia and some elsewhere, who prefer to remain in seclusion. Of these, Charles P. Taft is reported to be one. E. F. Albee and Percy G. Williams, theatrical managers, are others. The club is fairly prosperous financially, having earned something like $70,000 last year on a valuation of perhaps $300,000. These figures, of course, are estimates, but they are made by men in a position to come near the facts.

The Brooklyn "Superbas" belong to Charles H. Ebbets and Henry W. Medicus, the former a long-time baseball official and the latter a furniture manufacturer in Brooklyn. Mr. Ebbets began as the secretary of the club many years ago, and has climbed gradually into the presidency. Eight years ago, while at a bowling tournament in Milwaukee, he talked Mr. Medicus into buying a half interest.

The Brooklyn club, which won the league championship under the management of Edward Hanlon, but which is now among the trailers, has made some money, and is laying plans for a greater future — the sort of plans that level-headed business men make. These include the new grounds and stadium now under way, to cost three quarters of a million dollars. With this new property, and the improved team that is being built up around its two great players, Daubert and Rucker, Brooklyn will stand as another million-dollar baseball holding.

Now turn to the American League, organized by Ban Johnson ten years ago as a rival of the National League, but now working in harmony with it. Johnson is the general manager of modern baseball. He is the czar of his own league, and exercises an influence over the National League, whose president, Tom Lynch, is a graduate of the playing field and not of the counting-room. "Ban" has the money-raising powers of a college president and the "sand" of a college half-back. It was Johnson that recently suspended baseball's greatest player, Ty Cobb, of Detroit, for assaulting a spectator who had insulted him. Johnson stood his ground against a great wave of newspaper sentimentality and the stubborn resistance of the whole Detroit team, who "struck" in sympathy. Ban Johnson is a man to be reckoned with.

The story of the Detroit "Tigers" would make a good chapter in a baseball fairy-story book. But before this fairy story began the club had received some bad jolts. S. F. Angus, a railroad man who owned the club in its early days, dropped $60,000 in it. Then William H. Yawkey bought it, and engaged Frank J. Navin to manage it for him.

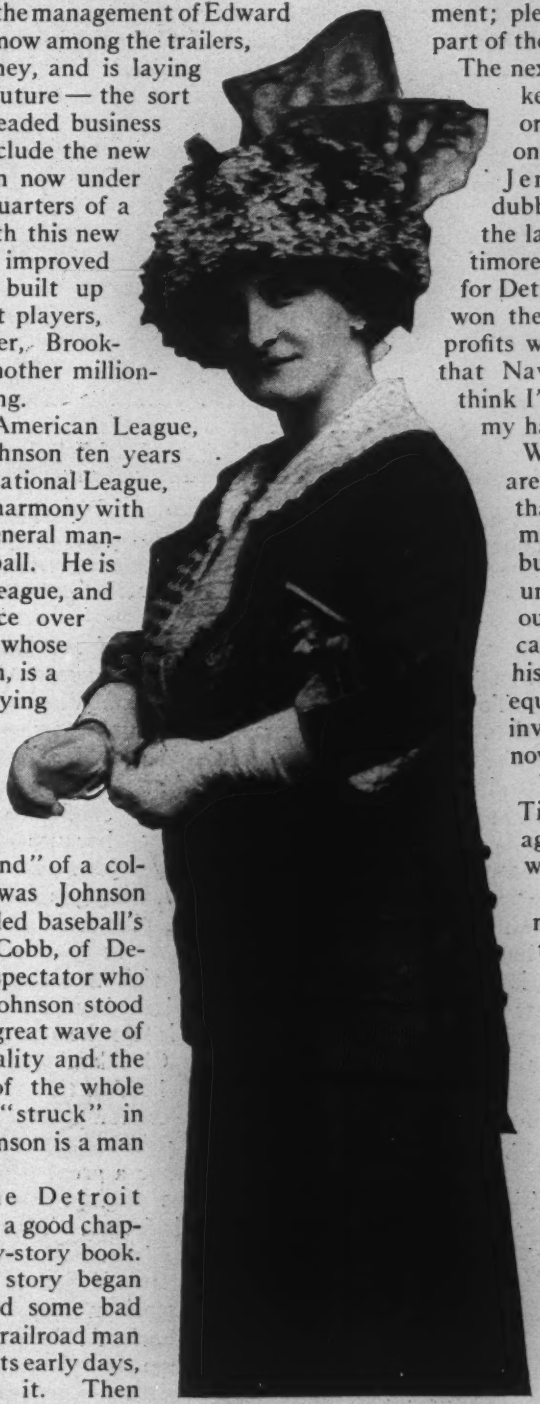
"Any time you want a half interest," said Yawkey to Navin, "you can have it." Navin had been bookkeeper for Angus and had little money himself. There was no written agreement; please, remember this, for it is part of the fairy tale.

The next two years, 1905–6, Yawkey lost $45,000, while the original investment had been only $35,000. Then Hugh Jennings, affectionately dubbed "Hughie" throughout the land, was drafted from Baltimore and made bench manager for Detroit. That year the Tigers won the league pennant, and the profits were $50,000. It was then that Navin said to Yawkey: "I think I'll take formal possession of my half interest."

With some men, contracts are superfluous; Yawkey is that sort of man. There might have been a lawsuit, but there wasn't. The verbal understanding was carried out to the letter, and Navin came into a bonanza. With his profits he purchased an equal partnership. His total investment in the club was now $17,000.

Then, the next year, the Tigers captured the pennant again, and the net profits were $75,000.

Hugh Jennings was a mascot. For the third time, in 1909, the team finished first, and a great stream of money poured in — more than $150,000 in clean profits! In 1910 and in 1911 Detroit came out second, and the net earnings of the two years were $90,000. In five years this team had earned for its owners $365,000. The grounds, now owned by Yawkey and Navin, are worth $200,000. Into the stadium has gone, so far, about $225,000 more. The total value of the club is put at $650,000. Here at Detroit are exemplified the almost fantastic possibilities of baseball. A story is told about Mr. Yawkey that gives an intimate



MRS. HELEN R. BRITTON
CHIEF OWNER OF THE ST. LOUIS NATIONAL TEAM, WHO HAS A NET INCOME OF $100,000 A YEAR FROM HER INTEREST IN THE CARDINALS

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BARNEY DREYFUSS

WHO HAS BECOME A MILLIONAIRE THROUGH HIS INTERESTS IN THE PITTSBURGH NATIONALS

Copyright, Paul Thompson

"GARRY" HERRMANN

THE CINCINNATI POLITICIAN WHO IS CHIEF OWNER OF THE CINCINNATI NATIONALS — A POOR MONEY-MAKING TEAM

glimpse of him. One day, while traveling to Cleveland with a crowd of "fans," he fell to arguing about wrestling. To settle a difference of opinion, he observed to "Billy" Lamb of Detroit:

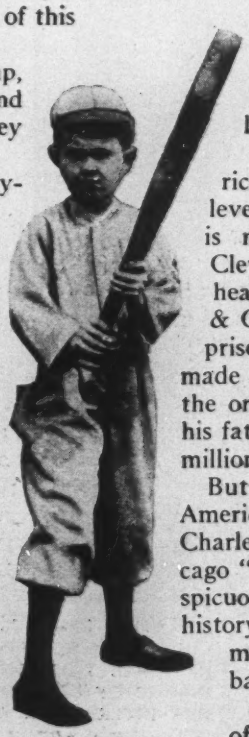
"I'll give you five thousand dollars, Bill, if you can put me on my back in the aisle of this car."

Billy promptly did it. Yawkey got up, brushed the dust from his clothes, and wrote a check for $5,000. With the money Lamb started an auto-tire business.

And yet Yawkey, who is only thirty-seven, is a keen business man and has largely increased the great estate left by his father. It is said that Mr. Yawkey's own holdings in timber, coal, and oil — from which the fortune originally came — are $20,000,000. But even millions can not make a pennant-winning baseball team, and back of Detroit's success has been that mystic quality which no mere cash can create.

Jump to Cleveland. Here is another club valued at $650,000. It is owned by Charles W. Somers, a coal operator who is known as the financial father of the American League. It was he who kept it from collapse. He has put more money into baseball and taken less out than any other man. This, too, in spite of the fact that his club, since 1904, has netted half a million dollars. In 1908 the profits were $100,000.

At one time Somers had $785,000 pledged in aid of the American League teams; that is, he had guaranteed leases and debts. During the baseball war it is said he loaned money to many owners — $50,000 to Comiskey, according to good authorities. All this Mr. Somers did because he loved baseball and had confidence in its future — and because of the hypnotic Ban Johnson. Had the American League collapsed he would have lost half a million.



DE HASS BRITTON IN TRAINING FOR THE CARDINALS

It is a fact that most of the rich men who back baseball are level-headed business chaps. There is no keener business manager in Cleveland than Mr. Somers. As the head of the coal firm of J. H. Somers & Company, and in his other enterprises in coal lands and copper, he has made a great deal of money, although the original business was founded by his father. To-day he is worth several millions.

But, if Somers is the father of the American League in a financial way, Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago "White Sox," stands out most conspicuously in other ways. Comiskey's history and personality make him the most distinctive figure among baseball owners.

Thirty-five years ago, at the age of eighteen, Comiskey first played ball — with a semi-professional team at Dubuque, owned by Ted

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CHARLES H. EBBETS

BACKER OF THE BROOKLYN NATIONALS, WHICH EARNS $70,000 A YEAR

Copyright, Paul Thompson

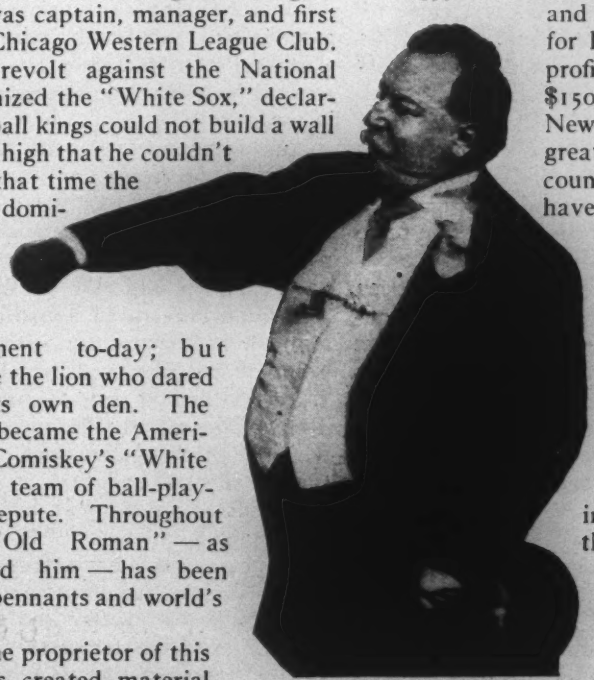
CHARLES W. SOMERS

MILLIONAIRE COAL OPERATOR OF CLEVELAND, WHOSE MONEY MADE THE AMERICAN LEAGUE POSSIBLE

Sullivan, then and now well known in baseball circles. Comiskey became famous as first baseman and captain of the St. Louis "Browns," and with the Chicago Brotherhood Club. "Commy" was the first man to realize the important possibilities of first-base play, a science that was developed by Fred Tenney and perfected by Hal Chase, of the New York Americans.

At the time the American League was organized, Comiskey was captain, manager, and first baseman of the Chicago Western League Club. He joined the revolt against the National League and organized the "White Sox," declaring that the baseball kings could not build a wall about Chicago so high that he couldn't get over it. At that time the National League dominated baseball with powers as great as those exercised by the National agreement to-day; but Comiskey became the lion who dared the enemy in its own den. The Western League became the American League, and Comiskey's "White Sox" grew into a team of ball-players of national repute. Throughout his career the "Old Roman" — as somebody dubbed him — has been capturing league pennants and world's championships.

As an owner, the proprietor of this Chicago team has created material for another baseball wonder-story. The original investment was $30,000. The other day Comiskey stated that all the money he now has he got out of baseball; and, since his club is in the million-dollar class, his fortune has grown out of the comparatively trifling investment with which he started. Comiskey owns the franchise, grounds, and stands — all paid for. The steel and concrete grand-stand cost $550,000. For the land he paid $102,000, and has been offered $100,000 for less than half of it. The profits have run as high as $150,000 in a year. Next to New York, Chicago is the greatest baseball city in the country. These large profits have come in spite of heavy expense. Comiskey pays an average of $40,000 a year for the one item of recruiting players; he has gone as high as $90,000 in a year. But, from the standpoint of business management, this item is not to be considered as an expense, but as an investment in the goods that earn the profits. To a considerable extent Comiskey still selects his own players.



THE WORLD'S MOST DISTINGUISHED "FAN"

"I get tips on them," he said, "but I feel that I can still tell a good

player at sight. Of course it is a question whether my judgment is as sound now as it was when I was playing ball, or my eye as keen; but I have a good team, which is evidence that I'm still able to handle the thing."

Comiskey is immensely popular, not only in Chicago, but throughout the country. He has been called the ideal baseball magnate. There is a charm to his personality that makes him a striking figure. He is more than six feet tall, broad-shouldered, and weighs over two hundred pounds, while his kindly gray eyes and furrowed face radiate gentleness that has behind it strength and determination.

From the "White Sox" turn your attention to the "Red Sox," the team of the American League in Boston. Once more we find a million-dollar club. Boston comes next to Chicago as a profitable baseball city, and the Red Sox have been a gold mine.

How $100,000 Saved $200,000 a Year

In 1904 a young man named John I. Taylor was connected with the business management of the Boston *Globe*, his father being General Charles H. Taylor, the editor and owner of that newspaper. But young Mr. Taylor did not have his heart and soul in newspaper work. He was a thorough sportsman and amateur ball-player, and he reveled in athletic games of all sorts. A mighty rooter he was, and his friends say that whenever the Bostons lost a game he refused to eat or sleep until time revived his spirits. Withal, he was one of Boston's best-known and popular young men.

It was something of a surprise when General Taylor — who believes in giving a boy his bent — bought the Red Sox for this youngest son. "John I.," as his friends often call him, had long yearned for a ball team of his own. The price paid was something like $100,000.

Since that day young Mr. Taylor has been very much in evidence, while his team has continued to earn him big money. In the first place, Taylor was fortunate in having as his manager the great Jimmy Collins, the most graceful ball-player of all time, and a successful leader of men. Within four or five years the original investment was repaid several times over. The club is said to have earned as high as $200,000 in a year — clean profits over expenses. The White Sox and the Red Sox constitute by far the most valuable teams in the American League.

But the heavy responsibilities resting upon him induced Mr. Taylor last winter to look about for a brace of partners who knew the game and could take part of the load. He found them in James R. McAleer and Robert W. McRoy.

McAleer was once the greatest outfielder in baseball. At the time he bought into the Boston team he was manager of the Washington club at a salary of $10,000. The financial magic of baseball had accumulated for him a neat fortune of $100,000. Now, as part-owner of the Boston Americans, he bids fair to become a rich man — not a mere prosperous ball-player.

Frank Farrell and Bill Devery

Altogether different in type is the chief owner of the New York American League team — Frank J. Farrell. Once more we run into the subcurrent of politics and gambling sportsmanship, for Farrell is a member of Tammany Hall, and acquired newspaper notoriety for his connection with bookmaking and turf affairs in New York. A number of Manhattan politicians are currently reported to be part-owners of the "Highlanders" with Farrell, among them "Big Bill" Devery, once chief of police.

Years ago Frank Farrell was a race-track partner of Julius Fleischmann of Cincinnati. Between them they had a string of horses that included many well-known equine names. Fleischmann retired from racing, but Farrell kept on. His extensive betting, as well as his costly thoroughbreds, supplied much gossip in gambling circles. From racing to baseball was a natural step, and when the American League entered New York he acquired the franchise — in 1903.

Authorities say that it cost him $100,000, and that he spent as much more on his grounds before he took in a dollar. Since then, although he has spent money prodigally for players and has had such stars as Willie Keeler, Jack Chesbro, and Hal Chase, he has not done well financially or in a ball-playing sense; at least, he has been unsuccessful from the standpoint of his New York rival, John T. Brush. But with the new grounds he has acquired near Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street — on which he plans to have one of the finest baseball plants in the country — the Highlanders represent an investment that reaches perhaps $800,000.

The cartoonists have represented Farrell as a loudly dressed, uncouth, and noisy individual given to flashy jewelry and always looking for a row. As a matter of fact, he wears modest clothes, talks in a low voice, wears little jewelry, and is a diplomat who finds plenty of oppor-

tunity in baseball to exercise his talent for conciliation.

Uncle Ben Shibe

In Philadelphia — as we swing around toward the end of the American League circuit — a wholly different phase of baseball ownership presents itself. It is different from anything we have yet discovered, for it involves the great manufacturing industry connected with baseball. Benjamin F. Shibe, founder of the world's champions of to-day, is a partner in the A. J. Reach Company of Philadelphia, makers of baseballs, bats, masks, mitts, and all the varied regalia connected with the game.

"Uncle Ben," as he is commonly called, first met A. J. Reach when the latter was a member of the old "Athletics" team in the early seventies. Mr. Shibe was a "fan" in those days; but neither of them, in the wildest flights of their imagination, saw the river of riches that was destined to flood their future. While still a member of the team, Mr. Reach started his sporting goods house. To-day it is the largest manufacturer of baseball equipment, although in the retailing of these goods A. G. Spalding & Brothers stand on a similar footing. It is said that half the baseballs coming from this plant bear the Spalding imprint, while the other half have the Reach label.

Mr. Shibe financed a number of baseball ventures before he started the Athletics, the stock of which he controls. He put his money into this now famous Philadelphia club at the solicitation of Ban Johnson, Comiskey, and Connie Mack, who were furthering the early efforts of the American League. The newspapers referred to the Athletics as Uncle Ben's White Elephants. To-day the property of the club is estimated at $800,000, and, under the wisest of management, a team of world's champions has been developed. Connie Mack, its wonderful manager, who began as a catcher, is a stockholder in the club.

But the money Shibe has made from the game itself appears insignificant beside the earnings from the Reach factory. Mr. Reach is the possessor of great wealth — far more than any of the owners of baseball proper. He himself was for twenty years president of the Philadelphia National League Club, and bears the reputation of being the best-posted baseball man in the country.

At Washington there has been a varied and changing ownership; at least, many prominent men have held stock in the American League club. One such former stockholder says he received a dividend of seventeen per cent, but that this was an exception. The chief owner is Thomas C. Noyes, proprietor of the Washington *Star*. Clark Griffith, manager, is reported to have bought $25,000 in stock, with the backing of James E. Gaffney of New York. The financial standing of the club may be judged by the fact that the stock, having a par value of $10 a share, is worth $18. The capital was increased last year from $100,000 to $200,000, while the new grand-stand, built to replace the one burned last year, cost $125,000. The club owns the land, which was purchased for $80,000.

Washington is a good baseball town for two reasons: first, because many visitors are always in town who are interested in the teams from their home places; and, second, because the capital is a town of clerks who are free after four o'clock.

The Famous St. Louis "Browns"

This informal account of baseball ownership has not attempted to follow the sixteen clubs of the big leagues with any reference to their baseball standing or financial worth, so the fact that the St. Louis "Browns" chance to come last has no significance. These Browns, however, are not the famous old club; only the name survives.

The chief owner of the St. Louis American League Club is Robert L. Hedges, a former carriage manufacturer of Cincinnati. He holds sixty-five per cent of the stock, while the remainder is in the hands of five men, including John E. Bruce, secretary of the National Commission.

In 1908 the profits from the Browns were estimated by baseball authorities to be $168,000, on a capital of $80,000. This, however, is away above the average earnings. For the last two years the profits have gone into real estate and a grand-stand and into an effort to build up a team that is worthy of St. Louis baseball traditions.

"I went into baseball," said Mr. Hedges, "purely as a matter of business. Before I began to organize the St. Louis team, in 1901, I had not seen a dozen games of professional baseball in my life. But, although I went into the thing for the purpose of making money, I have an entirely different feeling to-day. I am full now of the spirit of baseball. Let me have a winning team for four or five years, and I'll be satisfied, regardless of the money end."

Now, remember, as you glance back over these owners of the sixteen big teams, that you have seen, in reality, only a small part of America's baseball ownership. There are fifty-odd minor leagues, which mean between three

and four hundred teams. Each team represents a business investment; each team is training players to sell to the teams in the leagues above them; each team offers an opportunity to local capital for sharing in the immense profits of baseball, and to the local youth for starting in what has become a very respectable and lucrative career.

The people of the United States spend from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000 a year to see baseball games. The total number of persons registered at all professional ball games during a season probably approaches 50,000,000. Those who attend the games of the big leagues alone number from eight to ten million. So rapid has been the growth of baseball enthusiasm that the owners predict the time when the aggregate patronage of baseball in this country, including major and minor leagues, will be three hundred million. They believe baseball to be still in its infancy, and on this prophecy they are staking their cash in monster stadiums of iron and stone, and laying out their business plans to care for profits that must be counted in millions.

THE EXILE

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

SINCE I have lost the mountains, I
Look for them in the waste of sky,
And think to see at the street-close
The lovely line of blue and rose
The mountains keep that once I knew.

There are no mountains there at all,
But only the blank roof and wall
Of many houses red and gray.
I had forgotten the old way
The mountains keep in rain and dew.

Even in the pleasant country places,
Where the fields' faces are friends' faces,
The mountains I shall not forget,
The mountains come between us yet,
Between me and the woods and streams.

The wind that blows across them calls
Ever at dawns and evenfalls,
And I am suddenly forlorn.
Across the pastures and ripe corn
I see the mountains in my dreams.

GREAT FRENCH MYSTERIES

The de la Pommerais Affair

BY

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER

Edmond de la Pommerais was a young physician, noble, gifted, happily married, and just entering upon a brilliant career. The crime of which he was accused was peculiarly brutal. He was defended by the most celebrated advocate of the time; the Empress Eugênie herself interceded for him; but he was condemned to death on the pitiless evidence of a woman.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has made this case the second of her remarkable studies of French murder mysteries. Like "The Strange Case of Marie Lafarge," "The de la Pommerais Affair" presents a baffling and complicated psychological problem to the reader.

WE first meet Edmond de la Pommerais at the age of four-and-twenty. He has just passed his last medical examination with brilliant success, greatly to the joy and gratification of his father (who is himself a famous country doctor) and of his doting mother. The parents think it better that he should start practising in Paris, and so it is in Paris that we first make acquaintance with him.

Young de la Pommerais is exceptionally handsome. He is taller than the majority of Frenchmen, and he has a frank, open, kindly countenance. His father's patients have given him excellent introductions in the capital, and he has everything that can make for happiness and repute.

He has been settled in Paris about three months when an old fellow student rushes into the pleasant bachelor apartment where he has set up his household gods. "I wish you would take over a case for me!" he exclaims. "I have to leave Paris to-night — and this patient of mine is much to be pitied. His name is de Pawr, he and his wife are both artists, and the wife is enchantingly pretty!"

With his usual good nature, Edmond de la Pommerais took over his friend's case, and went to see the sick painter. It is on record that he behaved with extraordinary kindness and generosity to this poor man, whom he found already dying. Nay, more, not content with doing all he could for the artist himself, he showed unbounded kindness to the latter's beautiful wife and three children; and when de Pawr finally died, it was Doctor de la Pommerais who paid part of the funeral expenses.

There then happened what doubtless has often happened under such circumstances: the young physician went on seeing the beautiful widow, and soon they fell in love.

Seraphine de Pawr was considerably older than Edmond de la Pommerais; she was over thirty, and according to French notions it was out of the question that the two should marry. They became, however, secret lovers, and during the three years the intrigue lasted Doctor de la Pommerais paid the major part of the lady's expenses and those of her children.

At last, as almost always occurs in these stories of illicit love, the young man grew weary of the irregular situation in which he found himself, and there came a day when, to the great anguish of Madame de Pawr, her lover bade her a solemn farewell.

For a while Edmond de la Pommerais devoted himself entirely to his profession. He was building up a good practice, and his family were busily engaged in trying to find him a suitable wife, when, one day, while traveling in an omnibus, he noticed sitting opposite to him a very beautiful girl accompanied by her mother. So struck was he by her appearance that he followed the two ladies home. He discovered that their name was Dubisy, and, with some trouble, he obtained an introduction to them. Very shortly after, he declared his love for the

girl and asked her hand in marriage. Madame Dubisy, disapproving of so unconventional a way of contracting a matrimonial alliance, refused for some time to entertain the idea. But Mademoiselle Dubisy fell deeply in love with her romantic suitor, and in the end the mother gave way, and the young people were married amid the congratulations of all their friends, for Edmond de la Pommerais was known to be in receipt of a considerable income from his profession, and his bride had a very good dowry.

However, Doctor de la Pommerais was not so well off as he appeared to be. He gambled, as so many Frenchmen gamble, at cards; he also, which was far more serious, speculated on the Stock Exchange.

But he kept these worrying facts to himself, and no one in the whole of the brilliant Paris of the Second Empire seemed a happier man than Edmond de la Pommerais when his wife, in due course, presented him with a beautiful little girl.

Two days after the child's birth a kindly friend called.

"Why don't you have your baby insured?" she said to the doctor. "By paying a very small yearly premium you will be able in ten or twelve years to provide yourself with a really good sum of money to complete her education."

He was struck with the notion, and, after careful inquiry, sought out an insurance agent and insured his baby girl.

Life then went on just as usual — outwardly prosperous and radiantly happy, inwardly cankered with secret money cares, the more so that Edmond de la Pommerais, though a popular and successful doctor, was not yet on the highest rungs of his profession, and medical fees in France rule far lower than they do in other countries.

II

We now come to the second act of the drama, and we find ourselves this time in one of those tiny flats which form the apex of most old-fashioned Paris houses. This particular flat contains only three rooms, and in it poor Seraphine de Pawr, now well over forty years of age, toils on at her painting. She is too poor to send her three children to school, and life becomes to her more and more a losing struggle with fate.

Several years have gone by since she last heard of Edmond de la Pommerais, the good-looking, sunny-natured young man who gave her three such happy years; but she still cherishes a very tender feeling for him, and she can not forget how kind, how generous, and, at one time, how absolutely devoted to herself he had been.

Just now she is sitting by her wood fire, keeping it very low, for wood is dear and she has no money coming in for two long days. But she has sent the children downstairs to a kindly neighbor whose kitchen fire is always burning.

Suddenly she turns round, and her careworn face flushes, for she has heard a firm step on the staircase outside. There comes a ring, and eagerly she goes to the door and opens it.

And then, to her sobbing joy, she sees that the man standing on the landing is none other than her one-time lover, Edmond de la Pommerais! Eagerly, tremblingly, she asks him in. "But don't take off your coat," she says solicitously, "for it's so cold in here!"

But he strips off his handsome fur-lined garment and takes both her thin hands in his.

"I mustn't make love to you," he says, smiling, "for I'm married now, Seraphine! But I thought that I would just come in and see how you were getting on and if there were anything I could do to help you."

Poor Seraphine, feeling as if she must be living through a happy dream, breaks down utterly and bursts into tears.

Help her? Of course he can help her, though she hates to ask or to accept help from him! Never has she been in such terrible difficulty — the chief trouble being, of course, the children. If only she could afford to send them to the humblest day-school! But she hasn't even enough to feed them, and in addition she is terribly anxious about the health of one of her little girls.

De la Pommerais' professional instinct is aroused. "I will see the child," he says, "and I will do everything I can to cure her."

And then — for the mother, on hearing this, goes and fetches the little creature from downstairs — he proceeds to examine the child carefully, tenderly, and kindly, and he does his best to reassure the poor mother. "All the child wants is good food, and you can depend on me to see that she gets it."

Again he sits down, for, though he is a busy man, he seems to be in no hurry that day. Poor Seraphine — how happy she is! — the more so that her old friend questions her kindly, eagerly. "How about your sister, Madame Ritter?" he asks. "Does she not help you at all?"

Madame de Pawr shakes her head. "No; I see very little of her now. You see, though not so poor as I am, she has not enough to help me; so she hardly ever comes."

"That's a great pity," he says thoughtfully; and then, drawing his chair close up to hers, he whispers impressively: "Listen, Seraphine! I have thought of a way in which I believe not only your own future but that of your children

"'I MUSTN'T MAKE LOVE TO YOU, FOR I'M MARRIED NOW, SERAPHINE'"

can be assured. But before telling you of my scheme I must warn you that it would be a very serious thing both for you and for me if you were to tell any one anything about it, and also that its success, as you will see, depends on our absolute secrecy."

"Is it likely that I should tell any one our secret?" asks Madame de Pawr proudly. "Did I ever speak to any one of our former friendship?"

"No," returns Doctor de la Pommerais gratefully; "that is quite true. Well, I must ask you now to listen very carefully to what I am going to say."

He gets up, goes to the door, opens it, sees that there is no one on the landing, and then sits down again.

"The first thing we must do is to insure your life. You are not much over forty, you are a very healthy woman, and it will be comparatively easy to insure your life for a large sum at a reasonable rate."

Madame de Pawr looks at him, bewildered. "But I haven't a penny in the world!" she cries. "How could I possibly pay an insurance premium? I only wish I could insure, even for only five thousand francs [a thousand dollars], for the children."

"Five thousand francs?" echoes the young man, laughing. "That would be no good! My idea is to insure your life for five hundred thousand francs!"

Madame de Pawr looks at him as if she fears that he has suddenly lost his senses.

"And, what is more," he goes on, watching to see how she is taking his extraordinary proposal, "I intend to pay the premiums myself! I have been doing extremely well for the last two or three years, and I think I can do it — the more so that the risk will not be for very long."

And then, as she looks at him with a queer feeling of misgiving,— as well, indeed, she may, — he bursts out laughing. "Oh, no; I do not mean you are going to die!" he says gaily. "On the contrary, you have the kind of constitution that will help you to live to a hundred! No, that's not what I mean at all!"

And he reveals to her an amazing scheme, which, if fraudulent in intention, is yet most agreeably simple to carry out.

"After we have paid one or two premiums, you will have to simulate a serious illness — the sort of illness which means death within a short time. Now you will be bound, by the terms of your policy, to give notice to the insurance agent through whom it has been effected of your critical condition, Seraphine, and when he learns how ill you are, the insurance office, alarmed at the thought of having to pay out a hundred thousand dollars, will make you a handsome offer of an annuity to be paid you as long as your life lasts! I do not know exactly what offer will be made you; that will, of course, depend on how ill they think you. But, in any case, I do not think it can possibly be less than four or five thousand francs a year — the more so that, with my help, you will be able to appear *very* ill, with no real risk to yourself!"

Were Madame de Pawr an honest woman, she would, of course, reject this scheme, root and branch; but the poor soul has had a terrible struggle. She has known what it is, not only to be hungry herself, but to see her children hungry. And then, an insurance office! She tells herself that an insurance office is like the government! No one minds cheating the government, so why should one mind cheating a great prosperous business concern like a big insurance office?

And so, foolish, trusting Seraphine accepts, without a word of remonstrance, her one-time lover's iniquitous proposal. Nay, more; on this, his very first visit, she, at de la Pommerais' dictation, writes a letter to an insurance agent, whose name and address he gives her, setting out that she wishes to insure her life, and that the premiums will be paid by a gentleman who has a direct interest in the matter, as he is the father of her three children!

Thus she not only consents to act with utter want of honesty, but, further, she dishonors herself and the memory of her husband in her eagerness to give up her unequal struggle with the wolf of want.

Strange to say, the business of insuring this poverty-stricken woman for the enormous sum of one hundred thousand dollars was carried through with the greatest smoothness, secrecy, and simplicity. Edmond de la Pommerais did not personally appear in the matter at all. On the contrary, he took the very greatest care to remain invisible, though he was, at last, obliged to allow his name to be quoted as guarantor, for the premium was close on to four thousand dollars a year.

Once the first premium had been paid, the policies were made out (for the risk was distributed among eight offices — probably in order that the agent might have a larger commission), and then the young doctor put the whole of his considerable intellect to the important problem of how to secure the ultimate payment of the policies directly to himself. This was not easy, for he was anxious to keep altogether out of it until the moment should come when the money would actually fall due.

He was aware, as we have seen, that Madame de Pawr had relations better placed than she

"HE COPIED THE DOCUMENT EXACTLY, THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BEING THAT HE SUBSTITUTED THE WORDS 'ONE HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLARS' FOR 'TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS'"

was herself. How dreadful it would be if, when the hundred thousand dollars insurance fell in, these people were to come forward, claim the money, and invest it for her three children!

He sought out an honest lawyer, whom he informed that he had at various times lent a large sum of money to the widow of an artist called de Pawr, further explaining that he had done this when he was a very young man and much in love with the lady. This provided a motive that any Frenchman would understand, and even, to a certain extent, sympathize with. He also told the lawyer that he did not wish the fact to come out, as he was now happily married to a wife to whom he was devoted. Fortunately, so he went on to say, his ex-friend, though she could not pay the money back, was on friendly terms with him, and quite willing to insure her life for the amount in question. De la Pommerais did not inform his honest lawyer that the sum was a hundred thousand dollars. He said the sum was twenty thousand dollars — and even that seemed a very large amount for a young doctor to have lent a poor widow.

The lawyer, however, knew that very odd money transactions do sometimes take place between foolish young men and designing women, and, taking the prosperous doctor's word for what had happened, he made out a deed transferring the policy of insurance to his client "in consideration of value received."

De la Pommerais took the document home and copied it exactly, the only difference being that he substituted the words "one hundred thousand dollars" for "twenty thousand dollars."

But he was not even now satisfied: as a further precaution, he asked Madame de Pawr to make a will leaving him any money which came to her under her insurances, in order that he might look after her children, whom, he said, he loved as he did his own little daughter.

Trusting Seraphine, blinded by her gratitude, — for to her the annuity she hoped to get out of the insurance offices seemed untold wealth, — assented to all he desired.

"AS SHE SAT IN THE NEXT ROOM SHE REMEMBERED THAT DURING THE LAST FEW DAYS HER HUSBAND HAD SEEMED A LITTLE NERVOUS WHEN THE BELL RANG"

"'I HAVE COME TO SEE YOU,' SAID THE STRANGER, 'ABOUT A ONE-TIME PATIENT OF YOURS, DOCTOR—A MADAME DE PAWR'"

III

Once more we find Madame de Pawr sitting idly in her little cheerless sitting-room. But she no longer looks anxious and careworn. She is no longer unhappy and wretched, as she was three or four months ago; for she is receiving each week a pension from the generous de la Pommerais, and, though he does not come often, still he comes from time to time, and he has cured her little girl.

"EDMOND DE LA POMMERAIS CAME TO SEE HIS POOR VICTIM AND GAVE HER MORE MEDICINE"

And so, when she hears a step which has become again a familiar, if not a frequent, sound upon her stairs, she runs to the door and opens it, with a happy smile.

"I have come to see you," says the doctor, coming in and drawing off his lemon-colored kid gloves, "because my wife is in the country and I had a spare hour. It also occurred to me, dear friend, that the time had come when you had better begin to pretend to be ill!"

She laughs gaily. "It does seem rather soon," she says cheerfully, "especially as I'm feeling remarkably well!"

"Yes; but it's not too soon if our scheme is to succeed. You will have to keep to your room and you must send for a doctor — it must not be I; it had better be a complete stranger. As to the illness —" He hesitates.

"Shall I pretend to have an accident on the stairs?" she suggests. "You know how steep they are!" And he nods gravely.

That same night the people in the house were disturbed by a loud noise on the staircase, and the next morning none of them were surprised to hear that Madame de Pawr had had a bad fall and was obliged to keep to her room. As she continued to feel far from well, a kindly neighbor sent her the doctor she herself always consulted. He naturally believed Seraphine's story, and treated her for shock and for a bruise which was non-existent.

But days lengthened into weeks and Madame

de Pawr did not get any better. The doctor attending her was puzzled, but, as all general practitioners are aware, a severe nervous shock sometimes takes a very mysterious, curious turn.

At last some one seems to have told Madame de Pawr's sister that the poor lady was really very ill. So the next visitor we see in the little flat is Seraphine's sister, Madame Ritter.

"What is this I hear about your having had an accident?" she says anxiously. "It's very odd, because you look so extremely well."

"Do I?" Madame de Pawr laughs mysteriously. "Well, I'm not perhaps *quite* as ill as I appear to be!"

"What can I do for you, my dear?" says the other. "I haven't got much money, as you know, but I would very much rather do without something myself than see you ill and miserable."

The other is really touched by her solicitude. "I wonder if you could really keep a secret," she whispers hesitatingly. "When I tell you what it is, you will see how important it is that no one should *ever* know!"

"Of course I should never dream of repeating anything you told me," cries Madame Ritter.

And then Madame de Pawr tells her sister what her great secret is!

And now we come to a curious fact, and one which does not redound to the credit of human nature. Seraphine de Pawr's sister, instead of expressing horror and surprise at what was being done, went away promising to keep secret the plan which these two people had made to cheat the eight insurance companies.

IV

We are now at the beginning of the last act of the somber drama.

Madame de Pawr has already been in bed a month, and she is beginning, in very truth, to look ill from the confinement and the unhealthy life she is leading (though she is careful to throw away all the medicine the doctor has been giving her), when Edmond de la Pommerais again arrives at the flat.

"I think the time has come," he exclaims, "to inform that insurance agent that you are ill. Now it is very probable that he will send one of the insurance companies' doctors to examine your condition, and it won't do for whoever comes to find you as you are now. So I propose to give you a drug which will make you seem very ill — in fact, which *will* make you very ill — for a little while. But the bad effects will pass away in about twenty-four hours, and during that time you must bear the discomfort of feeling dreadfully sick and queer."

Madame de Pawr willingly assents.

First she informs the insurance agent of her illness. Secondly, she takes the "medicine" preparatory to the visit she expects from the insurance companies' doctor!

But the agent is quite content with the name of the respectable practitioner who is attending her regularly, and, though she does not know it, and never will know it, insurance offices never do send medical men to see those of their insured who are ill; it would arouse the deepest resentment among respectable people were they to do such a thing.

But poor Seraphine de Pawr longs for a visit from the insurance companies' doctor, for she is really very ill and it seems a pity to go through all this pain and distress for nothing.

At last, when she is feeling a little better, she is cheered by a note from de la Pommerais saying that he is coming to spend the evening with her. So overjoyed is she at the thought of seeing him in this pleasant, intimate fashion — for it is years since he came and spent an evening with her — that she actually sends out a neighbor to purchase some rouge, in order that she may look her best when her one-time lover honors her by dining at her humble flat!

It is on record that Edmond de la Pommerais came at six that evening and stayed till about ten. No one saw him in the flat, but he was met coming there and seen going away. That same night Madame de Pawr became terribly ill — so ill, indeed, that her children, terrified at her state, ran and fetched not only some of their neighbors, but also their aunt, Madame Ritter.

But the unfortunate Seraphine de Pawr, if not a good woman, was a brave woman. She was ill — ill to death; but she made no fuss about it. "Never mind!" she kept whispering in trembling accents to her sister. "Remember that this is the price I am paying for my annuity of four or five thousand francs. Think of all I should be able to do with such an income! Think of the education I shall be able to give my darling little girls. Why should I mind a little pain, a little discomfort, *now?*"

Was there ever so pathetic, so ironical, so horrible a situation as that of this brave, misguided woman, dying, all unknowingly, by her own hand?

The long day wore itself away, and Seraphine did not seem to get any better. The kind neighbor once more went to her own doctor and begged him to come at once; but she foolishly told him that she had seen Madame de Pawr pour away the medicine he gave her! And, naturally angered and disgusted by this revelation of what he took to be his ungrateful patient's

stupidity and folly, the doctor refused to attend her again. "There's nothing the matter with her," he said impatiently. "She's an hysterical, silly woman, and has simply got into the way of lying in bed since her accident."

In the course of the evening Edmond de la Pommerais came to see his poor victim. He seemed much concerned at her condition and gave her some more medicine. Then he went away, mentioning the fact that he had to join his wife, who was in the country near Paris.

Madame de Pawr grew worse and worse. But she still kept up her spirits and would not allow what she called a "fuss" to be made. At last, however, she felt so terribly ill, and the griping pains became so intense, that she consented, rather unwillingly, that yet another doctor should be sent for by her friend.

When he came, this physician — who, of course, knew absolutely nothing about the case or her circumstances — at once declared that she had all the symptoms of cholera. He therefore gave her some drug which is supposed to relieve that awful disease — generally, be it remembered, endemic in Paris during the summer and autumn months — and went away.

The doomed woman — laughing even in the midst of her agony — told her eldest daughter that she did not think the new doctor's medicine would do her any good. Back came the doctor in the morning. By this time she was easier, but in a state of collapse, and at the end of about thirty hours after the fatal dose had been administered to her by Edmond de la Pommerais, during that little dinner for which she had tried to make herself exceptionally pretty and attractive, Seraphine de Pawr breathed her last.

Toward evening of the same day her one-time lover's young and vigorous step was again heard on the humble staircase. The sad news was broken to him, and, with his arms round the three motherless children, he went and gazed sadly at the corpse of the woman he had once loved passionately. As he turned and left the room, he said to the neighbor who was taking charge of the children, "There seems no doubt that poor Madame de Pawr died of cholera"; and the new doctor who had attended her during the last hours of her life signed the certificate, with cholera as the cause of death.

As for Seraphine's erstwhile lover, it is on record that he went straight home from the house of mourning and enjoyed a good dinner with his young wife. The same night he wrote to the insurance agent, apprising him of the sad fact of Madame de Pawr's sudden death by cholera, and asking him to inform the eight insurance offices that the money due must be paid over to him, Edmond de la Pommerais, as he had a deed in his possession showing that the deceased woman had transferred the insurance policies to him, in payment of a large debt.

For a while everything fell out exactly as Doctor de la Pommerais had hoped it would. His claim was duly acknowledged by the insurance companies, and at poor Seraphine's funeral Madame Ritter thanked him for his goodness to her sister. But he did not say one word of his former loan to the dead woman or of the means which had been taken to pay him back.

The large sum of a hundred thousand dollars was just about to be paid over by the insurance companies, when the head of the Paris police received an anonymous letter pointing out that there was something strange about Madame de Pawr's death, and that it would perhaps be worth while to see who had a large pecuniary interest in the event!

V

It is now about a fortnight after the death of Madame de Pawr. Edmond de la Pommerais has not yet received the money due to him under the deed of transfer, but various courteous letters have passed between him and the insurance companies concerning the delay, and he is expecting the money in a few days.

We find him at table with his pretty wife, when there comes a sudden ring at the door, and Madame de la Pommerais glances across at her husband. She has noticed that during the last few days he has seemed a little nervous when the bell rings — rather as if he were expecting an unpleasant visitor. But to-day he hardly notices the ring.

The maid comes in. "A gentleman to see Monsieur."

Edmond de la Pommerais takes the card, sees on it a name unknown to him, but under it the words "de la Sûreté." He gets up from the table. "I shall not be more than a few moments, darling," he says; and then we can imagine with what a sick feeling of dread he goes into his luxurious consulting-room.

For a moment he breathes freely. This is no minion of the law come to arrest him. This is a pleasant, smooth-looking official, who bows politely as the doctor comes in.

"Yes?" says de la Pommerais inquiringly.

"I have come to see you," says the man of power deferentially, "about a one-time patient of yours, Doctor, a Madame de Pawr."

And then the young physician, still behaving as if the matter really concerns him very little, learns that the police, guided by an anonymous letter, have been making investigations. In fact, the woman's body has already been ex-

humed, and it is now proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, that very shortly before her death some one administered to her an enormous quantity of the vegetable poison known as digitalis — a poison which disappears from the body within a comparatively short time.

Certain papers have also been found in her flat which prove that she was very highly insured, and the insurance companies, when approached by the police, state that Doctor de la Pommerais is the owner of the policies. That is why the Prefect of Police has sent a representative to ask the doctor how it came about that a woman as poor as Madame de Pawr should have been insured for so enormous a sum as a hundred thousand dollars; and the police would also like to know where she procured the money, three months ago, to pay the first premium?

Edmond de la Pommerais — who, fortunately for himself, has a very frank, pleasant manner — at once takes the police official into his entire confidence. "I will tell you all about it," he says calmly, and then he tells at length his carefully prepared story; but he so far modifies what he perhaps meant to say that he now explains that Madame de Pawr owed him only twenty thousand dollars and that the balance of the money is going to be spent by him as trustee for her children!

Then, going to a secret cabinet, he takes from it the love-letters the unfortunate woman wrote to him many years ago. He also fetches later letters of hers, proving the debt, though in no letter is the actual sum mentioned — indeed, these pathetic epistles simply contain vague expressions of gratitude for money received.

The police official listens courteously, but after he leaves, the doctor, going to his window, sees that there are detectives posted in the street below, and that it is impossible for him to fly from justice, should he wish to do so.

It is terrible to think of what the wretched man must have gone through immediately after the departure of his unwelcome visitor. He had to tell his wife much the same story he had told the police official, and in an hour the poor girl learned of her husband's former intimacy with Madame de Pawr, of his "follies" on her behalf, of his imprudent renewal of their friendship, and last — though to her it seemed least — of the preposterous half-accusation of murder with which he was now confronted.

Madame de la Pommerais, who was only twenty-one when this awful blow struck her, behaved with wonderful magnanimity and trustful love. She accepted unquestioningly Edmond's account of all that had taken place, and never admitted for a moment the theory of his guilt.

His parents hastened to his aid, and his old father sought out Lachaud, the greatest advocate of his time, and engaged him for his beloved son's defense.

Doubtless owing to the fact that the prosecution had to rely almost entirely on circumstantial evidence, as also to the social status of the accused, the trial aroused the most amazing amount of interest throughout France, and, indeed, throughout Europe. An intimate friend of the Empress Eugénie was one of the young doctor's patients and a firm believer in his innocence, and it was whispered that, even if the prisoner were condemned, the Emperor would commute his sentence to lifelong imprisonment.

The advocate Lachaud's part was far from an easy one. He set himself to prove that Madame de Pawr died a natural death, and he made great play with the fact that the two able doctors who had attended her had neither of them suspected anything wrong. His "alternative system of defense" — to use a French idiom — was to suggest that Madame de Pawr had deliberately committed suicide, partly in order to pay her debt to her one-time lover, partly to provide for her beloved children!

But, though Lachaud did his very best, and though his published speeches in this defense are among the finest he ever made, not even the famous advocate's casuistry and marvelous eloquence were able to save his client.

Doctor de la Pommerais was condemned to death, mainly on the clear, pitiless evidence of Madame de Pawr's sister, Madame Ritter, who was able to repeat, almost word for word, the imprudent confidences Seraphine had made to her.

To the last the Empress Eugénie believed in the young doctor's innocence. She discussed the case exhaustively with Lachaud; she even received in private audience the despairing wife; and she persuaded the Emperor that, innocent or guilty, Edmond de la Pommerais had been condemned on purely circumstantial evidence. It was whispered at the time that the document commuting the death sentence was already signed, when the high legal officers of the Crown one and all declared that they would resign if the Emperor interfered with the course of justice! Be that as it may, Seraphine de Pawr's one-time lover was made to pay the full penalty of his cruel crime.

To use an expression dear to criminals, Edmond de la Pommerais "died game." His last action on the scaffold was to hand the priest a lock of his hair for his wife and child. And, as he was being strapped under the guillotine, he called out in a strong voice: "Tell my parents, tell my beloved wife and child, that I die innocent — the victim of a judicial error."

THE PRODIGAL

THE PRODIGAL

ARTHUR HOWARD'S OWN STORY

This is a narrative of Mr. Howard's actual personal experiences, told by himself. At the age of thirty-eight, he left New York, a ruined man. Fifteen months later he was elected Mayor of a New England city of forty thousand, which he entered a perfect stranger. The story is a history of events exactly as they occurred to its author, with the real names of the characters involved.

WHEN I signed my name to the check at Sherry's on August 21, 1908, I realized that there was no more Sherry's for me. Perhaps that accounted for the excellent appetite I had. I ordered, I remember, oysters, eggs aurore, a squab, and a heart-of-lettuce salad. Then I had a demi-tasse and my special Havana cigar.

As I rose and passed out of the big dining-room, the waiters stood at attention. I had been a good customer of Sherry's. I was something of a specialist in dining. In three years, my bills in that one restaurant had been over seven thousand dollars.

Just for the irony of it, I passed a dollar to the head waiter; the boy who handed me my hat and coat took the quarter without a word.

And so I left Sherry's with the remains of my last twenty-five dollars in my pocket, and walked down Fifth Avenue swinging my cane like the rest of them.

I was through; and I knew I was through. It had been months coming, and I had settled it once and for all. I had taken one more plunge in Wall Street; it was one grand and glorious dip, and it went against me. I was long some five thousand shares; that is, the brokers had five hundred thousand dollars par of stocks for me. They sold me out, and I was done. I went to my father and told him.

It was a very painful interview on both sides. My father gave me up definitely; it was his last time.

"All right," I said. "If you will pay me that twenty-five dollars you owe me, I'll get out."

He didn't owe me twenty-five dollars, of course. We both knew it, but he passed it to me at once; and, if I remember correctly, there were tears in his eyes as he gave it to me.

That afternoon I sailed alone in the Fall River boat for Boston. Why Boston? I really don't know. One place seemed as good as another for me then. But I was through with New York — the place where I was born and where my life had been. I walked the deck until ten o'clock and reflected.

I was thirty-eight years old, and a failure. I had had my day. In the past twenty years I had had money left me three times. I had gamed and spent more than half a million dollars. And now I was leaving it all. Behind me were debts of nearly a hundred thousand dollars more; my assets were the contents of my traveling-bag and the remnants of the twenty-five dollars from my father.

There were two men I knew on board. Twice Colfax had passed me on the deck, and twice he had bowed — good old Colfax! He did not want to ask me where I was going, and I could not have told him if he had asked. Libby, my broker, in whose office I had dropped sixty-eight thousand dollars, was on the boat, too.

It was about eleven o'clock when I heard, from my state-room, a man's voice on the deck saying:

"I guess Howard is up against it hard this time."

I raised my head from the pillow. It was Libby talking to Colfax.

"One of the Kind that Commits Suicide"

"My people were carrying three thousand shares of stock for him, and we sold him out. He was eighty thousand dollars in the hole. His father came up with thirty thousand dollars, and we took a mortgage on his home. Bad

business. He still owes us ten or twelve thousand dollars."

"Howard was a good fellow," said .Colfax's voice. "Dreadfully reckless. I remember one time he was giving Maud and me at Delmonico's. It was nine o'clock when we finished, and Maud made some chance remark about the theater. Nothing would do for Howard but to rush us off to the theater in his usual style — taxicab, box, and supper afterward."

"Perfect fool," said Libby. "One of the kind that gives away all he has, and then commits suicide or takes to drink."

"You're wrong," said Colfax; "there is too much in Howard either to kill himself or take to drink."

BANKRUPT IN NAME AND FORTUNE, HOWARD LEAVES THE RESTAURANT WHERE HIS BILLS HAVE BEEN OVER $7000. WITH AN IRONIC SMILE, HE HANDS THE WAITER A DOLLAR

There was a knock on my door. I opened it, and saw the steward with some whisky on a tray.

"Your order," he said.

"How much?"

"Thirty cents, sir," he replied. "Where shall I put it?"

"Take it away," I said shortly, gave him a half dollar and banged the door.

The men outside had gone. I turned in again, my head full of curious thoughts. Ten minutes later I was asleep.

TORTURED IN MIND, IRRESOLUTE IN PURPOSE, HOWARD IS LYING IN HIS BERTH. THROUGH THE OPEN PORT A VOICE REACHES HIM . . . "HOWARD IS THE KIND THAT COMMITS SUICIDE"

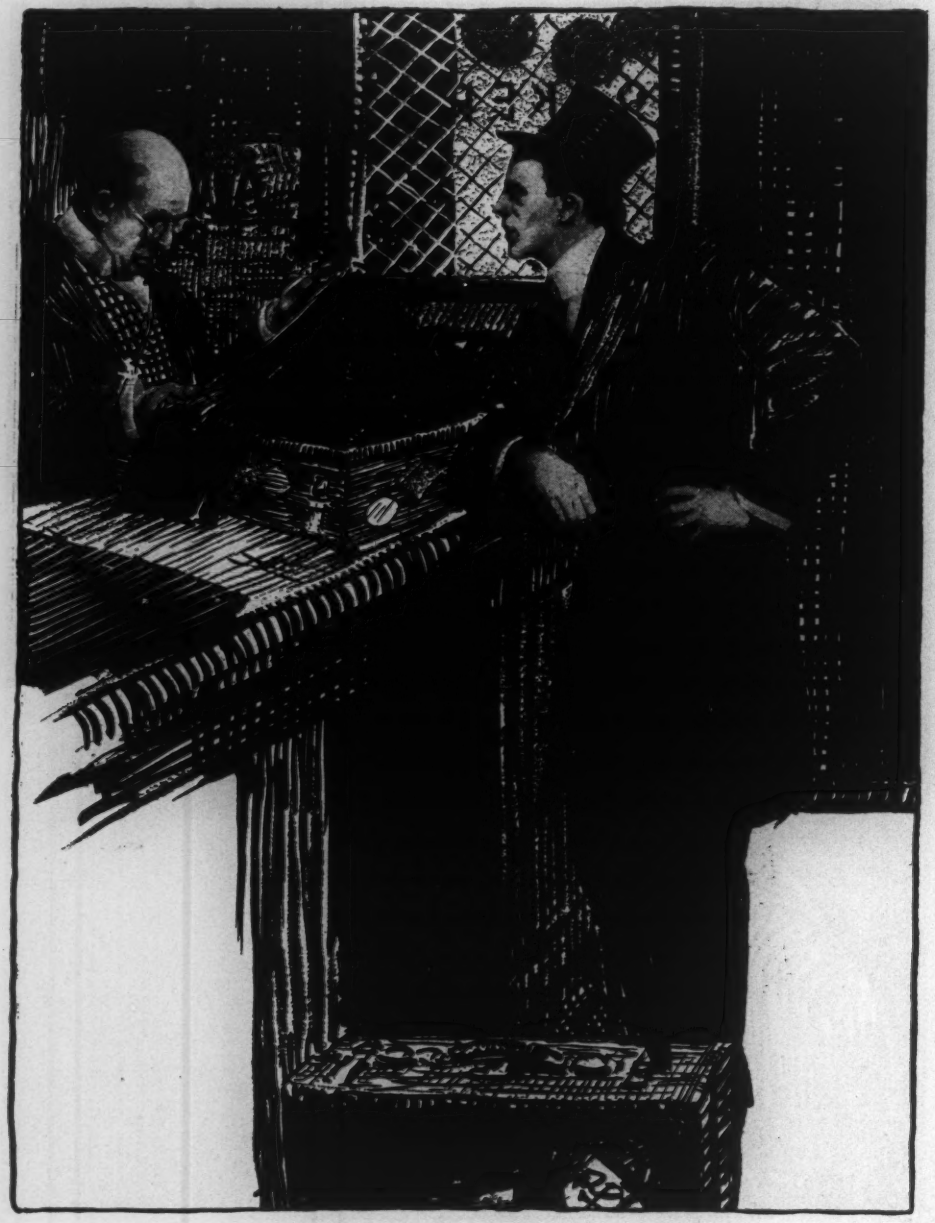
At five-thirty I was standing impatiently in the line of passengers on the deck at Fall River; an hour later I was in Boston. It seemed a new world to me. I was asking a new question at the Information Bureau in South Station.

"Boarding-houses," said the man at the window, "are on Beacon Hill."

I found one — a men's boarding-house on the back of the hill. A man I hailed upon the street took me to it. The janitor was soon introducing me to my fellow boarders. It was a different atmosphere from New York's. These Yankees whom I was discovering were genuinely friendly folk, and I have always found them so.

In a few minutes Howard the bankrupt, Sam the janitor, and a rosy, shabby man, a job printer named Lee, were breakfasting together at a cheap restaurant. And so my new life began.

I can't say I took it over-seriously at first. Seriousness had never been a fault of mine.



THE LAST REMNANT OF MORE PROSPEROUS DAYS IS HIS WARDROBE. FOURTEEN SUITS OF CLOTHES, COSTING MORE THAN $80 EACH, ARE LEFT. HE ENTERS A PAWNSHOP

For that first month I drifted; but I drifted, as I see now, always in one direction.

All my life I had been interested in writing and printing. I had found time from my business to become the author of several books — published, by the way, at my own expense.

Lee, the job printer, had asked me to visit his shop in Cornhill. I wandered in and saw him that afternoon, a shabby man in a little, shabby, inky room littered with proofs.

WEARING WHAT IS LEFT OF THE ATTIRE OF HIS FORMER DAYS, HOWARD HIMSELF GOES ON THE STREET IN BITTER WINTER WEATHER TO SELL HIS PAPER

That night I had seven of my twenty-five dollars left. It was melting like snow in April.

The next day was Sunday. As I sat there in my one rocker, reading the Boston *Globe*, I saw

that Joe Howard, its New York correspondent, had died.

I knew Joe Howard well; he was my second cousin — a jovial, social fellow around town all the first of the week. On Thursdays he used to disappear, saying:

"I've got to write my weekly sermon for those Puritans up in New England."

It always seemed to me a very agreeable way of making a living. The next day I called upon the editor of the *Globe* and asked to continue Joe Howard's column. The editor was agreeable, but firm. "Joe Howard's place," he said, "is closed forever." I did, however, get him to read a specimen letter I had prepared.

HOWARD ESSAYS THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE TASK OF ESTABLISHING A NEWSPAPER WITHOUT MONEY. SCANT COURTESY MEETS HIS EARLY EFFORTS

He thought it funny, but rather raw for Boston. "Why don't you try a smaller place," he said —"Brockton or Salem?"

IN THE PEW IN THE OLD SALEM CHURCH WHERE HIS RUGGED, GOD-FEARING GRANDFATHER HAD WORSHIPED, THE PRODIGAL KNEELS AND PRAYS

"Salem," I said. "There's where my people came from."

"It's a fine old place," said the editor, bowing me out.

I can't say why, but for some reason his suggestion about going to Salem stayed in my head.

That night I had just two dollars left of my twenty-five. The next morning I read in a newspaper an account of a man — yesterday in comfortable circumstances — who had been found in desperate straits. The idea, not unnaturally, appealed to me. I sat out by the

Frog Pond near the Common and wrote a poem which I called "Sunshine and Rain." It ran to pathos strongly, as the last verse will show:

> There is some one living somewhere
> Who is lonesome, sad, but true;
> All his thoughts are turning homeward,
> Little woman, just of you.
> And in exile there comes daily
> A remembrance and refrain,
> That she loved him in the sunshine,
> But she left him in the rain.

I took this to an evening newspaper, and they gave me six dollars for it. That night I spent a good share of it on a dinner with Lee at the Parker House. I was the same old Arthur Howard. After that I wrote innumerable verses on the Common and peddled them about the newspapers; but that was the last of my support from poetry.

However, I had other luck. A few days after, when my room rent had come due at the boarding-house, and I was explaining to Sam, the janitor, that I could never pay it, I came home to find a letter from New York. When I opened it, thirty-five dollars in new bills fell out. There was nothing else, but the writing on the envelop showed it was from Colfax..

I spent this as freely as I had the rest. When it was gone, I met a Boston man who had been in school with me. When I told him I was in hard luck, he insisted on giving me a card to the Union Club. "You can take your meals there while you are getting started," he said. So for two weeks more my board was provided.

I tried for work in a big department store; for a day I was a book agent; and all the time I haunted newspaper offices.

The Last of My Wardrobe

Then, in the first part of October, I took a desperate and unsuccessful plunge. I formed a company of entertainers, backed by another man at the Hermitage (my rooming-house), and we started out to entertain in the public hall of Pepperell, a town near Boston. The carfare and hotel bill were forty-three dollars. We had in the house some fifteen people. Seeing this, I circulated among the audience and returned their money, and had the local telephone operator notify everybody she could reach that the show was free. And then they didn't come!

It was a sad night for me. The next morning I sent the rest of the company home, and had to walk myself seven miles from Pepperell to Nashua Junction, with two dress-suit cases, to get back to Boston. And I owed my fellow member of the boarding-house over forty dollars which he had advanced to me. And now I was getting down to bed-rock. I fell back on my wardrobe.

I was always a great believer in clothes from a business standpoint, especially in New York. If I intended to go back into business in New York to-morrow, the first and best investment I could make would be to put fifteen hundred dollars into clothes. A man can do almost anything in New York on the strength of a fifteen-hundred-dollar wardrobe. In Boston, I had kept up appearances carefully. I doubt if my fellow roomers really appreciated just the condition I was in. Then they sent on my clothes from home.

In this wardrobe, as I remember it, there were fourteen suits of clothes, five overcoats, something over one hundred neckties, and some fifteen pairs of shoes. They were no cheap clothes; not a suit had cost me less than eighty dollars. There were two suits of evening clothes. One of these was a real suit of clothes. It had cost me one hundred and sixty-five dollars, and it was worth it. I never saw a better one in my life. My wardrobe was bankable; I got ninety-three dollars on it all, and out of this I paid for my theatrical venture.

The Science of Killing an Appetite

I was through with theaters and high-priced hotels now. I ate with Lee, the job printer, at a dairy restaurant.

I was very glad I knew Lee. He was a great help to me, for he was a real expert on cheap feeding. He always looked well fed and rosy, and his face was unmarked with care; yet he spent almost nothing for food, and he did it on a carefully worked out theory.

Little by little he explained this to me. Popcorn balls were his staple. At a cent apiece, they were as filling as eggs. Two were ample for breakfast. Squash pie at five cents was equal to a small steak; with milk or coffee it made an excellent dinner. Tea must be avoided — it made you hungry. Coffee, on the other hand, was excellent — it killed the appetite. Gradually I learned from Lee the first lesson of the poverty-stricken man in the city. It is not quality or even nutriment that you must have first; it is something to fill you up.

Toward the last of October I was down and out in earnest. My money had dwindled till I could count my nickels on the fingers of one hand. Then there was one last spasm of luck for me. My house in New York had been sold under foreclosure. I had got no less than five mortgages on it, and my equity in it was not usable. But there was twenty-five dollars and thirty cents of rebate on insurance which was rightfully mine, and this was sent on to me.

I Start to Buy a Newspaper

That morning, as Lee and I were eating breakfast together in silence, my eye fell on the following item in the Boston *Post:*

SALEM *GAZETTE* CLOSES

OLDEST PAPER IN THE STATE ENDS ITS CAREER

Salem, Mass.—The Salem *Gazette*, founded in 1762, ceased publication to-day. It has been recently issued as a daily. There are no assets or liabilities. It died a natural death. The old plant is now doing job work.

The old newspaper in the town of my ancestors! The suggestion which had come to me when I talked with the editor of the *Globe* returned to my mind. I could go back again, perhaps, and find a living in the place my people had sprung from. I took the first train for Salem.

It was noon before I arrived in the town of my fathers. The *Gazette* machinery and franchise were owned, it seemed, by Robin Damon, the proprietor of the only daily newspaper in the city. I entered the rather pretentious office of the *News* and waited for its owner, who was out.

Presently he came in — a thick-set, heavy-jowled, red-headed man.

"Is this Mr. Damon?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Do you own the *Gazette?*" I inquired.

"Why?"

"I wanted to buy it," I said, smiling.

"It's not for sale," he cut in, turning and sitting down to a book which lay on his desk.

He was a type I was not unfamiliar with. For five minutes I stood perfectly still, waiting for further signs of action — at the end of which time he arose and came brusquely toward me.

"Can I do anything for you?" he inquired sarcastically.

"Will you give me permission to publish the *Gazette?*" I asked suavely.

"Where are you from?" said Mr. Damon.

"New York," I answered, with my best smile.

"New York! Well, you had better go back again," he growled. "Plenty of men have tried to publish a daily paper in Salem, but the people here are satisfied with the *News*. We've covered this field for thirty years. There's no chance for another paper to break in here. It would cost a small fortune, and only a fool would try it."

He made a grimace, apparently intended for a smile, checked himself, gave me a cold stare, and turned and sat down again, with a grunt. I had a feeling that I should leave. I executed my best dancing-school bow, smiled benignly upon the entire office force, and left the office.

Two minutes later, as I was sauntering down the street, I turned around and came face to face with a man who was following me. I recognized him as one of the men employed in the *News* office.

A New Daily for Salem

I don't like opposition; I was always a spoiled child. This thing grated on my finer sensibilities. Besides, I had over twenty dollars in my pocket. I turned back, and stepped into the first bank I was passing. Two employees were swapping stories, which they seemed under some obligation to finish before they looked at me. Presently I caught the eye of the elder of the two, and said: "I am thinking of starting a daily paper in Salem; will you tell me where I can get a reporter?"

The idea amused them heartily. They told me that fourteen separate men had appeared with fourteen different newspapers, and all had gone down before Damon. Nevertheless, they referred me to a man who might know about a reporter — George Day, a local tailor.

As I entered Day's shop, a small man arose in a businesslike way. I at once corrected his surmise that I was a customer. "I'm a stranger looking for information," I said.

"A stranger," said Day, in the tone the man on the raft in the melodrama calls out, "A sail, a sail!"

I explained my purpose, while Day explained Salem. It was not, he said, a place where strangers frequently broke in and established new enterprises. He was not a partizan of the *News*.

"Everybody is sore on it," he said. "It does and says just what it wants to. When it feels like roasting you, you get it good and plenty."

"If I started a newspaper, would the people like it?"

"Like it! They'd eat it up. But have you got money enough?"

"How much would it take?"

"Sixty thousand dollars, the *News* says."

"I haven't got any," I said.

"Well, you certainly have got your nerve with you," said Day.

"I start to-morrow," I said.

So I went out again, without a reporter. But I would be my own reporter.

Twenty minutes later I was reading in the public library the old files of the *News*. When it started thirty years before, it was not much more than a hand-bill, as full of typographical errors as anything could be and remain understandable. What I knew about newspapers was nothing, but I could certainly start as good a one as Mr. Damon had.

That night, about eight o'clock, I visited Lee at his printing shop in Cornhill, with a business

proposition. When I asked him if he would print a newspaper for me, he almost collapsed with joy. His price was fifteen dollars a day.

I offered him five dollars. He hesitated. "Cash," I added. He accepted.

I sat down at once, and in a couple of hours I handed him my copy, which he started immediately to set into type. There was no sleep for us that night. At four o'clock the press work was all done. On the first train I took out to Salem the first five hundred copies of the *Morning Dispatch*. Four hundred and fifty of them I left at the local newsdealer's, and went into a near-by restaurant for breakfast.

"It's Awful Cute"

The restaurant was a few doors from the *News* office. As I stepped out of it, Mr. Damon, its editor, came tearing up in his automobile. And as he came to the curb, the man who had been following me the day before stepped up and handed him a copy of my new sheet. He tore it open, gave a jerky laugh, and, crushing it in his hand, walked into his office.

No doubt his contemptuous laugh was justified. Yet it was music to me to hear the voices of two subsidized newsboys singing out, "*Dispatch — Dispatch*," before his office.

Then I walked over to Day's tailor shop. It was full of men, to whom Day introduced me with a sweep of his hand. I gave each of them a copy of my paper. Day was the first to break the pall of silence that ensued.

"It's awful cute," he said.

That was true; it was just about the size of Damon's first effort.

"Not only is it what you might call cunning," said a man seated on the table, "but it is really remarkable for its lack of information. For instance, where are the deaths and marriages?"

"We don't believe in encouraging either," I answered, as cheerfully as I could.

It was certainly a curious sheet. Not having any reporter, we had no local information. We didn't print any. I made up an editorial, a few alleged jokes; I had a column on the stock market; and I made quite a specialty of the weather prediction. I have been told since that it was like nothing else in the world. No doubt this is true. I certainly had no information at that time which would justify my denying it.

"On the level, Mr. Howard," said Day finally, "your paper is punk. There's nothing to it. If you can't give us a larger sheet, the thing won't go here."

This seemed to be the sentiment of the crowd, with one exception. There was one tall, bony fellow of about thirty-five, with sharp features, who held a big black cigar nervously between his teeth. Suddenly this man spoke up in a sharp, resonant voice that drowned out all the rest:

"Shut up, the whole crowd of you! You don't know nothing, nohow. What difference does it make how it starts, as long as it gets started? You all set here and kick about the *News* and holler for another paper. It's here. Now, for heaven's sake, nourish it; don't strangle it.

"Mighty glad to know you, Mr. Howard," he said, looking me up and down. "There ain't much to you, but you've got a sharp way about you I like. Come on; let's get out of this knockers' club"—and he pulled me out the door.

"Those fellows are all right," he said, when we were on the street, "but they're always looking for trouble. Be careful what you say to 'em. Any one of 'em would sell you out for ten dollars, excepting Ed."

"Which one was Ed?" I asked.

"He wasn't there," he replied.

"And what is your name, Mr. ——?" I asked.

"No Mister about it; just Bill, that's all," he said, and left me.

So I met Bill Sanborn, the young dry-goods man. Later I was to meet Ed Allen, his friend.

The Job Printer's Fourth Disaster

I started the *Dispatch* on Saturday, October 24. We came through the next week the best we could, both of us working all night long. In the morning I carried the edition to Salem. Saturday night Lee presented me his bill for thirty dollars. I gave him what I had—fifteen dollars.

"That's all I've got," I said. "I'm dead broke."

Lee said nothing at the time; he was not a quick-moving body. But that night, when we were at supper, apropos of nothing he remarked suddenly in a sad voice: "Dead broke."

Several times he muttered the phrase.

"That ends it," he said; "I'm down and out. I counted on you. I thought you had money."

"What?" I said, returning his excitement. "Haven't you got anything, either?"

"Not a cent," said Lee. "They were just going to foreclose on me when you started up your newspaper; I counted on you."

"What'll you do?" I said finally.

"I don't know," said Lee mournfully. He was a phlegmatic individual, who lay down peacefully when he got in trouble.

"It isn't new," he continued. "I always get just about into this condition. This will be the fourth time. Yep," he mused, "the fourth time. Once in Chicago, once in Los Angeles, and once in Savannah."

"You choose extreme distances," I suggested.

"Got to," said Lee, in tones of resignation. "It's safer. You see, the plan is this. I work at the case till I save up about one hundred dollars, and then I put it down as first payment for machinery and start for myself."

"Who is your creditor?" I asked him.

Lee named a type-founders' company, adding dully: "They always have been.

"You see," he explained, "they don't know it. Their business is so large that all you need to do is to open an account with them in another city; they never know the difference."

We got up. "Well, I suppose you'll give it up and go back to your people," I said.

"Haven't any," said Lee. "I've got to hang on here as long as I can."

Standard Oil to the Rescue

So Lee, peripatetic job printer, and Howard, bankrupt jeweler and speculator, got together in their new enterprise, and fought desperately to keep it afloat.

The job printer was a star; Lee was as automatic a typesetter as a linotype; he could go to sleep setting type. The editor was another matter. I filled up the paper first with merry jests on the weather and a few old poems I carried in my mind; I gave them a little Wall Street news, and for filling I used time-tables and a few columns of advertising that I got permission to run free. But my specialty at first was my editorials. I began on general topics. My friend, Frederick W. Peabody, the man who directed me to my boarding-house the first day I set foot in Boston, helped me to write these and get them into shape. They handled anything, from the tariff to suicide. But soon I worked inevitably into local topics.

After we had been going a short time, I noticed that my esteemed contemporary, the *News*, had an interesting habit, instead of picking up and criticizing local affairs, of wandering outside the city, from time to time, and ferociously assaulting some distant interest. The Standard Oil Company was a favorite mark; every now and then the *News* would start up out of a sound sleep and tear the Standard Oil monopoly to pieces.

Now, I had known the Standard Oil people very well. I had been in school with two of the younger Rockefellers, and it was my opinion that they were as good people as the editor of the *News*. I thought these articles were a cheap and unfair method of pretending virtue, and that, so far as monopoly went, the methods of the *News* in Salem were far worse than those of the Standard Oil in the United States.

Mr. Peabody and I framed up an editorial to this effect, and we ran it.

This particular issue of the *Dispatch* took our last two dollars. I didn't have carfare to take the papers to Salem and sell them.

That morning Mr. Peabody dropped into the office. "Have you mailed a copy to the Standard Oil Company?" he asked.

That suggested an idea to me, and I went over to the office of the Standard Oil Company on Congress Street. I sent in my old New York card with "New York Yacht Club" on it, and the manager let me in. I handed him a copy of the *Dispatch*, which he read through carefully.

"How many do you want?" I asked him.

"Two thousand," said he.

I gasped. Our edition was two hundred, and we had not a sheet of paper more.

When I finally explained this, the manager said, all right, he would pay in advance. And there was twenty dollars in real money. Life was revived again. It was certainly a close call for us — the first of many.

Lee Sells His Overcoat

I don't care to recall that next month. It was a very cold November that year; and at the beginning of it Lee and I were obliged to leave the rooming-house and go down to his printing-office in Cornhill, where there wasn't any rent to pay, or at least there wasn't any rent paid.

It was a dreadful month. I went to Salem every day and got together as many pennies as I could, and brought them back in the evening. We had to lay out twenty-five cents a day for paper — two hundred sheets, which was our edition. I went out and bought the quarter's worth of paper and brought it back under my arm.

Then there was carfare to Salem. What we had left we had for ourselves. Many a night I had only twenty cents left over for our food, and sometimes Lee had nothing to eat at all until I brought back my small change from Salem.

That month tested to the utmost Lee's system on how to live on nothing in particular.

We had beans when we could afford them. Oftener we had squash pie. But we chiefly relied upon popcorn balls for agreeably and thoroughly distending our stomachs for the nominal sum of a penny. I don't know that I was greatly harmed. I had been very fond of the piquant and elaborate sauces of the Fifth Avenue restaurants; but the plain food, I really believe, was better for me than what I had been accustomed to. It certainly would have been if I had had enough of it. But I hadn't. What we took in from the *Dispatch* would not feed us, even squash pie and popcorn balls.

The day soon came when we found ourselves absolutely out of food. Lee went out, and when he came back he had five dollars and no overcoat.

"You take it," he said, "and go home to your people." Good old Lee! he was a generous-hearted chap. Of course I refused, and we ate a good meal and started over again.

We slept on a pile of newspapers on the floor. In the morning we got up and stole over to the Quincy House, in the next street, to wash ourselves. We warmed our place by a little stove, with coke, which we bought ten cents' worth at a time. It often got cold in the night, because the stuff burned out if we didn't wake up every now and then and throw more of it in the stove.

One night Lee became very sick; about two o'clock he had a very bad chill. I got up and walked over a mile to a public hospital and begged some quinine. When I got back I had a chill of my own. But the quinine saved us both.

Every day, though, without a slip, we got out the *Dispatch*. It was late, often; it ran from a morning to an afternoon newspaper. But it came out, and it was sold. I myself was the newsboy. To the onlooker the situation had its elements of fresh and joyous humor. I had glimpses of it myself at the time.

The Newsboy in the Silk Hat

The town news-dealer had sold the *Dispatch* for the first week, and, according to his statement that he settled at the end of each month, he was due to pay me then. But when I arrived to get my money, he said there was practically nothing coming to me. Later he said that the paper was smaller than the others and got lost easily, and that he sold too few to make it worth while; besides, he didn't care especially to get in wrong with the *News*. So after that I let him have only a few copies, and I went out and sold the *Dispatch* myself.

There were a number of subscribers now. I had made my headquarters in Day's tailor shop; and every now and then one of the gang there gave me a quarter and said somebody wanted the paper for a month. I got about seventy-five subscribers that way, and I walked six miles a day to deliver their papers. Then, every day, I went out and peddled papers myself on old Town House Square. In this way I sold about twenty-five newspapers.

I still had left a frock-coat and a high hat, principally because I couldn't get anything for them. As the weather got colder I reinforced my thin frock-coat with copies of the *Dispatch* beneath my vest. On my feet I had thin low shoes. I was not over-warm.

A few weeks before I was dodging and turning down side streets whenever I saw anybody I knew. Now I stood in the public square and sold my wares without a quiver.

It was worth while doing, if for nothing else than for its glimpse of Town House Square and the politicians. Salem is cut in two by the railroad, and there is practically no way of getting from one side to the other without passing through Town House Square, which leads over the short tunnel of the railroad through the center of the city.

The population of the city passes and repasses the spot. Around the tiny square, the cheap curbstone politicians, who for the past twenty years had controlled the town, met every day in a kind of sidewalk caucus, heard the news, and settled the destinies of the city.

The Sad-Eyed Politicians

The prominent feature on the corner was the leader of the aldermen, a man named Doyle — one of those big, silent, "mysterious Mike" kind of Irishmen who say nothing, but listen and utter monosyllables. His business was that of ticket-taker at a theater. He raised a large family, and made considerable investments in real estate and even corporation stocks.

Another constant attendant was an ex-mayor, "Col" Peterson, a roaring, rough-and-ready politician with a warlike mustache — a loud talker and a lumpy dresser, with a hearty, independent habit of profanity.

With them, often, were the McSweeney boys, minor city officials and politicians, famous locally for having a foot in all political camps.

The political editor of the *News*, one of those April dressers with dark brown hat, a light brown overcoat, steel-gray trousers, and lavender socks, stood with them.

It was a curious sight to see the men who were really operating the affairs of the city gathering every day upon old Town House Square. It was the sadness of the thing that struck me, the solemnity with which they did their duty. Every afternoon they met together, talked over the affairs of the city, and spit sadly into the gutter.

I knew nothing about politics. I had paid absolutely no attention to it all my life. But I could scarcely run a local newspaper and not be drawn into it.

An Introduction to Politics

We had been publishing just a month when Day sent for me to come into his office, and introduced me to "Link" Allen, one of the alder-

men, a long-legged man, the sonorous grandeur of whose profanity was unequaled in my experience. He explained to me in a passionate ecstasy of language that the *News* had criticized severely a "junket" taken by a city government committee of which he was chairman. It was the first criticism of the kind of a city committee, and was put in, he said, by a city official, who was a stockholder in the *News*, who wasn't invited on the trip.

The alderman brought out the fact, which I already understood to some extent, that the stock of the *News* was held by men high in the political and business management of the city.

"The rest of the people don't have any show," said Allen. "They'll print what they want to."

Day confirmed this; he had told me of it, the first day I went into his office, as the reason why a newspaper would be welcome.

So I printed "Link" Allen's letter claiming that the cost of his committee's trip had not been excessive — in fact, had been less than a recent trip of the Water Board, headed by Alderman Doyle. With this letter I printed my own comment, which ended:

> If anything is to be said, let us have it all. The *Dispatch* may be relied upon for a square deal all round. The object of this newspaper is to give the whole news, not part of it, and also to see that all have fair play.

That letter and editorial gave me the first real instruction about what the public wanted. I knew nothing about a newspaper, naturally; I had spent my life in the jewelry business. I didn't have much local news; we hadn't anybody to gather it. I had been publishing editorials on President Eliot's retirement, the Baconian theory of Shakespeare, and similar topics.

The next day the melancholy congregation of politicians on Town House Square was thoroughly stirred. Alderman Doyle marched down in portentous silence, disappeared into the *News* office, and held a long and gesticulatory interview with its proprietor. When the *News* came out at eleven o'clock, it bore the cryptic message:

> Some people are saying that the Water Board's trip cost eighty-four dollars. But such is not the case.

One thing was very clear: the *News* was not going in any way to recognize our existence. This made its defense of Alderman Doyle very awkward. It seemed to me that, under the circumstances, it would be a good idea to take a shot at the *News*. So, applying the idea of its own Standard Oil editorials to the local situation, I opened up my series of "Octopus Stories." The first one ran like this:

A SIMPLE TALE

The head of "The Newspaper" sat in his office. His fine, intellectual face was rapt in thought, when suddenly there entered one of the staff.

"Sire," said he, bowing low, "methinks the people are on to us."

"How?" said the chief nervously.

"Peradventure, my lord," continued the scribe, "they say this is not a newspaper, but a spite paper — that we suppress part of the news to spite others."

The great man raised his head and spoke thus:

"If you can sting Link, why, go right ahead:
But suppress news of Doyle," the great man said.

A pause.

The advertising agent, accompanied by the editorial writer, entered.

"Most learned one," said the former, "I would advise thee that the advertisers are waking up."

Trembling with dread, the "Octopus" roared:

"Quick! Write an editorial damning the Standard Oil. Call them brigands. It always takes, and will divert the advertisers from resenting the twenty-five per cent advance, and the readers from seeing that we do not publish all the news."

Saying which, he called one of his three automobiles, and was whirled away to his palatial home, where he composed a finely worded editorial for the next issue.

There was little doubt that the editor of the *News* was excited over my "Octopus Stories." He called in his attorneys and threatened trouble.

In the meantime, Lee and I were having our own troubles. One especially cold night in November, when we were sitting dejectedly around our stove, my new friend, Mr. Peabody, came over and dragged me to his own rooms, cooked me the most delicious meal I ever ate in my life, put me to bed, and gave me the freedom of his suite, with a latch-key of my own. It was a kindness I have never forgotten.

"Ma" and Her Boarding-House

Soon after that I went to Salem and established myself in a boarding-house there.

I was not, I concede, an expert in boarding-house life, but this place had some peculiarities which have always made a hit with me. Boarding-house keepers in New England, it seemed, are always called "Ma" — or so mine told me.

"Ma" and "Pa" were not affluent; in fact, they were up against it every day. "Pa" was not in active life. He rose each morning at five A. M. to make the fire, and he was detailed to keep the furnace going — not a very difficult task, for we seldom had a supply of fuel, that is, of coal. Every now and then we had a supply of wood, sent by one of the boarders, a young contractor, in sheer self-defense. The scheme of heating was unique. "Ma" would order "Pa" down cellar to make a fire, in order, she said, "to take the chill off the house." After the fire had been going about an hour, she would say:

"You'd better let the fire go out now."

"Don't worry," "Pa" would reply; "they ain't no more wood, and it's going out by itself."

Many a night we all gathered in the parlor and had an open fire, "Ma" banging the piano, "Pa" bringing up wood, and everybody dreading to go to his room because of the cold. But what tales we told each other! Through what gigantic misfortunes had we not passed! Not only were we all formerly very rich, but our fortunes had all been lost innocently, through the manipulation of others.

There was one rich man, though — rich for Salem. Probably he had twenty or thirty thousand dollars. He was an immaculate man, with fixed habits, which never swerved. One of these was his periodical "drunk"— regularly on every last day of the month. He was as immaculate drunk as sober; and it has been a comfort to me in many dark days to remember the early mornings when I woke and looked out my chamber door to behold him parading up and down the hall, attired in pajamas, a carefully adjusted necktie, and a silk hat — studiously removing his hat every time he passed the gas-jet in the center, and exclaiming with elaborate courtesy, "Good evening, madam."

But before long my funds were out and a few days before Christmas I went back to the printing shop in Boston. Our finances were again in a desperate condition. In hope of some aid, I published the following appeal:

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

A PITEOUS APPEAL FOR CASH

The day after to-morrow is Christmas day, and we feel that it is a good time to make an appeal. And, again, there is a yawning abyss that must be filled.

In their enthusiastic appreciation of our efforts, many handsome sons of Adam and lovely daughters of Eve subscribed to our paper, and each and every morning, beside their delicious coffee and appetizing eggs, they have read our bright little comments on life and events, and we have felt that somehow we were making life brighter for them. But we are afraid we have lifted our readers to realms above the ordinary things of life, because, while they continue to digest our observations and appreciate our repartee, they forget the small sums due for subscriptions.

All day we have flirted with the cash drawer, but, sad to relate, it contains only a few pennies and some stamps. Think, gentle reader, think of the high literary merit of this publication, and then remember that it is all written on this daily bill of fare:

Breakfast,	coffee
Lunch,	crackers and milk
Supper,	beans

Seriously and honestly, we would like just for a day to renew our acquaintance with a piece of roast beef, or look once more a chicken in the face.

We are not ashamed of our shiny elbows; we do not complain of the bitter cold or remark on the hardness of our couch. These things we are accustomed to. But it is very hard work to write an editorial wishing every one a Merry Christmas with only nine cents in one's clothes.

So please sit down and write us a check, and on the receipted bill we will tell you how much obliged we are. But, even if you fail us, we will love you just the same, and try to eat our beans with a cheerful and thankful heart.

Our piteous appeal received no immediate response. The night before Christmas, Lee and I had eighty cents between us. We had to spend sixty cents of it for paper. This left us just twenty cents for Christmas day, when we would get out no paper and no money would come in. Christmas morning at ten o'clock Lee and I had beans — ten cents' worth — at a lunch-counter. At five o'clock we had them again. It was only one order for two, of course. The first man would divide the beans in the middle, take his equitable share of the bread, and, having eaten, pass the plate to the second.

From the time I was sixteen I had eaten my luncheon at Delmonico's in New York. In all of those twenty-two years I can not remember ever giving my waiter less than a quarter. On every Christmas there was a ten-dollar bill to the head waiter who helped me spend my money. Poverty isn't a crime, but it certainly does cut to a man's heart — especially when he falls to it. It isn't the cold, the shiny clothes, or the food. It's the humiliation. It wasn't poverty I thought of that Christmas of 1908. The words ringing through my head were, "Fool, fool, fool!"

The next day the tide turned a little. I received a letter from my landlady, delivered by "Pa," in which she told me to come back; I was no trouble, and she would be glad to have me stay for five years, if I was willing to occupy the smallest bedroom in the house. I went back just before dinner, stuffed myself, and filled my inside pockets with bread, cake, and fruit to take back to the half-starved Lee.

We struggled along the next few weeks the best we could. I continued my attacks on the local political ring and the *News*. The more I looked into the political management of the place, the worse it looked to me. And as I brought out one thing after another, there was interest and friendly comment. But our circulation did not go up appreciably. We had just about a hundred, and nobody would advertise with us. We had little enough to give them, and all the big advertisers were hitched up with the *News* — some of them as stockholders. The rest of the town was scared to death of it.

Lee and I grew poorer and poorer. Finally the type company gave notice that it would take its plant away at eight o'clock the next morning. Lee and I worked all night and printed six editions of the paper ahead. The

only difference in them was the date-lines. The next day the old printing shop at Cornhill was cleared out. The mice left at the same time.

We had six days' leeway. All that week I went about near-by cities, trying to get some one to sell me a printing equipment. I found a hand-press and some type in a second-hand shop in Boston, which the owner would sell for one hundred and seventy-five dollars, but he wanted seventy-five dollars cash.

The sales of the paper meanwhile dropped down to eleven copies a day. We only lasted the week out by again calling on the Boston manager of the Standard Oil Company and collecting three dollars as an annual subscription.

The end of the three dollars approached. I had got the second-hand press man to reduce his cash deposit to twenty-five dollars. But twenty-five dollars was as far off, practically, as seventy-five dollars. So I went dejectedly over to our old office in Cornhill to take Lee out and give him a plate of beans. Lee was cleaning up some papers in a corner.

"Hello," he said, all at once; "here is that motor I bought of the Electric Company."

That saved us. The motor, Lee said, had cost fifty dollars. I ran downstairs, got a truck, and dragged the machine around to the second-hand shop. The owner took it, agreeing to give us the plant, and the next day it was shipped down to Salem.

I had thought of renting the "House of the Seven Gables." It was closed and running to decay, and I could have rented it for fifteen dollars a month. It would have been an excellent advertisement to say I published my paper there. But just before I arrived a patriotic Salem woman bought it, with the purpose of preserving it as a memorial.

So I went to "Link" Allen for advice. He showed me an old paint shop across the road from his coal office, which I hired for two dollars a week. He also lent me a desk and chair, and sent me a hundred pounds of coal. A second-hand dealer, who was a member of Allen's aldermanic committee, whose "junket" Allen had defended in my paper, came in, and gave me an old stove for a month's advertising. Lee moved into a room over the shop, and we started life again in Salem.

I had grown very fond of the old city, partly because I found its people very friendly, partly from sentimental reasons. My great-great-grandfather, I found, had been quite a man there. He had founded an insurance company, the savings bank, and a mechanics' benefit organization; had laid out the common, and had had a street named after him. One of the bells in old St. Peter's tower was a memorial to him. So I went to the church, and asked which had been my great-great-grandfather's pew. I was shown to a large, stall-like pew on the side, which, they said, had been unoccupied for years. I immediately appropriated it, and sat there ever afterward.

It was not long after that when the minister of St. Peter's looked me up at my office, and had a long talk with me about my paper. Up to that time I had been attacking the methods of the political gang in charge of the city government; but I had no particular policy or purpose in it, unless it was to keep myself busy. Dr. Bedinger assumed that I was doing it all as a public duty and praised my work as a public service. My constant hammering of the politicians, he said, could not fail to benefit Salem.

This gave a feeling of satisfaction which I had not before experienced.

"I Would Like to Vote for You as Mayor"

But we were certainly about at the end; and we could not seem to gain. We were, in fact, running steadily behind. One day I went up to Boston to see if I couldn't find a new field. I made up my mind that I was through with Salem.

I had an autograph letter of Lincoln's which I had carried in my pocket for years. I took this and sold it to a dealer. Then I took my studs and links and collar-buttons and sold them for old gold. Altogether I raised eight dollars in this way. I wrote a letter to Lee, telling him I had quit the game, and in it I put three dollars of the eight, to give him carfare to his old home in Vermont.

I stood on Washington Street a minute, with the letter in my hand, before mailing it; and, as I stood there, a very nice-looking elderly man with a white beard came up to me and said:

"Isn't this Mr. Howard?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well," said the man, "I am an old resident of Salem, and I want to tell you that I have read your paper with interest. I think you are doing a great public good, and I hope you keep up your fight. Salem is sick of those old political gangs. What we need at the head of the city government is a man like yourself. I hope the time will come when I shall have the pleasure of casting my vote for you as Mayor."

He shook my hand, patted me on the back, and walked down the street.

It took me just fifteen minutes to walk to the railroad station and start back to Salem. Insane as it might seem, I had conceived the ambition to be Mayor of Salem.

TO BE CONTINUED

"MRS. TREVELYAN STARTED FORWARD WITH HALF-PARTED LIPS AS SHE READ OF THE MURDER OF THE EARL OF ROAKBY. 'MY GOD!' SHE EJACULATED, 'COSMO *HAS* DONE IT!'"

"CQ"

IN THE WIRELESS HOUSE

BY

ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

What happened in the first instalment.—Micky Fitzgerald, the son of a second son of the English aristocracy, is in love with the Hon. Evelyn Farquhar and she with him; but her grandfather, the Earl, dismisses Micky, and Micky leaves England and becomes a wireless operator. At the time the story opens he is wireless man on the "Pavonia," a trans-Atlantic liner bound for New York. On board the ship are Mrs. Trevelyan, a famous beauty and London society favorite, an Englishman traveling second class under the name of Cloud, and a brother and sister, William Bennett and Miss Bennett, also second-class passengers. Micky becomes a great favorite with Mrs. Trevelyan, who spends much of her time with him in the wireless room. One night he receives a wireless for Mrs. Trevelyan from her husband reporting that the government inspectors are "wise" to her $50,000 pearl necklace, which she intends to smuggle through the customs. A few moments later he receives a second wireless from England reporting the murder of the Earl of Roakby and the disappearance of Cosmo Graeme, youngest son of the Marquis of Varricks, who is suspected of the murder. The message requests all trans-Atlantic liners to search their passenger-lists for the fugitive, whose full description is given. Micky recognizes Cloud as the man. While he is reflecting on this discovery, he overhears a conversation on the deck below between Graeme and Mrs. Trevelyan, who is an old friend of Lord Varricks' family. In the course of it he learns that Graeme is engaged to marry the Hon. Evelyn Farquhar. Mrs. Trevelyan begs Graeme to tell her why he is traveling second class and under an assumed name. Graeme admits that he is in trouble, but refuses to confide in her. She leaves him, and Micky sees from Graeme's behavior that he intends to throw himself overboard.

VI

FOR possibly ten seconds — a period which seemed like so many hours to both of them — Cloud and Micky struggled on the trembling stern of the *Pavonia*. Then, as the turtle-back rose toward the moon on a huge roller, they slipped, lost their footing instantly, and plunged head foremost toward the deck-house. Had the *Pavonia's* stern been dropping into the hollow of the waves instead of lifting upon the swell, they would as certainly have shot in the other direction and been sucked down into the green, weltering whirlpool that roared and foamed behind the chains. But, by some instinct, Micky had timed his rush to the second, and now they came sliding inward over the stern, cursing, clawing and feebly striking at each other until Cloud's head hit squarely against one of the stanchions that held the guard-rail in place, and his adversary managed to drag him, white and motionless, but safe, up on the deck.

Cloud lay there upon his back, his face ghastly in the waning light of the moon, his eyes closed and the blood oozing from a broad scalp wound in his high forehead. Micky, faint, now that the horrible danger of the moment was over, sank weakly upon the wooden bench and rested his head on his hands. He shuddered at the thought of what they had escaped, and yet his action had been so utterly instinctive, so automatically altruistic, that not until this moment, when the man was lying at his feet, did he fully perceive the significance of his act. He gazed curiously at this inanimate thing which was in fact no second-class passenger, or shabby adventurer, but the son of an earl, a high-rolling hunting swell to whom, by the curse of the high gods, his Lady of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem had plighted her troth, forgetful of her faithful Micky, forgetful of the grove behind the second gamekeeper's, and of the post-card bearing the cabalistic "I. L. Y."

Here, alone with this silent corpse of a man on the wallowing stern of the *Pavonia*, it suddenly came to Micky that he had been jilted — chucked — given the mitten, just as he might have anticipated had he been a few years older when he had marched out of the vicarage and trudged so independently, if not arrogantly, to

the station. Yes, by gad, he had hauled back the very man that had spoiled his dream for him — his "hated rival"! Micky made a wry little grimace at the ashen face in front of him. There was a "note" for you! Nevertheless, second by second, there welled up in his heart something that drew him to this sad, motionless figure upon the deck, something — of chivalry perhaps (though he was only a son of a second son!) — of the comradeship of those who are fighting against odds on a losing side. For this bally ass had won the Hon. Evelyn in the correct, aristocratic, legal and recognized way (and not behind the second gamekeeper's), and then had proceeded to get gay and do fool things!

"My God, man!" thought Micky, "when you *had* her — whether you got her by fair means or foul — whether she did it herself or whether it was a stinking game of that bloody old sneak the Earl, why — why — why, in heaven's name, didn't you sit tight and behave yourself and hang on to her? For now you've lost her a thousand times more than I have! You poor, foolish, blundering devil!"

And a great surge of sympathy welled into Micky's breast and (he was shaking and dizzy) the tears came into his eyes, and, being only twenty-three and not a hero at all, he suddenly felt for this other fool of an Englishman the same kind of loyalty that led English officers in the Mutiny or the Malakand campaign to cut their way into a howling mob of Kaffirs or Afghans and carry out on their backs comrades that they hated — in a friendly sort of way. For something told him that in essence this man was a brother, one of his own clean kind, and that, whatever he might have done, however desperate its character, there must be — *must* be — some extenuating circumstance, if not justification.

"Yes, my friend, we're both in the same boat; but, having saved your life, I now propose to go the whole hog and make a man of you," was the unconscious drift of Micky's dazed cerebrations; and before he knew what he was doing he was dragging Cloud toward the deck-house, with the idea of tucking him up in his little bed with a brandy-and-soda inside him, just as Mrs. Trevelyan had said he ought to be — at Parsley Croft.

It was a dead weight that Micky had to lug along the deck for some hundred feet before he reached the door of Cloud's state-room. Quite out of breath, he dropped him flat outside while he entered the stuffy little room, turned on the electric light, and poured out a basin of water. Then he ran up his ladder, fished a bottle of brandy from his locker, and descended again to where Cloud was lying. He lifted Cloud's head as gently as he could and let a few drops of the brandy slide down his throat. Then he dampened a towel, bathed his forehead and wiped off the blood. The man gave a groan and opened his eyes. For an instant he gazed stupidly at Micky; then:

"What's the matter?" he asked quietly.

"Hit your bloomin' nut," answered Micky lightly. "Lie still a minute and then we'll tumble off to beddie!"

Cloud closed his eyes wearily.

"Have 'a wee doc and doris'?" urged his attendant.

He poured out a strong quarter tumbler and held it to Cloud's lips.

"Now just hang on to me, if you can," wheedled Micky, "and we'll soon have you where you belong."

He put his arms under Cloud's shoulders and lifted him, after an effort, to his feet. Then he guided the still half-unconscious man into his state-room and tumbled him into his bunk.

"I must have given myself a nasty crack!" whispered Cloud. "My head feels as if I'd been chucked at a water jump and landed head on — in a pile of stones."

"It *was* almost as bad as that," said Micky, as he closed the door and loosened Cloud's collar and cravat. "Now I'm going to undress you as well as I can, and after you've had another nip of brandy I'm going to leave you until morning."

He fussed over Cloud as lovingly as a young mother over her babe, and the other, still confused from the blow of the stanchion, suffered himself to be made ready for the night.

"*Now!*" exclaimed Micky, as, after having bandaged Cloud's head, he turned him so that the light would not fall upon his eyes. "Try to go to sleep. I'll come in and see how you are every half hour or so; and, whatever you do, *don't* ring for the steward. Understand?"

Cloud made no answer, and Micky quietly turned out the light, locked the door on the outside, and put the key in his pocket. So that was done.

He leaned heavily against the deck-house. It was now nearly seven bells. Micky climbed wearily up to the wireless house, pausing at each step. The mystery of the night was wholly gone. He felt jaded, disgruntled, depressed — perhaps a bit the way Cloud had felt when he walked sternward not so long ago, twisting his hands. The joy of living had been knocked clean out of him, and there was a dull ache in his heart as he pressed the electric button in his little office and went over to where the picture of the little girl with the dog was

fastened above his bunk. Whatever might have happened to the real Evelyn in the three years last past, the little girl in the picture had not changed. Under the bushy curls that clung around her shoulders and fell almost to her waist, she gazed smilingly out at him, with a glance archly innocent. Micky gave a kind of hiccough, and, with eyes suffused with burning tears, took out his jack-knife and pried the photograph off the wall. Then he opened the drawer of his desk and pushed it under a pile of papers at the back. It was a fool thing to have a girl's photograph on your wall, anyhow, he decided.

The long antennae of the day were stretching up into the lightening sky. In a few hours the Captain — that irascible, illogical, altogether detestable Captain — would be yawning in his bunk and ringing for his coffee, marmalade, and — the news. Oh, he'd want the news, all right, in spite of his jaw that morning — want it *all*, and growl because there wasn't more! Micky gave a mournful laugh. Well, there was one bit he *wouldn't* get — at least, not for some time — the bit about the murder of the Earl of Roakby and the flight of Cosmo Graeme. Save a man, and turn him over to be hanged? Not on your life — not even if the murderer was your rival and by so doing you could get rid of him once and for all! No; so far as Graeme and he were concerned, the Hon. Evelyn could choose between them and do as she liked. But wouldn't the Captain roar, though, when he reached New York and discovered how he'd been fooled? And wouldn't he send in a fine, eloquent complaint to the Marconi Company? Think of it! A captain with a chance to duplicate the Crippen case cheated clean out of it. Why, if Micky handed him everything Poldhu had sent out that morning, old Ponsonby would be all over the ship by eight o'clock and have every passenger lined up for inspection. He'd have Cloud — or Graeme, if that was his name — in irons and tossed into the brig before you would say knife! Not much!

His eyelids drooped and his head began to feel as if it were made of lead. He drew some paper toward him and began laboriously to copy his notes taken at one o'clock:

"Germany has not yet replied to France's ultimatum regarding Morocco. Considerable uneasiness in financial circles. Bank of England raises rate one half per centum. Brother John died this morning. Shall I sell? Terrible fire in New York factory. Scores of operators suffocated."

Wasn't that all? He fumbled with half-shut eyes among his papers. Wasn't there something about the *Carmania?* Oh, yes, here it was:

"Cunard steamship *Carmania* breaks turbine and is laid up for repairs; passengers transferred to other ships. Consols up three fourths per cent. Earl of Roakby reported dead ——"

No, not that! He rubbed it furiously out. Not that! Not that! And, with the scrawled sheet askew in front of him, Micky slid forward upon the desk and fell into a coma of utter exhaustion with his auburn head pillowed upon his arm.

The sun seared the horizon with a scarlet pencil, then poked a burnished disk above the waves; but the red beams which shot across the sea and into the wireless house did not awaken the sleeping boy. Groups of sailors in bare feet appeared and silently began to play the hose over decks already scrupulously clean, while others on hands and knees scoured them with holystone.

At eight bells a white-coated steward came running along the deck, and, clearing the second-cabin reserve in two leaps, bounded up the ladder to the wireless house. He was the Captain's steward — after the news. Just on the point of shouting indignantly to Micky, he stopped short in the doorway and smiled. The boy was still sleeping the sleep of oblivion, the scrawled copy between his fingers.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he muttered. "Poor little tike's pl'yed out! Damned if I'll wyke 'im!"

He took the sheet with care from Micky's fingers and glanced over it hurriedly. What was the use of being the Captain's steward if you didn't get *something* out of it? Then his brow wrinkled.

"Germany has not yet replied to France's ultimatum regarding Morocco. Brother John died this morning. Shall I sell?"

"Holy cats!" he grinned. "Micky must 'a' kinder mixed things up. That's the damnedest bloomin' noospaper I've 'ad yet!"

And so thought the purple Captain; but he held his peace, for reasons best known to himself.

VII

THE bugle for inspection at ten o'clock awoke Mrs. Hubert Trevelyan out of a deep sleep, during the last two hours of which her French maid had sat motionless by the window, ready to spring forward at the first suggestion that her mistress had regained consciousness. She felt that life was good and that she had nothing to regret but much to give her pride. She lay there like an Egyptian queen or an Indian princess — and, if we are to believe history, rather less

"THE NECKLACE CONTAINED THIRTY-NINE PEARLS ABSOLUTELY MATCHED. MRS. TREVELYAN TOOK 'BEAUTIFUL—AREN'T THEY?' SHE SAID. 'BUT HUBERT WOULD NEVER GET OVER IT IF HE HAD TO

THEM FROM THE STEWARDESS AND HELD THEM UP IN THE LIGHT, SWINGING THEM TO AND FRO. PAY THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE DUTY ON THEM. SURELY I CAN HIDE THEM SOMEWHERE!'"

cruel and more decent than either — and wondered whether she would turn over for another little doze or tell Fantine to bring her breakfast. She was in that state of complete comfort where the fact that, if she pursued the latter course, she would have to elect between marmalade and honey made her quite ready to remain as she was, in a state of somewhat unstable mental equilibrium.

The de luxe suite which she occupied was situated on the upper promenade, and could be entered directly from outside, so that what it gained in convenience it lost in quiet. The nerves of an older woman would have been set on edge by the noises around her — but not Lily Trevelyan's. She had no nerves. Sailors ran up and down directly over her head. Below her she could feel the deep-down distant throb of the engine and the vibration of the screw. The seething of the waves along the side rose and fell on her ears with the movement of the ship, and the wooden partitions squeaked and wheezed with the slow but regular upheaval and subsidence, like the creak of a monstrous shoe. But these sounds did not disturb her.

"Fantine!" she murmured drowsily.

"*Oui*, madame!"

"Ring for the stewardess! And order breakfast — honey, I think, this morning."

"*Oui*, madame."

The maid laid down the ruffle upon which she was sewing, and rang the bell. She was a swarthy, wiry creature — crisp, capable, and discreet. Some day she would return to Paris and marry again, and educate her child, which just now was in an institution where she had placed it before taking service. There are many of these "widow-maids" in New York and London. But nobody knew about the child, and nobody cared, and nobody would have guessed that each night she prayed to the Virgin with passionate tenderness for its safekeeping, and, with tears in her black eyes, covered with kisses a tiny pair of shoes surreptitiously drawn from the bottom of her sewing-bag. No; the world of men and of most women would have classified her as a rather smart-looking, rather hard-looking, rather wicked-looking, and distinctly good-looking French girl, who knew a thing or two and probably more than she ought, who had her price, perhaps, but realized when she was well off and stuck to the bridge that carried her over. Yet she had her other side, and every penny that she could save went into the Postal Savings Bank for her "*pauvre Philippe*." She had been with Mrs. Trevelyan five years, and during that period had never been guilty of the slightest indiscretion, nor seen any. Such women sometimes become the mothers of deputies and cabinet ministers.

Now the maid pushed aside the silk curtain of the berth and assisted her mistress to rise, and when the starchy stewardess arrived with a hot special breakfast prepared under the second steward's own particular eye, Mrs. Trevelyan, rosy from her bath, was reclining in an armchair in a blue Japanese dressing-gown heavily embroidered with roses and dragons, while Fantine deftly dressed the heavy mass of golden yellow hair that hung almost to the floor. Mrs. Trevelyan's cheeks always glowed with unfictitious health, and now, as she sat smiling and chatting to Fantine, she presented a truly lovely picture to the eyes of the stewardess bringing in the tray.

"Good morning, Mrs. Dorrance," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "What a glorious day!"

"Fine, madam," answered the stewardess, as she placed the tray on the wicker table in front of Mrs. Trevelyan. "It's lovely weather — and, if you will pardon me sayin' it as shouldn't, you're as lovely as a rose yourself this mornin'."

Fantine, doing her mistress' hair, smiled the faintest undefinable smile at the directness and banality of this broadside compliment.

"Thanks, Dorrance!" laughed Lily. "You can say it just as often as you like! Why doesn't everybody realize that nobody minds the *nice* things people say, no matter how undeserved we know them to be? I'm sure I really *shall* look lovely this morning just because you say so, and if you only believed I was very, very good, I'm convinced I should be a saint."

"Yes, madam," answered Dorrance, feeling a bit out of her depth and also a little ill at ease; for, although she was a stout, middle-aged, and rosy-cheeked English party with a Santa Claus smile and a motherly manner, she eyed human nature with suspicion and made a living as a detective in the United States customs service. "Yes, madam — thank you, madam. Shall I go or can I get you anything?"

"Nothing, thank you!" smiled Lily. "Unless you hand me my pearls over there. Fantine's hands are full of my hair and things."

She nodded toward the dresser, where on a red morocco case lay coiled the pearl necklace that she had bought at Voysans' in the Rue de la Paix the week before sailing, with the money her husband had sent her for the purpose.

Mrs. Dorrance had seen the pearls before, had seen them daily — had been watching for them, in fact, when Mrs. Trevelyan had come aboard at Genoa, owing to the perfection of that system of espionage adopted by the customs service

over the American in Paris, and the compulsory information extorted from the jewelers of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix in return for being allowed to do business in peace, whereby every important sale is reported to the eager officials. The necklace had cost her fifty thousand dollars. Against her husband's express advice, she had spent the entire amount on the pearls themselves instead of reserving a portion of the money to pay the duty; but the obvious difference between the necklace offered her for one hundred and fifty thousand francs and the present one at two hundred and fifty thousand had been too much for her, and she had succumbed to the soft iridescence of the handful of weightless things, had set prudence aside, and, with the idea of getting them in somehow without duty, had hardly hesitated before purchasing the more expensive string. And can she be blamed?

Perfect — every one — bluish white, almost opalescent at times, the necklace contained thirty-nine pearls, absolutely matched on each side and graduated exactly from the big one in the center to the smaller ones at the ends next to the diamond clasp, which in itself was a precious thing of value. She took them from the stewardess and held them up in the light, swinging them to and fro gently.

"Beautiful — aren't they?" she cried.

"Beautiful, madam!" gasped the stewardess in unfeigned appreciation, for she knew a good pearl as well as anybody.

"Yes," continued Lily; "I care for them more than for any of my other things. Mr. Trevelyan bought them for me five years ago at Tiffany's in New York, and I wear them everywhere. I just couldn't live without them. No, nothing else, Dorrance!"

She poured out a cup of steaming coffee and crushed a honey-dipped Vienna roll between her white teeth.

"Dear old Dorrance!" she laughed. "If they were all as easy as she is! But Hubert would never get over it if he had to pay thirty thousand dollars more duty on those pearls — never! I fancy I can manage. Surely I can hide them somewhere!"

"The inspectors are very thorough, madame," ventured Fantine. "I am told that now they even make the ladies undress — and they look everywhere! There is no escape at all!"

"Nonsense!" returned her mistress rather nervously. "They wouldn't do such a thing. I'm sure we can devise some way to fool the inspectors. Anyway, it doesn't do any harm to *try*. You can always pay the duty if you don't succeed!"

By this time Mrs. Trevelyan had finished her breakfast and the maid had fastened her into a trim, ocher-colored costume and pinned on her hat. She glanced at herself in the glass, stepped out on deck, and, crossing the reserved second-cabin space, climbed briskly up the ladder to Micky's office. The door was shut, but, always ready for a joke, she opened it stealthily. Perhaps she could put her hands over his eyes and make him guess who it was! He'd *guess*, too!

But, to her amazement, Micky lay at his desk, his head on his arms, amid a riot of yellow sheets, sound asleep. He breathed heavily. He was, as she would have said, "dead to the world." Poldhu or the Ushant might shriek across the ether waves, Tangier might summon impatiently, a sinking ship might send out the danger call of "CQD"— but it would be in vain. It would take more than a wireless message to wake Micky Fitz.

"Poor little man!" she whispered to herself. "Poor, tired little man!"

She leaned over and brushed his hair with her lips — and as she did so she seized the opportunity of glancing at the messages in Micky's penciled scrawl on the sheets around him. She absorbed the news about France and Germany, made a mental note of the price of consols, and then started forward with half-parted lips as she read of the murder of the Earl of Roakby.

"My God!" she ejaculated. "Cosmo *has* done it! The fool! Why did he take a man like that!"

She was trembling with excitement.

"I never *guessed!*" she gasped. "I never suspected for a minute! Why, they'll *hang* him! Poor Cosmo! The idiot! I wonder if Micky's told the Captain. Of course! Lucky they didn't see me with him last night! This *is* a go!" With a lingering look at Micky lying hot and flushed in the noonday sun, Mrs. Trevelyan quietly closed the door of the wireless house and hurried back to the boat-deck, fearful lest she should meet Cosmo Graeme and not know what to say to him.

VIII

Micky woke with a feeling that something was wrong, and struggled to his feet amid a shower of yellow papers. The sun was pouring through the windows of the wireless house. There was a pungent odor of violets everywhere and — he looked through the window —Mrs. Trevelyan was just going down the ladder.

It came to him with something of a shock that he must have been asleep — and that the Captain hadn't got his news; and it bothered him for a minute until he remembered the other events of the night before and how he had

kept Cloud locked in his state-room. Then he quite forgot the Captain. His own back was lame and his muscles felt stiff and creaky. He must get right after Cloud; there was no question about that.

"Whew!" he whiffed, as he threw open the forward window. "Smells like a chemist's!"

He stooped laboriously and gathered the scattered sheets, noticing the absence of the draft he had prepared for the Captain's use. Perhaps Mrs. Trevelyan had swiped it. Then, with a feeling of relief, his eye caught the jottings he had made of the news from Poldhu and the Roakby affair. Lucky *that* hadn't been stolen while he slept — and yet, if Mrs. Trevelyan had been up there, no doubt she had read it and by this time it was all over the ship! No — she was Cloud's friend. Of course she wouldn't give him away. Or would she? Perhaps she had gone directly to Cloud himself and taxed him with it. Anyhow, he must get busy and look after his prisoner of war. He felt in his pocket for Cloud's key, and slowly climbed down the ladder.

Outside Cloud's room he stopped and listened. There was nothing going on in there, and he knocked softly. There was no response. He thrust the key into the lock, turned it, and opened the door. The state-room was empty; the bird had flown. Moreover, the steward had been in and put things quite to rights. The place looked just like any other second-class cabin — not a bit like the den of a murderer or the son of a marquis or of any other extraordinary or sensational person.

A shadow darkened the wall and the gaunt face of the second-class passenger appeared in the port-hole.

"Good morning," said Micky cheerily. "You gave me quite a start, you know! How on earth did you get out?"

Cloud left the port-hole and came to the door of the state-room. He looked very white, and a neat bandage had taken the place of Micky's improvised one of the night before.

"You forgot the steward," he said. "I pretended to be asleep until finally I couldn't keep up the bluff any longer, and the chap let himself in from the outside. He didn't notice that there wasn't any key."

He held out a lean, muscular hand, which Micky clasped firmly.

"How's your head?" inquired the latter.

"My head's well enough," returned Cloud. Then: "I'm afraid I put you to a lot of trouble last night."

. "Not at all! Not at all!" rejoined Micky, as if saving people from committing suicide were a daily occurrence with him. "You see, the old boat — maybe you remember?— well, the old boat sort of lifted herself at the psychological moment and chucked us in where we belonged. Nasty place out there. My! you've got a grip on you! My back's as lame as after a house match at 'The Hill.'"

"Did you go to Harrow?" asked Cloud. "So did I — I was in Sandford's."

"Well, I was in Bailey's. We licked you three years running when I was in the house. Not *because* I was in it, of course. By the way, you're not contemplating doing anything like that again, are you? You see, I couldn't guarantee that it would come exactly the same way."

Cloud smiled a wan smile.

"I give you my word," he answered simply, "as a fellow Harrovian, not to make a fool of myself again."

He held out his hand again. Micky took it, and looked him in the eyes.

"Honor bright?" he asked.

"Honor bright!" replied Cloud.

"Thanks," said Micky. "By the way, you might drop up to the wireless house any time you feel a bit off your peck. I'm there most of the time, especially evenings. I ought to tell you, right now, that I inadvertently overheard your little talk last evening with Mrs. Trevelyan. However, that's all behind us."

Cloud looked at him inquiringly.

"You heard all we said?"

"Yes, I think so," answered Micky lightly. "Of course none of it is my business, so long as you don't try to deprive us of your company! She's a very circumspect lady, Mrs. Trevelyan! But, take it from me, there's no place on an ocean liner to discuss private matters except on the end of the bowsprit or in the crow's-nest! Even *there* some old woman from Putney would probably get on to what you were saying by reading your lips."

He handed Cloud the key to the state-room. Cloud received it without comment, his innate English distaste for any display of emotion struggling with his genuine gratitude to Micky. Turning his back, he put the key into the lock, and, as he fumbled with it, he jerked out awkwardly a few disconnected phrases that contained among others the words:

"Awfully obliged — what you did last night. Really didn't know what I was doing. Never forget it. Must think me a damn coward. Try to explain it all sometime. Feeling down and out."

"Don't mention it, old chap!" chirped Micky. "We all make asses of ourselves occasionally. Now I've got to deliver a few radios, but I'll see you at lunch, and maybe to-night you will come up and smoke a pipe with me?"

"MICKY STOOD THERE ALONE AFTER MRS. TREVELYAN HAD GONE. 'A WOMAN LIKE THAT,' HE SAID, 'COULD MAKE YOU DO ANYTHING!'"

Cloud nodded and kept on fumbling with the key, while Micky, glad to escape, and fully confident that, for the time being at least, any danger of the attempt being repeated was over, hastened away to the purser's office with his Marconigrams — among them the one for Mrs. Trevelyan.

The purser looked suspiciously at him as he shoved the yellow slips under the grating, but Micky wore an air of entire unconcern.

"A little slow in transmission," said the Marconi man casually; "but the fact is I was done up, and slept right through until this minute. However, I've dated 'em all this A. M. And, anyhow, nobody can get off this bloomin' boat a minute sooner than New York — that's *sure!*"

The purser gave him a look of disgust.

"By gad, you're a rum 'un!" he remarked fiercely, although Micky was a perennial joy to him. "I wonder you last a day — can hold your job a minute — with your infernal cheek and indifference! I *bet* you get the sack once and for all at the end of the voyage." He glanced over the radios. "One for Mrs. Trevelyan, too!" he added ruefully. "Oh, you'd make an angel weep, you would!"

Mrs. Trevelyan had returned to her room and was gazing abstractedly out of the open window in a dim cloud of cigarette smoke. The news of Roakby's murder had quite unnerved her. She had known him well before her Trevelyan days — too well for her own good. That he should have been put out of the way was no great loss either to her or to society at large. But that Cosmo Graeme — her friend, whose father's house she had visited for weeks at a time — should be his murderer — liable to instant arrest — and (she shuddered) to be hung! Could she sit calmly by and do nothing for him? See him run down and caught without raising a finger? Yet what could she do? Was not the information in the possession of the ship's officers? She imagined them already in cold, impassive conference, debating as to whether it were better to arrest him now and put him in irons, or wait until the ship should near the land and he could be turned over at once to the civil authorities. Cosmo Graeme, the youngest of a quartet of handsome, chivalrous brothers! Cosmo, the darling of the smartest set in England! How could he! And then it came to her that perhaps Micky had not yet told the Captain — that perhaps she could persuade him to hold his peace and keep the matter secret until, at least, she could try and think what to do. Yes, she must find Micky at once and use all her powers to induce him to become her ally.

"Marconigram for you, madam."

The reading-room steward touched his cap smilingly as he handed it to her. Impatiently she tore open the papers.

"Government inspectors wise to your necklace."

She stared at it helplessly. Wise to her necklace! Impossible! It was just a joke of Trevelyan's! No; *he* never would have taken that amount of trouble for a joke! The Roakby affair faded out of her mind under the stress of this new and unexpected complication. She set her lips indignantly. She was sure the government couldn't treat its citizens in any such despicable fashion. Trevelyan was a ninny — an old woman! What did he mean by wiring her? Was it to advise her to declare the necklace and make herself liable to a duty of some thirty thousand dollars, or was it simply to give her the tip that extra precautions would be necessary to smuggle it safely in? That was it, probably. Why, he'd whine for six months if he had to pay all that money! And he'd make her life miserable into the bargain. She crumpled the paper in her hand and tossed it into the scrap basket — where it was promptly found and read by Mrs. Dorrance within the hour.

Lily Trevelyan hurried back again to the wireless house. How foolish she had been not to act sooner and stop Micky before the damage had been done! Now it was probably too late.

She found him playing shuffleboard with a little hunchback, who, used to kindness from all the world, greeted her with a smile; but she glanced at him quite coldly, and, to his surprise, addressed herself to Micky with an imperative "I must speak with you at once. You'll find me at the stern." And Micky, yielding the game by default, promised shortly to return, quite to the satisfaction of his cheerful little friend, who regarded him with awe and admiration and thought him the most wonderful person on the seven seas.

Micky found Mrs Trevelyan awaiting him on the bench where he had sat and watched Cloud's colorless face the night before, and her face, too, was pale and her chin quivered, and her hands in their fresh white kid gloves clasped and unclasped themselves in her lap, as she turned to him and asked with unconcealed anxiety:

"Have you told anybody about Roakby?"

Micky had never seen her like that — without her mask of light frivolity and teasing insincerity, and he liked her better than he ever had before.

"No, Mrs. Trevelyan," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because if you haven't I want you to promise me that you won't — at any rate, not

for a few days. I can't explain. Only something very terrible may happen if you do. Please don't ask me. I can't think to-day. When I — when I read it over your shoulder in the wireless house it bowled me out or I'd have waked you. I know I'd no business to read it, of course, but now it's done. Please promise me you'll keep it to yourself."

She raised a serious, sweet face to his and laid a beseeching hand upon his blue sleeve. He felt a quick pang of compunction for his unworthy thoughts of her. Was it possible that this woman was anything but noble? Had he not done her an injustice? Was there anything but entire unselfishness in this tense appeal directed toward the saving of a friend?

"Yes," he answered slowly; "I'll promise you that — if you want ——"

He hesitated; but anything save frankness was utterly abhorrent to him.

"I might as well tell you," he added simply, "I overheard your talk with Cloud — that is, with Graeme — last night. I couldn't help it; I was just above you on the deck-house."

"Then you *know?*" she asked quietly.

"The same as you," he nodded. "I got it off Poldhu half an hour before you came aft. It's a bad mix-up. They're sure to pinch him at quarantine. And I'll never be able to cut it all out. It must be the biggest story in England! Cosmo Graeme! Why, I've always heard of Cosmo Graeme! He stroked the eight at Oxford, didn't he? Give *him* up? *No* — I won't give him up! Not for an old Ponsonby, or Scotland Yard, or the whole Marconi Company!"

"Oh, Micky!" she cried, her face flushing. "What a brick you *are!* It will be our secret, won't it? We'll not tell a soul! Give me your hand on it."

She gave him her hand, and Micky took it in his freckled paw and held it for a moment, and something coursed from her veins into his and made him tremble, so that he let it drop.

"Good-by, Micky!" she whispered. "Remember!"

"Good-by," he answered, his heart beating a little faster. "I'm not likely to forget!"

He stood there alone after she had gone, with a strange feeling of exhilaration in all his body. The hand that had held hers still tingled from her clasp, and his heart seemed somehow to have expanded like a toy balloon.

"My God!" he thought. "A woman like that could make you do anything!"

IX

Up in the wireless house that night Micky was kept on the jump until a late hour. There were more than a dozen commercials of all sorts. He dutifully jotted them down, and, with ears hungry for English news, waited for the "ZZ — ZZ — ZZ" from Poldhu. At last it came, and Micky grasped his pencil firmly and began to write as the man in the shirt sleeves in Cornwall threw the leaping current at him through the ether.

"Press - for - transmission - only - stop Consols - off - one - half - per - centum - stop Lloyd-George - down - with - severe - cold - interferes with - speaking - stop Germany - replies France's - ultimatum - by - counter-proposition generally - regarded - as - substantial - compliance - stop Tony - Burke - known - as - the Southdown - Slugger - knocks - out - Jimmy Devereux - at - Birmingham - in - fourteen rounds - stop Mrs. - Roberta-Menges-Corwin-Hill - sent - to - Tombs - prison - in - New - York City - for - attempting - to - smuggle - jewelry through - customs - stop Vigorous - effort - on part - of - United - States - government - to prevent - violations - of - tariff - law - stop Defalcation - in - London - branch - of - Royal Bank - of - Edinburgh - amounting - to - over five - thousand - pounds - confidential - clerk who - mysteriously - disappeared - last - week now - known - to - be - embezzler - thought - to be - on - liner - to - America - description - tall clean - shaven - blue - eyes - brown - hair - hollow cheeks - aquiline - nose - last - seen - Paris - in company - young - woman - stop No - trace of - whereabouts - of - Cosmo - Graeme - fourth son - of - Lord - Varricks - Marquis - of - Conyngfort - still - believed - to - be - mid-ocean stop Details - Roakby - murder - still - concealed - stop Funeral - to-day - Castle - Ruyn-Waterford - Hants - Scotland - Yard - requests thorough - search - all - Atlantic - steamships and - report - at - government's - expense - stop Lord - Varricks - prostrated - stop."

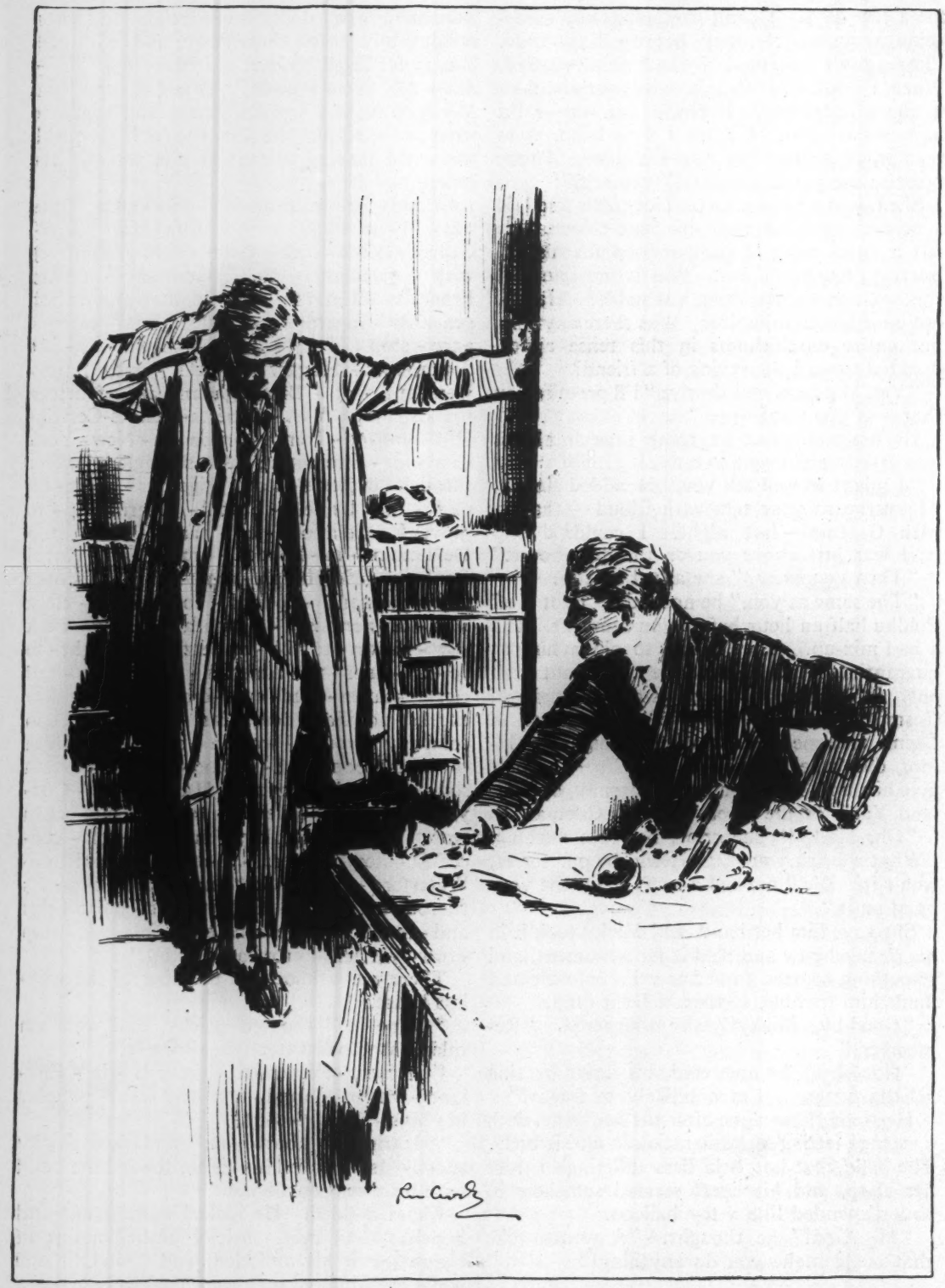
There was a knock on the door of the wireless house.

"Come in!" shouted Micky, and went on taking as Cloud entered tentatively.

"Greatest - excitement - prevails - in - England - where - alleged - murderer - was - popular in - high - society - stop."

"Hearing all about you," remarked Micky shortly, as he waved his visitor toward the bunk with his disengaged hand.

Cloud nodded. He looked more gaunt and hopeless than ever. Micky pushed a box of cigarettes in his direction, and Cloud lit one while the Marconi man continued to take down a miscellaneous assortment of information which, with its repetition, occupied another twenty-five minutes. During this period both sat mute.



"'FRANK WANTED TO KILL HIM AT ONCE. BUT BASIL SAID HE MUST DIE QUIETLY. HE LOCKED BOTH DOORS AND TOOK DOWN FROM OVER THE MANTELPIECE THE SWORD OF THE FOUNDER OF OUR HOUSE. WE ALL LAID OUR HANDS ON IT AND SWORE TO KILL ROAKBY'"

"Stop," said Poldhu suddenly, and sent no more.

The man on the cliff, Micky knew, was knocking the ashes out of his pipe and snapping off the green electric light preparatory to turning in. The air was quiet, except for the *Hohenlohe*, which was trying to flash a belated commercial over the *Pavonia* to the *Berlin*.

"MPA de DKV"—"MPA de DKV"—"MPA de DKV"—"Warum antwortest du nicht?" ("Why do you not answer?") insisted the *Hohenlohe*.

Then he tried the *Pavonia;* but Micky shut off his coherer, threw his receiver on the desk, and took one of the cigarettes from the box, with a grunt of disgust.

"Let him holler!" he mumbled.

"Who?" asked Cloud.

"That chap on the *Hohenlohe!*" answered Micky. "He's one of those conscientious fellows that never sleep. Well, how do you feel?"

Cloud puffed nervously at his cigarette, tried to answer, and looked helplessly at Micky. Utter despair was written in the lines of his mouth and forehead. Finally he said in dead tones:

"I might just as well have done for myself last night. That's better than — being caught and"— he hesitated —"brought back."

"Oh, tommy-rot!" retorted Micky. "A live dog's better than a dead lion! You're a long way from Bow Street yet. Lots of things can happen before we reach New York."

Cloud shook his head.

"Nothing can happen," he replied. "No matter what comes, I'm done for! You say you heard my talk with Mrs. Trevelyan, and so of course you must know I'm Cosmo Graeme, a fugitive from justice, a man charged with murder!"

He dropped his cigarette on the floor and crunched it out with his heel.

"Why, yes — of course I know that," answered Micky in a conversational tone. "You can't conceal yourself on the Atlantic Ocean, my friend! It's worse than Broadway or Regent Street. Now *I* should never think of trying to hide on a ship. If they spot you, *there* you are. You should have thought of that before you got on board."

The man on the bunk pressed his temples with the palms of his hands.

"Look here," he said. "You did a decent thing last night. I may be sorry now you didn't let me fling myself in, but that's over and done with. I've given you my word not to try it again, and I won't. I understand you've got the news I'm wanted for Roakby's murder, and Mrs. Trevelyan says you're going to hold it back. I don't know why. I don't ask. I can't think. All I know is that just as I was going to do a cowardly act you stopped me. And now, when I might be chucked into irons and held up as a murderer to the whole ship's company, you come along and rescue me again!"

"Rather interesting, isn't it?" said Micky easily.

"You've saved my life," continued Cloud, "and — I wanted you to know I wasn't the ordinary sort of criminal."

"I didn't suppose you were," remarked Micky, "considering what I — what common report said about — the other fellow."

"The beast!"

Cloud shook both his fists.

"Was he?" asked Micky. "Tell me about it."

Cloud took another cigarette, and the match with which he lit it cast great shadows in the hollows of his cheeks. He rose and paced up and down the little room as if trying to find the right beginning. Outside the night was opaquely dark and a strong breeze made it impossible for him to be overheard by any stray loiterer on the deck.

"Begin with me — and then how it happened later," he jerked out. "Cosmo Graeme, of Harrow and Oxford. My father is Lord Varricks — I'm the fourth son — our place is down in Hampshire — Parsley Croft, they call it." It seemed hard for him to force the words from his lips. "We're a hunting lot. Keep our own hounds. Always a crowd of people at the house. You know the *kind* of people — Mrs. Trevelyan used to be one of them. What they call the best people in England!" His lips curled.

"Well, this beast Roakby used to be one of them too. He was a friend of my father's. There weeks at a time. Came when he pleased and had the run of the house. One of those ingratiating scoundrels that simply hypnotize the women. He lived all over — had a shooting in Hungary and an apartment in Paris and a villa at Monte Carlo. You know the type. A married man that didn't live with his wife, and hadn't any children."

Cloud ran his hands through his hair and his voice rose in higher key.

"You know what some country houses are. You've read about 'em in the magazines and weeklies, I suppose. Well, ours wasn't very different from the ones you read about. But Roakby made a point of what he called being a gentleman — a *gentleman!*"

Cloud turned suddenly upon Micky and grabbed him by the shoulders, and his words came grating forth in a series of hoarse cries.

"What would you have done — if this beast — this cur — O God!" He gave a dry sob.

"Our sister—our little sister—fifteen—Man! Think of it! My brother Basil came running into the billiard-room, looking like a ghost. 'Cosmo, come here,' he said in a queer voice, and dragged me into the corner by the observatory. Then he told me. It made me actually sick. Oh, the swine! The swine!"

He was wailing, this full-grown man.

"Harold and Frank were somewhere about, smoking. It was a week ago Sunday. Harold all but fainted. Frank wanted to kill him at once. He was quite insane, I think. But Basil said he must die quietly — there could be no explanation. We could see him from where we stood, walking around on the lawn *with my father!* Basil told us to go into the billiard-room, and sent for some brandy. Then he locked both doors and took down from over the mantelpiece the sword of old Roland de Pleinpalais — a founder of our house. Basil stood it up on its point between us, and we all laid our hands on it and swore to kill Roakby. Then he took the helmet that goes with the sword, and put four slips of paper in it with a cross on one of them — I drew it. Then we talked it all over calmly enough. I was to go to him and give him his choice of either doing it himself or being executed — that was all. That night, after all the guests had gone to bed, I found him smoking in his room and drinking whisky-and-soda.

"'Hello, Cosmo, old chap,' he said, smirking at me. Then he saw something was up and turned white.

"I told him he must kill himself or the matter would be taken out of his hands. He turned yellow — *yellow* — and knocked the glass of whisky on to the floor. He couldn't speak.

"'No,' he said. 'No! — It's a joke, isn't it, Cosmo?'

"'Joke, you swine!' I cried. 'Have you a pistol?'

"'Yes,' he said. But he lied; he hadn't one.

"'Give me twenty-four hours to settle my affairs,' he whined.

"'We'll give you till to-morrow noon,' I answered. 'If it isn't done then — we'll do it for you.'

"I waited near his door all night, but nothing happened. There was a hunt next day and everybody was in the field. We mounted Roakby on an old broken-winded roan that dropped behind inside the first three fields. I clung to him. He saw it and could hardly sit his horse.

"'Well,' I said, riding alongside of him.

"He was shaking like a leaf.

"'Cosmo!' he stammered. 'You don't mean it, man?'

"I put my hand in my pocket and handed him my own pistol — a fool thing.

"'You see that copse?' I said to him. 'Get off your horse and go in *there.*'

"He got off and almost fell, but he took the pistol and went staggering into the trees.

"I waited, but again nothing happened. I must have stood there ten minutes. Then I tied the horse and went in after him. The cur was leaning against a tree, and the pistol was on the ground beside him. He simply couldn't do it. When he saw me he began to swear just to keep his courage up.

"'Well?' I said. 'Will *you* or shall *I?*'

"Then all of a sudden he made a dive for the pistol, and rushed at me with a kind of scream, and in the struggle it went off and killed him. *I* didn't fire it; but that was a mere accident, for I *would* have. Only, as it happened, he shot himself — without intending to. I led the roan into the trees, and rode after the hunt and told Basil what had occurred. He said that on no account must I stay in England, because any defense would involve our sister. So I'm here, hunted like a real murderer. I can never tell my side of the case, and if they get me — as they're bound to — they'll *hang* me — just as they would Jack the Ripper. It's a pretty story, isn't it? A fine story for England! Now is it better for Cosmo Graeme to disappear quietly?

"That's how it happened. There's nothing more to tell. We even agreed not to let my father know. After all, the swine was dead! So I went to Paris and from there to Madrid and so on down to Gibraltar where I came aboard. There is a man who followed me all the way from Paris — with a woman. They sit at your table — Bennett is the name they go under. I have a horrible feeling they're trailing me. But they didn't have me arrested. I don't know! But when you stumbled over me yesterday I began to think I was making myself too conspicuous by my absence." (He gave a flicker of a smile.) "That's why I turned up. But then I saw that man there, and — then Lily Trevelyan saw me — and — well, I just couldn't stand it — that's all! I'm done for. I can *never go back to England!* Dear, rotten old England! My life's over!"

He stopped and wiped his eyes, which had filled with tears, and Micky could see what it had cost him to tell the story.

"Not over yet!" answered Micky, laying his hand on Cloud's shoulder. "You may be done as Cosmo Graeme, but there's many a good man who's gone on living and done useful work under some other name than his own. You give me a chance to think it over. Maybe

I can think something up before we reach New York. . . . And thank you for telling me."

He held out his hand and Micky shook it silently.

"Good night," he said, opening the door.

"Good night," answered Cloud. He could say no more.

Micky returned to his seat at the desk, and sat there for a long time in what is commonly described as a brown study. It was true — the man's life was done, save in some other country under some other name — in Oran, perhaps, as one of the legion of daredevils made famous by their reckless bravery against the Moslems. Why not? Only men who had nothing to lose by death could cope with men who believed that they could not die unless Fate has so ordained.

He looked out into the night, but its thick blackness gave him no consolation. There was no way of escape — Cloud was caught like a rat in a pit. Once the ship reached quarantine, the officers would swarm over the side and go through her as with a fine-tooth comb, and they would find Cloud and recognize him, as easily and certainly as they would find Mrs. Trevelyan should they want her. There was no mistaking him. And his conduct — his prolonged absence from the dining-room at first, his solitary habits, his unresponsiveness — had already made him the subject of discussion and criticism on the part of the other second-cabin passengers. It would have needed very little to make him the object of suspicion as well.

Micky lit his pipe and shook his head. No matter how he projected his mind forward, he could see no way out of it for Cloud. He would be under arrest before the *Pavonia* was off Fire Island, and safe on a steamer bound for England inside of twenty-four hours. And then what? A quick trial, in which there would be no defense, but where the court-room would be crowded like a royal levee with peeresses in their own right and all the importunate distinguished women in London society — come to see Cosmo Graeme caught and killed, like a cottontail dragged out of a hole with a ferret clinging to his throat, and cracked on the back of the neck with a gamekeeper's stick!

There was a knock at Micky's door and the picture conjured up by his reverie was rudely shattered. By some trick of telepathy, perhaps, this unnerved man had been drawn back again to the wireless house.

"I saw your light still burning and I came back," he said. "I can't sleep. You don't known what torture it is to lie in one of those state-rooms, staring at the ceiling hour after hour. I thought maybe if you had any work to do you'd let me stay here with you."

"Sure thing," answered Micky. "Sit down and have a pipe, while I see what that Dutch idiot on the *Hohenlohe* was after."

Cloud took a pipe from his pocket and filled it, while Micky connected up his coherer and put the receiver to his ears. Sure enough, the German was still at it — signaling frantically.

"MPA de DKV — MPA de DKV — CQ — CQ —CQ —CQ —CQ — CQ ——"

"DKV de MPA," answered Micky, "K — K — K ——"

"MPA de DKV," shouted the German, "TR" (time rush) —"MSG" (commercial message). "Time now 1.15 — one message."

"DKV de MPA," replied Micky. "Time OK. GA" (send when ready).

"MPA de DKV," retorted the *Hohenlohe*. "OK. Thanks. Radio via *Hohenlohe, Umberto Primo, Casablanca*. Message No. 1. Thirty-five words. Ponsonby, Captain *Pavonia*. You are herewith ordered in compliance request Scotland Yard to search your ship for escaped criminal described press despatches Poldhu and report direct to company's office Liverpool, via *Casablanca*. For the company, Hammersley."

The man on the *Hohenlohe* stopped sending, and Micky threw him a "Thanks. Good night." But he felt no thanks. On the contrary, a great and horrible fear stole over him and turned his forehead cold. So the game was up! There would be no lapse of time in which to devise a way of escape for the man who sat there so helplessly, clinging to him like a child without a mother.

"I've got to deliver it!" muttered Micky. "I've *got* to deliver it; and when I do the jig will be up!"

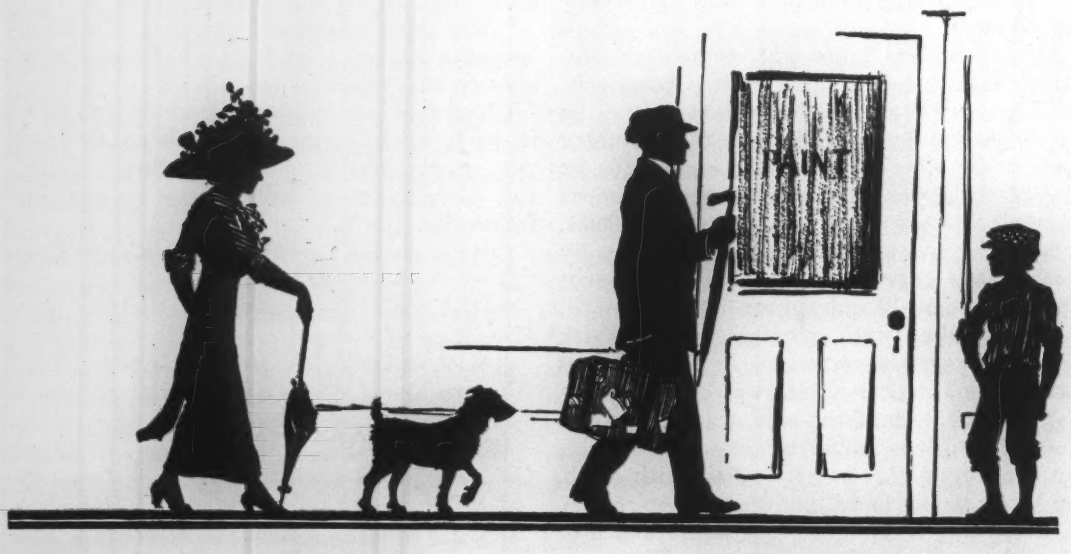
He looked stupidly at Cloud. Could this be the end? Had he hauled him back for this? Saved his life to have it snatched away again?

"What is it?" asked the other. "Anything important?"

"So — so," answered Micky. "The Cunard Company has ordered the Captain to search the ship for you — and I've got to deliver the message to-morrow morning."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BLUE STORE:



BY
RICHARD BRACE-FIELD

A BUSINESSLIKE young man, carrying a satchel, walked briskly up one of the retail streets of a lively Eastern city. In front of a dismal little store he paused, put down the traveling-bag, and stood for a minute surveying the dejected exterior of the ancient establishment. It was a melancholy old place — worn, unpainted, and dingy. Dusty window-panes blinked in a senile way upon the passing crowd, and over it an almost illegible sign feebly whispered: "Paint."

To the young man the old store made a strong sentimental appeal. His grandfather had founded it; he himself had worked in it when he was a boy — until he left, a youth, with the volunteers for the war in Cuba. And now, back from several years of absence, from the war, from a variety of not over-successful efforts to seek his fortune over the country, he looked again into the windows of the old family paint shop — more worn and senile and timid than ever before. And here, where he stood, he found and recognized his fortune at last.

Henderson (we will call him that) stopped gazing, picked up his bag, and stepped inside. His uncle, then the owner of the place, was there, and as they said their greetings the young man looked about the familiar old interior — a curious, dusty place.

The poor old family paint shop was sixty years old now. The town it had started in had doubled and quadrupled and grown into a city of over a hundred thousand people. The old store had barely shuffled on its way; now it was at a standstill. It scarcely supported life.

"Why?" he asked his uncle. His uncle shook his head. He was not the kind that knows.

"Why?" said Henderson to himself many times in the next few days. He had nothing to do, now he was back home again; he had not yet made his permanent connection with business life. He went around town and inquired about the paint business.

"Keep out of it," said the paint dealers. The business was overcrowded. Profits were scanty. It was a mighty poor business.

But Henderson kept thinking about it for himself. He walked up and down the city. It was a city of frame dwellings very largely. And every building in the city and the country adjacent represented a possible customer. He tried roughly to estimate the number of gallons of paint annually demanded. The quantity was so great that it staggered him before he was half way through his calculations.

Henderson had just one hundred and fifty dol-

A Bit of Business Magic

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE GILLESPIE

lars of savings, which he had brought home with him. He took it and offered it to his uncle for the store — stock, good-will, debt, and all. His uncle took it; it was all the place was worth: and so, seven years ago, Henderson started on his way to fortune.

It is well to understand at the beginning that this is not the story of a great business. The old paint shop has not become a mighty corporation, with a huge capital stock, an executive committee, consolidations, secret fixings and control of a great market. Seven years have passed, and Henderson still owns the store. The events of those seven years are significant especially because they do not deal in extraordinary accomplishments. This is a story of a small success, the sort that you — the average man — would deem yourself fortunate to attain: for a small business that pays its owner a neat income of six or eight thousand a year is worth while for most of us.

Now, the first problem, as Henderson saw it, was to let the public know that his paint store existed — to impress that fact upon people in a way they could not ignore. No commonplace, half-way method of doing this was to be entertained for a moment. For sixty years the store had been hopelessly commonplace; for sixty years it had meekly accepted its commonplace, starvation stipend. If you stand at the gate of some great industrial plant at quitting time, you will see this dead-level sameness typified in the laborers who pour forth with their dinner-buckets. The same plane of inferiority characterizes an extensive class of unsuccessful business houses.

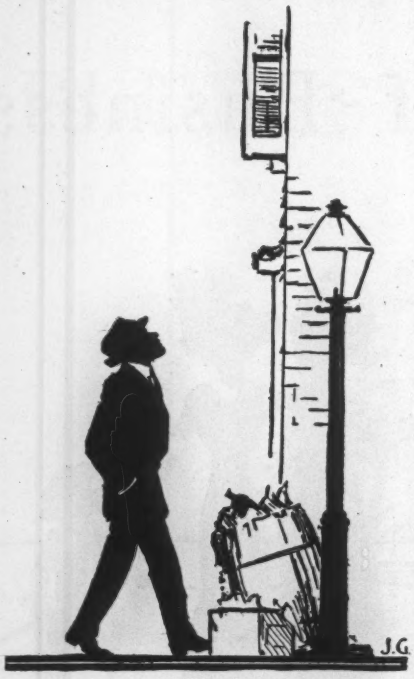
Personality from a Paint-Pot

Henderson walked up and down the streets of his city, studying the store-fronts that lined it; then he studied interiors with the critical eye of a man who analyzes what he sees. Returning to his own establishment, he got out a can of blue paint and a ladder. In half a day his store exterior had taken on a most astonishing hue. There wasn't another shop in the city that wore a blue dress. His was to be thereafter the Blue Paint Store. Presently a new sign extended itself over the sidewalk. It was painted in great blue letters, and it said PAINT in a voice that made the old sign hide its head in confusion.

Without pausing, Henderson took his paint-can inside and proceeded to decorate the dingy interior. He stuck to blue tints. The way he slapped on the blue paint was extraordinary.

The neighbors got wind of the thing and came in to look. Then the news began to spread that young Henderson, just returned from his travels, had gone crazy. His competitors laughed.

But the embryo merchant merely got out more blue paint, and coated all his barrels and oil-cans with it. When he had transformed his store into a sort of blue grotto, he sent for some large squares of cardboard. On one of these he painted "Thank You" in blue, with a few cheerful flourishes. On another he inscribed "Call Again, Please." On still another, "Ask Us Questions About Paint; If We Don't Know, We'll Find Out for You." He posted a dozen of these placards about the walls and fixtures.



"Henderson walked up and down the city, trying roughly to estimate the number of gallons of paint annually demanded"

Next, this crazy young man ordered a consignment of blue wrapping-paper and blue twine. He bought blue shirts for himself and his store boy, blue canvas coats, and blue caps. At the stationer's he ordered blue letter-paper, bill-heads, blotters, and the like. From the printer he obtained a lot of blue circulars announcing the existence of the Blue Store. He had made his start; he had given his store a personality.

Now, this is merely a bit of history. Henderson's methods are not set forth in these columns to be taken *en bloc* and imitated. There are other ways of giving a business a personality, and Henderson's methods will not be universally adaptable; but they may supply the impulse for creative ingenuity. Imitators are rarely as successful as originators.

The Blue Store had come forth, almost in a day, into the full light of public scrutiny. It was the same little old store come out of oblivion. The sixty years were put behind it, and henceforth it was to wear its new dress and be known to every man, woman, and child in the city as the "Blue Paint Store."

But all this, of course, was only a preliminary to the new scheme of management. The greater problem lay very much deeper. Creating a Blue Store had been easy — a happy inspiration; it was quite another thing to make that Blue Store stand for something worth while, and to hold it rigidly along the lines Henderson mapped out for it. The blue dress might sidetrack quite a lot of customers at first and get them into the store, but it never would keep those same customers coming back year after year. Instead, the blue might stand for fraud and worthlessness.

Fixing a Quality Dead-Line

Indeed, the new scheme of things was scarcely launched before Henderson began to get complaints about the goods he was selling. These were the same goods the little old store had sold, but complaints had never disturbed it. With the Blue Store — which had the eyes of the whole city upon it — the case was different.

At first thought, it would seem an easy thing to procure high-class goods to sell, or to get goods that meet some popular requirement not necessarily dependent on price. In reality, this is one of the most troublesome of business problems; it is commonly neglected because it presents so many vexations. To live up to a definite standard requires a dead-line, with sentries posted all along it. In one business out of a hundred you find such a dead-line. The ninety-nine others are more or less like the paint store before young Henderson bought it.

Henderson was a dealer, not a contractor. The contractors and smaller consumers, who used his goods, looked to him for protection; nevertheless he was unable to assure them that his paint wouldn't pull off within a month or rise up in blisters when the sun struck it. There are plenty of merchants to-day who can't tell why the goods they sell don't have fast colors, or what gives their coffee an off taste.

But Henderson's magic consisted in finding out. He set about a study of paint ingredients, and presently he discovered that the United States government had already taken a scientific interest in the subject. It had issued a pamphlet giving the chemical analyses of most of the brands of paint on the market, together with other technical information of great value. Henderson's goods now lay revealed before him in a most surprising manner. He found that

some of his mixed paints contained no linseed oil whatever, but a substitute of cheap vegetable oil. A benzine drier took the place of turpentine, and plain water made up a considerable percentage.

The very day he made this discovery, he took the train for a large city not far away. Here he called on the manufacturers of a brand of high-class paints — vouched for by the government analysis — and asked for an exclusive agency in his district.

These manufacturers, however, threw up their hands in alarm when they heard the name "Henderson." They, at least, had known about the little old store, and at first they refused to sell any paint to this young man. As for an exclusive agency — well, he could take the next train back and go on selling the stuff he called paint. Their own goods would never associate with that name.

Here was an unexpected obstacle. But Henderson sat down in the sales manager's office — without being invited to do so — and stayed there for an hour, explaining the selling ideas he was formulating for the Blue Store. The sales manager listened, at first indifferently, then with attention, and finally with eagerness. Even for these progressive paint manufacturers, Henderson had opened up new possibilities.

The exclusive agency was given not long afterward. And now, having secured a source of supply for the class of goods he meant to handle, and having established a unique personality for his store, Henderson set about perfecting his selling plans. His spectacular change in the complexion of his store had been a start only. He must reach out after a great share of those tens of thousands of gallons of paint needed annually to clothe the city.

Going After the Customer

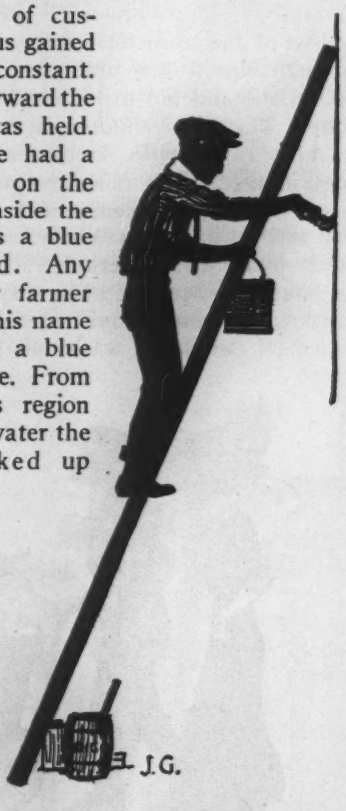
In the modern enterprising business, selling ideas make up the dynamo that keeps the goods moving as if carried by an endless chain from house to customer. In the mediocre business you will seldom find anything that bears much resemblance to a selling idea. The opportunities wasted, for lack of a little executive invention, would turn the average failure into bank-books with fat columns. In Henderson's city were many large factories. One such factory annually gave an excursion to the ocean; and, when the time approached, Henderson saw one of his first opportunities. He had a concrete idea. The more you study Henderson, the more you will see how he grasped concrete ideas as they came along and turned them into real money.

Hiring one of the near-artists who go about the country decorating barns and roofs, the young merchant devoted one of his window-panes to a rather amazing seashore scene — done, for the most part, in blue. A blue placard explained that the picture represented a small part of the fun awaiting the thirty-eight hundred factory workers on the day of the picnic; also, that excursion tickets would be sold at the Blue Paint Store, and that every house-owner among the factory employees would receive a souvenir consisting of a sample can of paint that wouldn't peel off.

It didn't take those thirty-eight hundred workers long to hear about the astonishing seashore picture, and during the succeeding week nine tenths of them went to the Blue Store to see it. Among the lot were three hundred owners of homes — and each was a consumer of paint. Dozens of customers were thus gained who remained constant.

Not long afterward the county fair was held. The Blue Store had a blue booth on the grounds, and inside the blue booth was a blue fishing-pond. Any house-owner or farmer who registered his name could fish with a blue pole and blue line. From a mysterious region under the blue water the fishermen hooked up prize packages. Inside the blue wrapper was a blue coupon entitling the holder to a discount on goods at the Blue Store.

There were many automobiles in Henderson's town, but the little old store had sold only an



"The neighbors got wind of the thing and came to look; then the news began to spread that young Henderson had gone crazy"

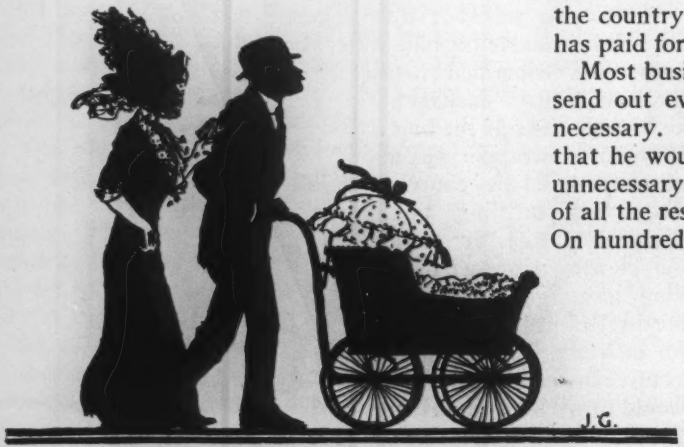
occasional gallon of gasolene. One day this versatile merchant reached out and seized a concrete gasolene idea. He got up a wooden gage for measuring the depth of the liquid in the automobile tanks. It was decorated, of course, in blue. A newspaper advertisement announced that every motorist making a first purchase of gasolene at the Blue Store would be supplied free with a gage. That day there was a string of cars in front of the store almost constantly. Henderson's gage and his bright blue gasolene cans made an impression, and ultimately the store did the largest gasolene business in town.

"The school children all received glistening blue rulers with

Soap, Weddings, and Babies

Most of the teamsters of the city blossomed out with blue wagon umbrellas, with Henderson's name and mottos printed upon them in white. The school children all received glistening blue rulers with Henderson's advertisement in gold. The newsboys wore blue Henderson caps. A consignment of fancy cakes of soap arrived in town one day, each cake bearing, in blue, the Henderson trademark. When the housewives received the soap as advertisements, they were astonished to find that the trademark wouldn't wash off, but remained until the soap had done duty to the end. This, Henderson blandly explained, was a way Henderson's paints always had. Yes, there was more of the soap, and more of the paint!

When a baby was born in the town, it got a blue ribbon from Henderson, tied in a beautiful bow; its parents received an invitation to call and buy some paint or varnish or furniture polish, at a discount. A blue coupon was inclosed, to make the opportunity real. At all weddings Henderson was present in spirit, and the blue coupons represented things like painted kitchen floors and shining doors.



"Each new baby got a beautiful blue ribbon bow, and its parents received an invitation to buy paint"

One day a photographer set up his camera in front of a residence freshly coated with Henderson paints. A few days later a handsomely framed picture was delivered, with the compliments of the Blue Store. It was wrapped, of course, in blue paper, and carried by a messenger in Henderson blue. Thereafter the photographer had a very good thing in Henderson — but the latter was satisfied with his liberal policy: it brought returns. To-day there are scores of such photographs in that city, and in the country for miles about, and each of them has paid for itself a good many times over.

Most business houses think it burdensome to send out even the statements that are really necessary. It occurred to Henderson one day that he would send out a big batch of wholly unnecessary statements. He took the names of all the responsible persons in his selling zone. On hundreds of statement blanks he caused to be typewritten the complimentary phrase, "You don't owe us a cent; we wish you did."

Every Christmas Henderson sent out cheerful greetings, and often he mailed special greetings — birthday wishes and so on. On Fourth of July he was always eagerly sought by the children,

for he was sure to have something for them, such as a blue snapping torpedo or other noisy blue novelty. At church fairs, and entertainments of various sorts, Henderson frequently caused a great deal of fun with his blue paint-selling schemes. Finally came a blue automobile delivery-car. Meanwhile the Blue Store's show-windows worked overtime with display after display. There were many curious scenes depicted on the glass. Every local event of consequence formed the subject of a grotesque painting, the general scheme following the lines of the picnic picture described in the foregoing. There was always a well-planned pulling force attached to it, directed toward some specific class of paint-users. Then, while one window was a sort of panorama in blue paint, the other did duty for varied exhibitions. A make-believe man in a blue suit, for instance, was shown in the act of falling from a painter's scaffold. Another show-window display presented an unfortunate dummy painter who had accidentally seated himself in a puddle of paint. The little old store would have blushed for shame over the levity and lack of dignity betrayed by this newfangled descendant of the Henderson line. But it got business.

Henderson's advertisement in gold"

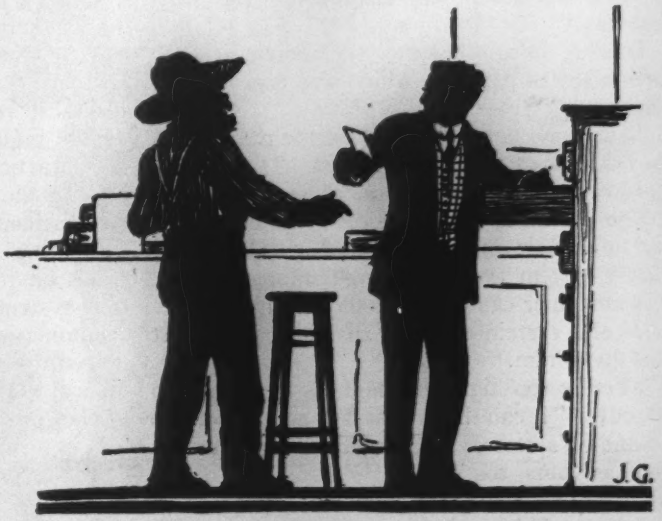
Hammering the Trade Lists

All these selling schemes were spectacular; many of them were eccentric — the ingenious devices of an active mind to keep a business continually before the public. But there was something more than this in Henderson's operation of his enterprise. More and more, as it grew, he knew business inside out; and he knew his market; and he analyzed and recorded his knowledge in a thoroughly systematic way.

The Blue Store did not look at its customers as a conglomerate mass, but as a body made up of units, each distinct in itself. For instance, the farmers comprised one unit; to reach them and induce them to buy their paint of him, Henderson evolved a special line of selling ideas. Another unit was made up of contractors; another of men who owned modest homes and did their own painting; another of public institutions; another of housewives who used varnish, oil, and polish. All these lines of customers were carefully listed, and the needs of each list put under constant study.

With these lists of names as a basis, Henderson hammered away constantly. He reached out with ideas, first in one direction and then in another, along the lines briefly indicated in this article. He had an extraordinary follow-up policy, keeping a record of buildings that were paint consumers, and listing them by dates. Thus, one class of buildings would be listed a year ahead for "follow-up," another class three years ahead.

From every point of the compass customers began to direct their steps toward the Blue Store. Before long it outgrew the quarters of the little old place, and moved to a new location near by. It kept on growing, but steadily and without any boom. Its competitors stopped their laughing. Its customers were known and watched and catalogued; but its goods and its business operations were watched and kept track of as closely.



"'You must have put on the paint when the boards were wet'"

"When the county fair was held, the Blue Store had a blue fishing-pond inside a blue booth"

Everywhere he could find them, Henderson gathered statistics on the paint business, and filed them away. His transactions with his customers were recorded. His filing system was wonderful — as glimpses of it will show.

One day a farmer entered the Blue Store with a complaint that the paint had peeled from his barn — the new-quality paint which Henderson had secured in the manner related. Through the store's indexing methods, the date of the purchase was quickly found. "You bought this lot of paint on the 10th of last September," said Henderson. "Did you put it on your barn right away?"

"Yes," returned the customer; "the very next day."

Turning to another file, the merchant took forth a slip of paper on which was typewritten: "September 11 — Rain."

"Then you must have put on the paint when the boards were wet," he observed. "It isn't safe to use even the best paint under those conditions."

The customer was silenced — his complaint had fallen flat; and he marveled at this extraordinary system that had caught him so neatly.

A customer came in, one day, to inquire the price of a certain quantity of mixed paint. It was given him.

"You're too high," he said, as he turned to go out. "I can beat you by going over to So-and-So's store. I can get a brand just as good as yours, too."

"Perhaps," agreed Henderson; "but wait a minute; we'll look the matter up."

From one of his files he took down the government tables of paints. So-and-So's brand was duly listed and its chemical constituents given. Farther along in the list was the brand handled by the Blue Store. In the former there were no high-class ingredients, and the government tests showed twenty-four per cent water. In Henderson's brand there were no substitutes, and only one tenth of one per cent water. The customer bought then and there.

Another customer also objected to prices. Henderson took from his files a chart showing just how the wholesale cost of the various ingredients had gone up in a year. There was no answer to this argument.

There is nothing that talks to a customer like documentary evidence and analytical knowledge of the goods under scrutiny. Doubting customers were shown files of photographs, technical results of scientific tests, and condensed information relating to approved painting practices and materials. One specially devised file in the Blue Store was devoted to color schemes; another furnished facilities for comparing the prices of almost all painting goods on the market. Yet the store was not over-systematized; it used simple methods for accumulating and keeping information that helped to sell the goods. All the statistical and clerical work was done by two persons — a part of the time by one.

Saving Time and Money

But Henderson went further than to promote the selling of his material. A business is

run for net results, not gross. One after another, he analyzed the costs of his business; he looked up and checked the wastes of time and of material, but especially of time. In those early days of the Blue Store "scientific management" had not come strongly into the limelight, but the methods that Henderson worked out and put into operation for himself were nothing else. He evolved his whole scheme from his own brain, without any knowledge whatever of technical procedures. He reasoned that the Blue Store, if it were to give its customers minimum prices on the class of goods handled, must operate on a minimum of productive expense. One day he took out his watch and timed the procedure of drawing oil. To draw fifteen gallons required fifteen minutes. It wasn't long before a self-measuring device was installed by means of which fifteen gallons were drawn in forty-two seconds.

All through the store the same sort of motion-studies were made, so that four or five clerks were able to accomplish, easily, work ordinarily requiring twice that number. Equipment was studied as carefully as the "scientific management" expert studies his appliances to-day. Lost motion was counted as expense, and reduced wherever it could be located. By means of drawer compartments and classified shelf spaces, the rehandling of goods was cut to a minimum. Oil stocks in the basement were replenished by means of piping direct to the receptacles, while a little elevator was put in to carry goods from the basement to the store level. On all these betterments the saving in time — which meant clerk hire — was carefully estimated in advance.

By intelligent attention to the subject of fire risk, the insurance rate was reduced from twenty-five to fourteen dollars. In the office, short cuts in accounting and the use of modern office machinery reduced this form of expense fully fifty per cent. Henderson's penchant for cutting out waste was everywhere evident. And, once a rule was established, it was enforced. If an article were found out of place, or a light left burning when it was not needed, a fine of five cents was assessed against the offender. The money so accumulated went into a fund which the clerks themselves expended, as a whole, upon some entertainment or relaxation. To this fund Henderson himself contributed liberally.

As fast as Henderson made money, he kept careful records of it, so that he might know what stock was giving him profit and what was returning a loss. He can point to-day and show how most of the minor products of his store, as well as the larger ones, climbed step by step. His percentage tables form an interesting and helpful feature of his growth. He believes in dissecting a business down to the smallest possible fraction, so that wrong tendencies may be caught in their incipiency and corrected.

So behind it all lay not only a fundamental philosophy, but an undeviating routine of system. It was no haphazard success Henderson won. The philosophy carried it and furnished the impulse; the system made the philosophy worth while.

The net result of it all was profit, success, a growing business, and a good living. In seven years Henderson has resurrected the senile store of his fathers, and made it, by his own attention and ingenuity, yield him six or seven thousand dollars a year.

A small thing? Not at all; a very important one. There are thousands of moribund stores and factories in the United States to-day. Wherever you go, you see the evidences of the slender incomes they return to the men and families dependent on them. After all, we are a business people, a large number of us dependent for our existence and happiness, directly or indirectly, upon commercial success. What can be more important to most of us as individuals, or to all of us as a nation, than the magic touch which, as in the case of Henderson, creates a living business enterprise?

THE LITTLE NUMBER ONES

BY

LUCY PRATT

AUTHOR OF "THE ENTRANCE OF EZEKIEL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE

EZEKIEL lay on his back under the big elm tree in the school-yard and looked up at the sky. The clouds floated slowly down until they seemed to poise lightly on the topmost branches of the tree, and the sun crept under a white, fleecy edge, just tinting it with color.

"Cert'nly is pretty," whispered Ezekiel. And then he raised himself slowly on one arm and looked at a familiar figure approaching steadily across the grass.

"W'at's Miss Jane doin' hyeah?" he mumbled amiably.

Miss Jane fixed her eyes on the relaxed-looking object under the tree, and her look was neither hopeful nor inviting.

"I am sorry to say I have just been *defending* you, Ezekiel," she began, without any introduction whatsoever.

Ezekiel sat up quite alertly, and looked at her with perhaps pardonable inquiry on his face.

"Why *should* I defend you, Ezekiel?" she demanded.

Ezekiel was looking perceptibly dazed.

"*I* dunno'm," he mumbled vaguely.

"Well, I don't, either," responded Miss Jane warmly, "I am sure!"

"No'm," agreed Ezekiel politely.

"No, I should think not!" said Miss Jane. "I don't *know*," she repeated, with absolute conviction of tone, "*why* I should take the trouble to defend a boy who *lounges under a tree*, instead of being in school with the rest of the scholars."

Ezekiel looked back at her restfully and drew a deep breath.

"Doan't yer know, Miss Jane, it's Anniver-s'ry ter-day?" he began engagingly. "It's Annivers'ry, Miss Jane, an' de chil'ren's all gwine march up ter de Ins'tute."

"I don't see what that has to do with it," rejoined Miss Jane briskly.

"Well, yer see, I's 'fraid o' bein' late fer de marchin'," he explained confidentially, "so I jes' 'cide ef I doan' go ter school *'tall*, w'y, den co'se I'll be sho' 'n' be right hyeah w'en it comes *time* fer de marchin'. Dey's gwine march 'hine de Ins'tute battalion, Miss Jane, so's de vis'tors kin see eve'ybody in percession. Yas'm, it's Annivers'ry."

Miss Jane still looked doubtful, not to say critical.

"And so you are not *in* school, so that you may surely be on time when the children come *out* of school. Well, really, Ezekiel, that is about as poor an excuse as I have ever heard from you yet."

"Wha'm yer say? Doan't yer see, Miss Jane, ef I's out*do's*, w'y, den w'en de chil'ren comes out, w'y — w'y, I's *outdo's*," he explained.

"I see. You are outdoors. No one will dispute you there, certainly." She regarded him with a deprecatory glance, and then her eyes shifted, as another figure moved toward them across the grass, and Miss Lavinia Lane, Miss Jane's visiting and also critical sister, glanced inquiringly about her, and then stopped beside them under the tree.

Ezekiel looked up at her and smiled shyly.

"Is this one of your hopefuls?" she inquired lightly.

"I'm afraid he's not as hopeful as I just tried to make you believe," replied Miss Jane. "At present he is shirking school."

"I don't doubt it," agreed the other promptly. "He wouldn't be living up to his accepted rôle if he were doing otherwise." Her eyes rested not unpleasantly on Ezekiel. "There's a great deal of misplaced charity in the world, Jane," she declared good-naturedly, "as you'll find out yourself, in time."

Miss Jane looked up with passive acceptance. "Of course there's a great deal that doesn't seem to go for much," she admitted gloomily.

"There's a great deal of time and labor absolutely thrown away; that's the amount of the matter."

"Yes, of course," agreed Miss Jane, "but we must remember that we are dealing with a child race, and have patience."

"Oh, I'm sick and tired of that nonsense!" snapped the visiting sister. "There's altogether too much patience as it is. Too much of this everlasting *helping hand*. As a matter of fact, your child race, that you talk about, can never meet any test whatsoever until they are made to stand alone. At present their condition is one of entire dependableness."

"Helping hand?" repeated Miss Jane meditatively.

"Yes, helping hand. It's all wrong—all *wrong*."

"Oh, I don't think so," protested Miss Jane evenly. "Of course, they are dependent *because* they are like children. And of course they make — a great many mistakes — like children," she added, with monotonous persistence; "children — will always make mistakes."

Ezekiel shifted uneasily on the grass and glanced uncomprehendingly from Miss Jane to this strange, unknown lady beside her.

"Well, what do you think about it, young person?" she demanded unexpectedly.

"Yas'm — chil'ren —'ll allays mek misteks," mumbled Ezekiel, in some perturbation.

"You feel sure about that, do you?" A humorous light flickered in her eye as she looked down on him.

"Yas'm — chil'ren'll allays mek misteks," he repeated with more assurance.

"I guess you're quite right there," encouraged the unknown one.

"Yas'm — whole lot o' misteks," he went on willingly. "I knowed a li'l' boy once where ain' nuver mek nuth'n' *but* misteks."

"Did you? Who was that little boy? A — friend of yours?"

"No'm, he ain' no frien' o' mine," declared Ezekiel, with warmth. "No'm, I wouldn' have 'im fer no frien' nohow, 'cuz he's jes' mekkin' misteks *all* time. W'y, w'at yer s'pose? He come home one day an' mistukken 'is mama fer de water-bucket."

"The *what?*"

"Yas'm, he mistukken 'er fer de water-bucket."

"A colored child, was this?" demanded Miss Jane, with conscientious fervor, "or — white?"

"Yas'm; li'l' w'ite boy. He ——"

"I don't believe it would have been a possible mistake," interrupted Miss Jane, with increasing warmth.

"Yas'm, he is. He come home one day, an' co'se 'is mama ain't r'ally *favor* de water-bucket ve'y much, but, yer see, she's a-washin' up de flo', an' bunch up kine o' small right 'side it, so w'en she ax 'im ter frow out de water an' git 'er some mo', w'y, he ain' tekken de leas' notice w'at he's doin', so w'at yer s'pose? He tukken 'is mama an' frowed 'er out de do' instid."

Miss Jane glanced about a little wildly, and Ezekiel went on smoothly:

"Well, co'se he seen 'is mistek 'mos' soon's he done it, 'cuz jes' soon's he gotten in de house ag'in, he look roun', an' dere's 'is mama comin' back 'erself. An' she say ef he cyan't do no better'n dat, she doan't reckon she cyare 'bout 'is help 'tall.

"Co'se de li'l' boy he feel kine o' 'shame, too, ter think he been ser ca'liss an' frowed 'is mama out like dat, so he look roun' a minit 'thout r'ally mekkin' no 'sponse, an' den he say he guess he'll go out 'n' play a li'l' on de po'ch.

"'No, yer ain't,' 'is mama say; 'yer ain' gwine out on no po'ch, nurrer.'

"'Well, w'at kin I do?' he say.

"'Yer kin stay right where yer is,' she answer 'im.

"HE GLANCED ABOUT WITH SUDDEN COMPREHENSION"

"So he walk roun' de room r'al gloomy, wid 'is han's bu'y 'way down in 'is pockets, twell praesen'ly he seen 'is li'l' baby sister a-settin' in de sun in de cohner, a-kine o' laffin' to 'erself an' a-playin' wid de pin-cush'n. An' seem like it mek de li'l' boy feel kine o' mean an' triflin' ter see 'er settin' up dere ser nice a-laffin' an' a-playin' wid de pin-cush'n, an' he se' down right 'side 'er, an' den he turn roun' an' ax 'is mama does she mine ve'y much ef he stick a pin into 'er.

"Well, 'is mama she's a-settin' in a rockin'-cheer ter res' 'erself a li'l' now, but she look back over 'er shoul'er an' stop rockin', an' she say, ya'as, she does.

"So de li'l' boy he look at 'is li'l' baby sister ag'in, a-settin' dere ser nice, an' he's kine o' hongry anyway, so he turn roun' an' ax 'is mama does she mine ve'y much ef he tekken a li'l' teeny bite outen 'er.

"An' she stop rockin' ag'in, an' look back over 'er shoul'er, an' she say, ya'as, she does.

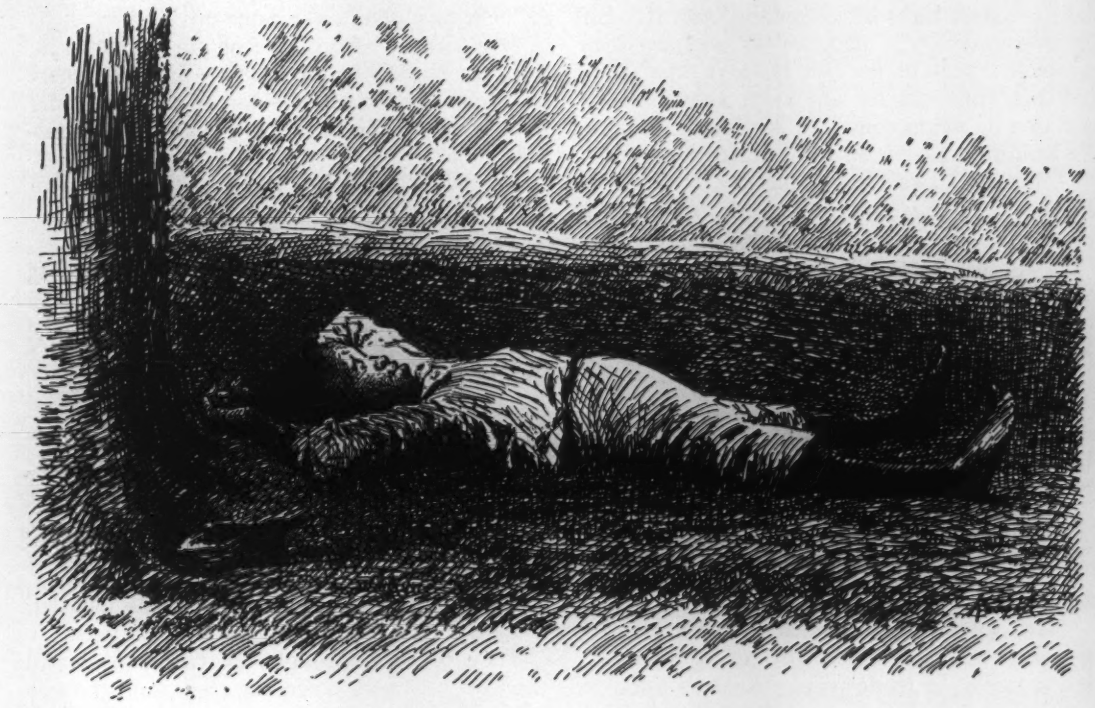
"Well, by dat time co'se de li'l' boy's feelin' natchelly mo' mean an' triflin' 'n befo', an' he say, well, she ain' doin' no good a-settin' dere on de flo'— she's too small an' light ter be doin' de leas' good. Does she mine ef he hitch a piece o' string onto 'er an' fix 'er up fer a li'l' *kite* like.

"Well, trouble wuz, w'en 'is mama turn 'er haid dat time, she look back de wrong way. An' co'se de li'l' boy's allays mekkin' misteks anyhow, so, 'stid o' sayin' ya'as, she *does*, he mistukken 'er ter say no, she *doan't*. So he tukken de piece o' string an' hitch it onto 'is li'l' baby sister, an' fix 'er all up into a li'l' *kite* like.

"'Now ain' dat r'al mean!' 'is mama say, a-runnin' out de do' after 'im. 'Ain't you 'shame ter be a-usin' 'er like dat?'

"An' den dey bofe stop, a-lookin' up. 'Cuz de breeze is tukken 'er right up, an' de li'l' kite's gwine 'way up atop o' de house, an's lodge right on a shingle where's kin' o' perjeckin' out a li'l' on de roof.

"'Oh, my!' 'is mama holler. 'Ain' dat too bad!'



"EZEKIEL LAY ON HIS BACK UNDER THE BIG ELM TREE IN THE SCHOOL-YARD AND LOOKED UP AT THE SKY. 'CERT'NLY IS PRETTY,' HE WHISPERED"

"An' de li'l' boy's ser skyeered w'en he seen w'at he done, he start runnin' back in de house ag'in. An' co'se he's allays mekkin' misteks anyhow, so w'en 'is mama come a-hu'yin' an' a-puffin' 'long behine 'im, w'y, he mistukken 'er fer de win'. Dat's jes' w'at he done — he mistukken 'is mama fer de win', an' turn roun' an' shet 'er right up in de do'.

"Co'se he seen 'is mistek soon's he done it; an' yit, now he gotten 'er in dere, he cyan't sca'cely git de cou'ge ter let 'er out, nurrer.

"'Well, w'at yer done like dat fer, anyway?' she say. 'I doan' see no call fer it, an' yer ain't r'ally no business ter do it!'

"An' de li'l' boy, co'se he's ser 'shame w'en he seen way she's wedge in dere, he bus' open de do' an' run right out in de yard; an' by dat time he feel ser bad he jes' jump righ' down de well fer shame. An' w'en 'is mama come 'long an' seen w'at he done, she's ser s'prise she jump righ' down after 'im ter save 'im.

"Well, de wuss uv it wuz, w'en she come down after 'im like dat, he mistukken 'er fer a ladder, an' climb right up atop uv 'er, an' out on de grass ag'in.

"Co'se he seen 'is mistek soon's he done it, an' he feel r'al bad 'bout it, too. 'Cuz co'se 'is mama's lef' all 'lone dere down de well. She doan't like it, nurrer.

"'I doan' see de leas' call fer it!' she holler up, 'not de leas' call. An' look ter me like 'tain't a ve'y nice thing fer yer ter do!'

"He ain' mek no 'sponse ter dat, but he feel ser 'shame he jes' went in de house an' start right off fer baid. Co'se he ain't r'ally like ter do it, nurrer, wid 'is li'l' sister lodge up on de shingle an' 'is mama down de well; an' yit, he cyan't think o' nuth'n' else ter do, so he's r'ally 'blige ter. An' he lay dere 'thout speakin' nary word, an' watch de light a-flickerin' in de winder — twell it kep' a-growin' smaller, an' den he watch de dark — twell it kep' a-growin' bigger, an' bime-by it's jes' ez dark ez night; an' nex' he know, 'is papa come home, an' walk up de steps, an' stan' dere a-knockin' at de do'.

"Well, de wuss uv all's w'at de li'l' boy done den. 'Cuz, w'en he hyeah 'is papa a-knockin' at de do', w'y, he mistukken 'im fer a bu'glar, an' hop right outen de baid, an' tukken down de gun, an' den he went out an' shoot 'is papa's haid off.

"'Pshaw, w'at yer done dat fer?' 'is papa say, an' jes' ez he spoken de words de li'l' boy he aim ag'in, an' dis time he shoot 'is laig off.

"'Well, w'at yer doin' anyhow, boy?' 'is papa holler, r'al mad w'en he seen w'at's 'appen. 'Look ter me like yer ain't got good sense!'

"An' soon's he spoke like dat, co'se de li'l' boy seen 'is mistek. He feel r'al bad 'bout it,

too, an' start right in ter 'splain 'bout it. But 'is papa cert'nly's mad, an' he say he doan' cyare ter hyeah no mo', an' it's a ve'y po' 'scuse fer doin' like dat ter anybody, anyway. An' jes' den de moon come out ser bright 'n' clare, he look up, an' den he stop 'n' listen.

"'Fer de Lawd's sake!' he say, 'cuz he kin hyeah de baby a-cryin' on de shingle. It cert'nly s'prise 'im, too, 'way she spoke.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!' seem like she's callin'. An' he turn 'is haid kine o' slow, as ef he's studyin' 'bout it, an' den he answer back r'al light 'n' easy like t' encou'ge 'er.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!' he say.

"An' de moon wuz shinin' bright 'n' clare, an' he went a-hoppin' 'cross de grass on one laig, an' den he stop ag'in. 'Cuz, it's de trufe, he kin hyeah sump'n' a-comin' fum de well.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!' a voice call. An' he turn 'is haid kine o' slow ag'in.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!' he answer back.

"An', same time he spoken de words, he given a look back fru de moonlight, an' dere's de li'l' boy a-comin' 'cross de grass. An' he's a-lookin' turble sad 'n' gloomy, 'cuz he 'members he's de cause uv all de trouble. Mo'n all dat, ez he come along he kin hyeah 'is li'l' sister 'mence ter cry an' call down fum de shingle.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!' seem like she holler. An' 'is papa turn roun' on one laig.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!' he holler back.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!' a voice call, over yonder fum de well. An' dis time all uv 'em join in tergerrer, kine o' singin' like, li'l' boy wid de res'.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!' dey answer back.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!' li'l' sister call down fum de shingle, kine o' sad 'n' singin' too. An' res' uv 'em all join in tergerrer ag'in.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!' dey all sing back.

"An' so dey keep it up, a-callin' an' a-singin', back 'n' fofe, back 'n' fofe, twell de li'l' boy gits feelin' stranger 'n' stranger, twell praesen'ly he feel ser strange he scream right out loud, an' den he turn roun' an' run back crossen de grass — an' den he run away. It's de trufe, de li'l' boy run away.

"But dey keep on a-singin' an' a-callin' jes' same, an' ain't r'ally seem ter notice it.

"An' eve'y time he think p'r'aps he'll come back, seem like he kin hyeah 'em ag'in jes' plain's ever:

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!'

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!'

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!'

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!'

"An' den he allays 'cide he ain' gwine back, nurrer. So he live all 'lone by 'isself — where he cyan't hyeah nuth'n'— an' af' dat dere didn' nobody nuver see de li'l' boy where made misteks ag'in."

Ezekiel looked at the tree-tops.

"Is that all?"

"Yas'm, dat's all."

He sat up slowly and regarded the building across the yard, where there was something like a noise of muffled, tramping feet. He glanced about with a question on his face — then with sudden comprehension.

"Dey's comin'!" he broke out eagerly. "Doan't yer hyeah 'em in de hall? Dey's comin' ter march up ter de Ins'tute!"

He hopped up from the grass, awake to a forgotten joy, and the big door swung slowly open to a steadily oncoming, gayly marching multitude.

"I'se gwine march wid 'em too!" he shouted, and turned and fled swiftly across the grass.

They pressed through the broad door and thumped joyously down the steps, and the two still waiting in the shade of the tree watched as the yard filled faster and faster with the tramping company. Finally one of them leaned forward, her eyes fixed curiously on Ezekiel, as he bobbed restlessly about and then lost himself in the crowd.

"This is a great event, I suppose," she meditated slowly, and again her eyes followed Ezekiel as he emerged once more and glanced anxiously back at them under the tree.

"I ain' got my hat on!" he panted, as he came hurrying back across the grass, and reached out and picked up a loppy little cap.

"Yas'm, thank you! We's gwine march ter de ban' w'en we gits up ter de Ins'tute!" He wheeled round, and then, for no reason apparent to either of the others, he suddenly came to a standstill.

"Well?" interrogated Miss Jane, as he stood there motionless. "What's the matter, Ezekiel? Go on; they're almost ready to march. Go on! You'll be late!"

"Oh, he'll be late yet," agreed Miss Lavinia Lane, with a light laugh.

"No, he won't be late, either," objected Miss Jane irritably.

"Well, just leave him to himself and see. If he isn't — if he *isn't* late, do you know what I'll do?"

But Ezekiel's voice broke in uncompromisingly.

"Look!" he commanded. "Looker w'at's comin'! Look at 'em runnin' ter git hyeah!"

Across the uncultivated field behind the

school building two small figures were coming on in unconcealed haste to join the ranks of marchers which bobbed so threateningly and alluringly before them. Over the rough, stubbly ground their feet were stumbling and slipping in agitation, as they realized that their time was short and their way difficult. Ezekiel's eyes were fixed in one final, comprehensive gaze.

"Dey's li'l' Number Ones!" he shouted. "Dey's gwine be late fer de — marchin'!" He glanced swiftly at the rapidly shaping ranks across the grass, and involuntarily made a movement toward them. Then he stopped, his eyes turning back to the small figures on the stubbly field.

"W'at made 'em ser late?" he questioned weakly.

The ranks moved forward a few steps and came to a standstill. Ezekiel jumped toward them in startled agitation, and again he stopped.

"Dey's li'l' Number Ones!" he broke out again, a hot flush of agitation just showing under his dark skin. "Somebody'll be *'blige* go 'n' help 'em!"

He heard Miss Jane's voice close beside him.

"There isn't time, Ezekiel. Don't you see, they're starting? There really isn't time."

He turned round on her fiercely.

"I say dey's li'l' Number Ones!" he cried out hoarsely. "Yer's *'blige* help 'em! Dey's *li'l' Number Ones!*"

"'COME ON! KEEP A-GWINE!' HE PANTED. "'TAIN' MUCH FURRER NOW!'"

Once more the ranks moved forward, and Ezekiel glanced about distractedly.

"*Doan't yer go off widout 'em!*" he shouted in a shaking voice. "Doan't yer *see? Dey's comin' fas' 's dey kin! Doan't yer see dem li'l' Number Ones?*"

But they did not see. Their eyes were fixed on the open gate before them, and toward it they were once more moving in a steady, marching tramp. Ezekiel gave them one hopeless look, and then he turned sharply and shot blindly across the grass to the open field, where the little slipping, stumbling figures, their eyes fixed feverishly on the slowly moving columns, still forged exhaustedly ahead.

"Dey ain't no business — ter go off 'n' leave 'em!" he argued in a quivering whisper. "Dey's comin'— fas' 's dey kin!"

On to the stubbly field he bounded, his eyes straining straight ahead, his voice rising excitedly as the goal came slowly nearer.

"Come on! Keep a-gwine!" he panted. "'Tain' much furrer — now!"

They saw him coming, coming straight on like some swift-footed angel of the wilderness, and, with big, despairing tears chasing down their faces, they looked up and reached out for him with convulsed, catching sobs.

"'Tain' much — furrer now!" he panted again in breathless, gentle little gasps, as he swiftly turned and caught their hands in his; and as they faltered on beside him over the rough and stony way, their sobs still catching in their throats, their hands tightly grasping his, his voice still came in soothing little gasps of reassurance.

"Doan't yer — cry 'bout it —'cuz I reckon p'r'aps — we kin git dere — yit! 'Tain' ser ve'y much — furrer now — anyway!" His eyes were fixed steadily on a long column of marchers on a long road.

"Kin yer keep up — yer cou'ge — jes' a li'l' longer? 'Cuz, 'tain' ser ve'y much — furrer now!" With repeated persistence came his little panting gusts of reassurance, while their small feet came down more unsteadily with every step. . . .

Only Miss Lavinia Lane was left in the big yard, and she stood under the tree and watched silently as they came on — Ezekiel still mumbling faint words of comfort, while two ex-

"LAST OF ALL CAME EZEKIEL, WITH THE TWO LITTLE NUMBER ONES TRUDGING ALONG BESIDE HIM"

hausted, drooping little Number Ones still stumbled on beside him, their hands still in his.

"Doan't yer cry, anyway!" he was whispering weakly, as the long column on the long road swept triumphantly away into the distance, and only the faint tramp of marching feet came back to them. "Doan't yer ——" His breath caught in something like a sob. "Doan't yer — cry — anyway!"

"No, don't you cry," came a strong, soothing voice just beside him. "You must — sit down and rest now!"

They dropped down under the big tree and passively looked up at Miss Lavinia Lane. They did not see the proudly stepping columns on the long road slowly come to a standstill, nor Miss Jane Lane standing there like some mysterious guard beside them. They did not see Miss Lavinia Lane turn her head with a stealthy, watchful eye toward her sister, but again they heard her voice.

"Do you think you feel better now? Do you feel — more rested? Could you go on — and march in the procession?"

They sprang in confusion to their feet.

"Could they go, Ezekiel?" she repeated evenly. "Will it be too much? You see, they are all waiting for us — out there."

Ezekiel shot a swift glance into the long road, and then another one down at the little Number Ones.

"*Does yer wanter march?*" he shouted tremulously.

And the tired little Number Ones looked up and caught the quick flush of joy on his dark skin; and then, with their own faces suddenly lit up with fluttering, uncontrollable little smiles of surprised delight, they eagerly reached out for him, as they had done before on the stubbly field.

"'Tain' much furrer now — anyway!" he stammered in joyous triumph; and, while fresh words of reassurance tumbled excitedly from his lips, he once more caught their hands in his and led them out into the long road.

Afterward, at the Institute, while "Anniversary Day" danced with sun and flocking crowds to the music of the band, Miss Lavinia

Lane stood silently beside her sister and watched the school battalion, with its array of marching companies, sweep on to the huge lawn before her and go through all the curious mazes of the drill. And when they finally drew up in two confronting lines which stretched away straight down to the water's edge, she discovered that there were more. Their marching sisters were on the way; they were coming on, sweeping on to the grass too, sweeping along between the two long, blue-coated, confronting lines, toward the silenced, watching crowds and the broad white road, then turning and still winding on in an ever-lengthening, ever-oncoming, tramping procession. And the watching crowds were following it all very closely with their eyes, but their faces were alert, expectant, ready for anything. Suddenly they broke out into wide smiles of delight. They all knew about the little scholars down at the Whittier School. The little scholars were coming too! It was their turn now, the turn which came but once a year to march in the long procession to the music of the band.

On to the grass they stepped, last of all in the great "Anniversary Day" parade, glancing up with flickering smiles of awed delight at the blue-coated figures, and then moving ahead too, straight down between the lines, just as the others had done before, their small, high-stepping feet coming down very cautiously but very evenly to the music of the band.

And the delighted onlookers watched them coming on, nearer and nearer, turning at last into the broad white road, in careful imitation of their predecessors — and yet still coming on, with their small, cautious steps and awe-struck smiles, more and more of them — until finally, last of all, stepping perhaps a little faintly, but bravely keeping time too — last of all in the long procession came Ezekiel, with the two little Number Ones still trudging along beside him, their hands still in his. . . .

Miss Lavinia Lane was moving away from the big lawn again beside her sister Jane. People still flocked around them, but they seemed not to notice them particularly. They hardly seemed to notice each other. But when they stepped out on to the road which they had traveled before that morning, Miss Lavinia drew a still, deep breath.

"Well, they got there, didn't they!" she declared briefly.

"Yes," agreed Miss Jane softly.

"I thought they wouldn't. I thought — he wouldn't."

"Ezekiel? I know you thought so. At one time — I thought so myself. I'm glad you lent a helping hand just then."

"Helping hand?" repeated the other vaguely. "Helping hand? Yes."

"You wanted him to get there, after all, didn't you?" questioned Miss Jane cautiously. But Miss Lavinia did not hear.

"Helping hand?" she was whispering again. What was it about that —and — a race of children? She tried to recall exactly, but Ezekiel's voice seemed to be suddenly sounding in her ears, and Ezekiel's face seemed to be burning hauntingly up at her, filled with a passionate reproach.

"*I say dey's li'l' Number Ones!*" came his hoarse, despairing little shout again. "Yer's *'blige* help 'em! *Dey's li'l' Number Ones!*"

She could hear it again very plainly, that hoarse, despairing little shout, and very clearly she could see him coming on again — helping the faltering little figures over the rough and stony way that stretched out so hopelessly before them, encouraging them with soft, gasping whispers, as they slipped and stumbled by his side — and then, with their hands still held in his, still leading them on down the long, hard road, where the tramping procession had swept proudly ahead, and the better marchers had gone on before.

A short story by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes will appear in the August issue. In the same number McClure's Magazine will publish a complete novel by Willa Sibert Cather, entitled "The Bohemian Girl." Also a story by Wallace Irwin.

MANUFACTURING PUBLIC OPINION

The New Art of Making Presidents by Press Bureau

BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

BY 1911 a new thing had come into the world. A democracy of a hundred million people in America had passed through its Fifth Reader. Its reading was newspapers — and very little else. It decided in that year to select its Chief Executive directly, for itself. And immediately the candidates began to march and countermarch before it in single-column nonpareil.

The first to move was Judson Harmon, Governor of Ohio, candidate of the ultra-conservative Democrats. For years this man had shaped his entire career toward the presidency; for years his publicity agents had been carefully sowing ground-bait for the voter in every class of publication, from the smallest country weekly up. In 1911, and before, mysterious influences directed the attention of the magazines toward him. And, when once it was held, a well-equipped press bureau at Columbus appeared to furnish ready information and opulent photographs of the candidate.

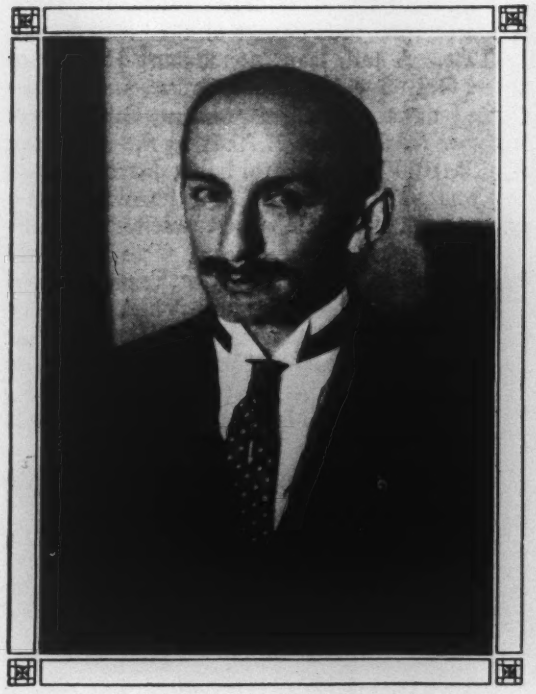
Harmon, as Governor of Ohio, had chosen Hugh Nichols, a highly expert politician, as Insurance Commissioner. From headquarters at Columbus this man watched over and directed Harmon's growing publicity operations. By 1911 a persistent campaign in various publications strove to show that Harmon was progressive — not reactionary; and a solid little pamphlet on his legislative record went forth by tens of thousands to explain this to the voters. No marked success greeted this effort. The Democratic party knew perfectly that Harmon was conservative; and gradually Harmon, with great bitterness of heart, disappeared from the newspapers. Not less than $150,000 — so competent observers believe — had been expended, from time to time, in promotion of his candidacy.

The spring of 1911 arrived, and Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey, started his publicity campaign, under a trainer. Frank Stockbridge, a publicity man and ex-newspaper editor, took charge of him. With Stockbridge, Wilson passed across the continent — showing himself to Western audiences, exhibiting the contents of his remarkable mind to the American reader by speeches on all kinds of subjects, from the laws of the Old Testament to the Oregon primaries.

Wilson, it appeared, was strangely unlearned in the arts of political publicity up to that time. Perhaps the most brilliant speaker in America, he had almost never written and memorized a speech in advance. His verbal memory is poor — so poor, in fact, that he recalls with difficulty the shortest fragments for exact quotation. And speeches, with his wonderful faculty of expression, were matters to be taken up when the time for them arrived.

All this was preposterous, politically — as any young reporter knows. For twenty years — since the common use of the typewriter — there has been one primary form of publicity for the political candidate — the typewritten advance copy of his speeches placed in the hands of the newspapers. Now, Wilson started his transcontinental tour without preparing any speeches. His publicity manager, learning this, established by telegram, upon the eve of starting, a chain of appointments with stenographers throughout the journey. Then he turned to Governor Wilson and laid out for him a practical traveling political candidate's day.

In the morning, just after breakfast, half an hour or more was set aside for reporters from the evening papers; from ten to twelve-thirty the candidate dictated his speeches five hundred or a thousand miles ahead, for advance newspaper distribution; the rest of the afternoon was held open always for reporters from the morning papers. Incidentally, evenings and sometimes afternoons the candidate spoke. It is a hard and wearing business, this occupation

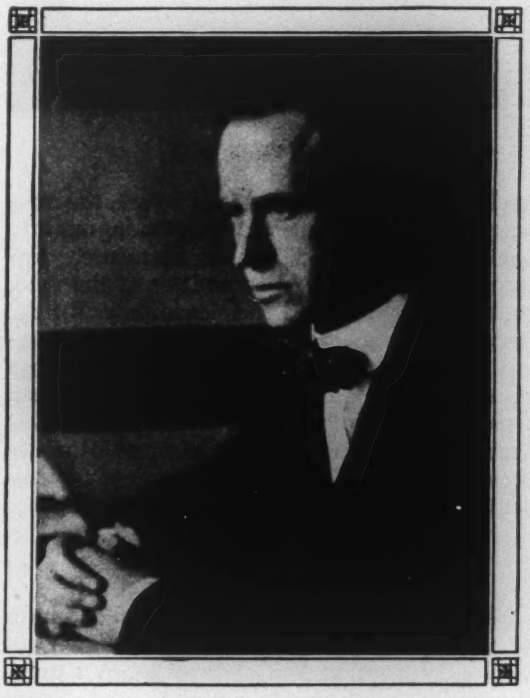


GUS KARGER

PRESIDENT TAFT'S PERSONAL PRESS AGENT WHO HAS GIVEN OUT MR. TAFT'S NEWS FOR YEARS

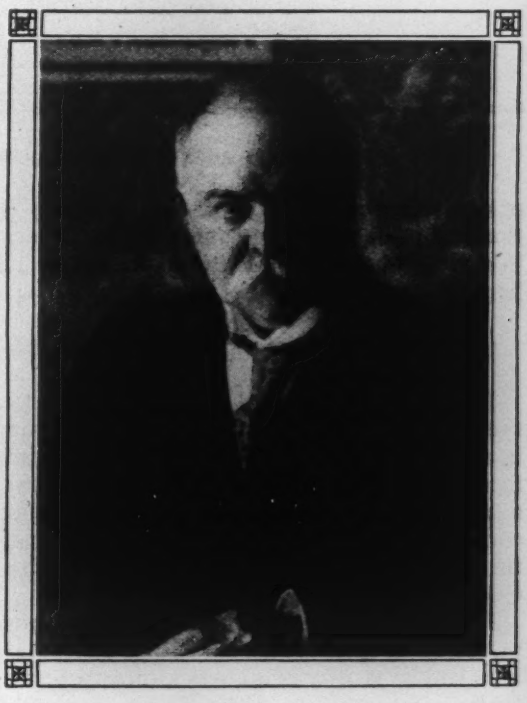
WILLIAM F. McCOMBS

THE AMATEUR POLITICIAN FROM PRINCETON WHO MANAGED GOVERNOR WILSON'S CAMPAIGN



MEDILL McCORMICK

THE CHICAGO MILLIONAIRE NEWSPAPER OWNER WHO ESTABLISHED THE ROOSEVELT PRESS BUREAU



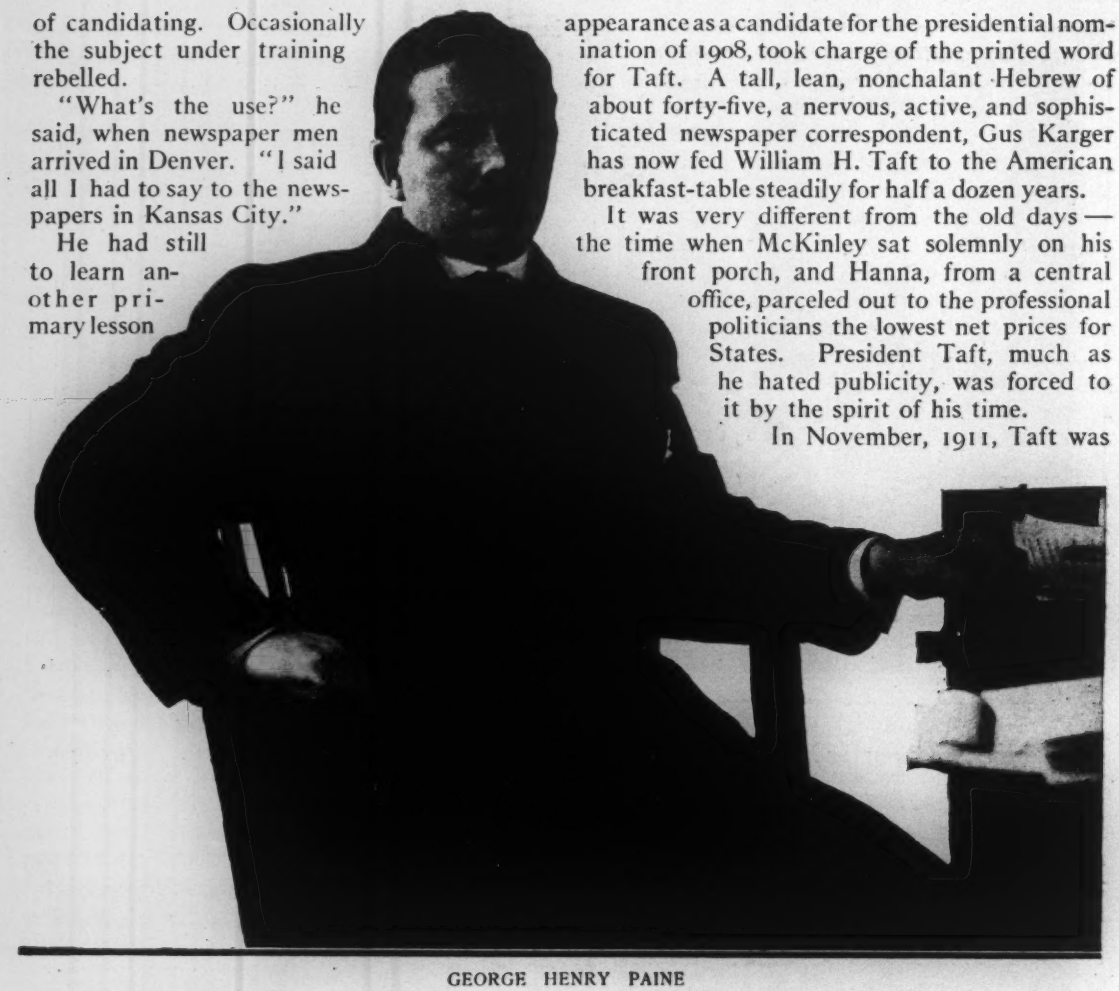
FRED DUBOIS

THE SKILFUL OLD-TIME POLITICIAN AND WASHINGTON POLITICAL AGENT WHO INFLATED THE CLARK BOOM

of candidating. Occasionally the subject under training rebelled.

"What's the use?" he said, when newspaper men arrived in Denver. "I said all I had to say to the newspapers in Kansas City."

He had still to learn another primary lesson of a traveling candidate in practical publicity — the local pride which blossoms forth in the local interview when a candidate is present in his home town.



GEORGE HENRY PAINE
THE PRESS AGENT OF THE ROOSEVELT CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK CITY

Gus Karger, Presidential Press Agent

September came. And now the President of the United States, seeking renomination, swung in an orbit of forty-one days around the United States. With him traveled his own personal agent of publicity, Gus Karger, Washington correspondent of the *Times-Star* of Cincinnati, the newspaper of the President's half-brother, Charles P. Taft.

President Roosevelt had been his own master publicity agent. President Taft, succeeding him, had no facility of address to newspapers or their representatives. The giving out of information drifted naturally into the hands of the Washington agent of his newspaper brother. And Karger, beginning with Taft's very earliest appearance as a candidate for the presidential nomination of 1908, took charge of the printed word for Taft. A tall, lean, nonchalant Hebrew of about forty-five, a nervous, active, and sophisticated newspaper correspondent, Gus Karger has now fed William H. Taft to the American breakfast-table steadily for half a dozen years.

It was very different from the old days — the time when McKinley sat solemnly on his front porch, and Hanna, from a central office, parceled out to the professional politicians the lowest net prices for States. President Taft, much as he hated publicity, was forced to it by the spirit of his time.

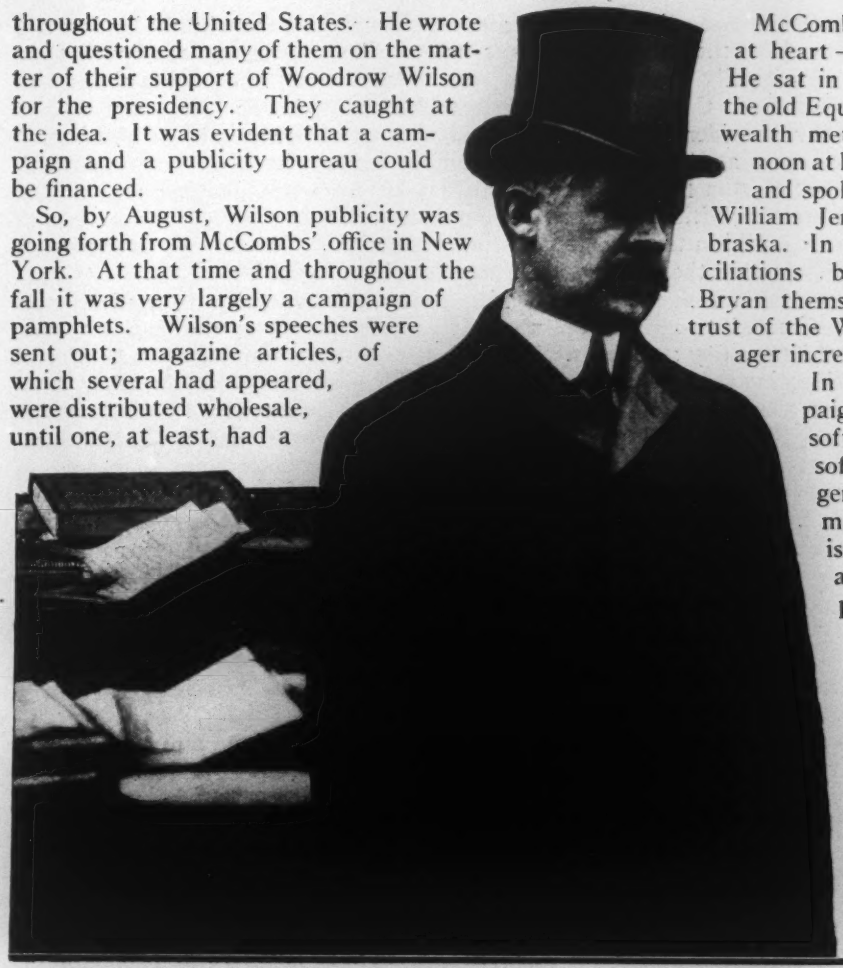
In November, 1911, Taft was back in Washington. But, long before, the campaign publicity bureaus were blossoming out into pamphlets and miscellaneous literature. For years, now, the national committee of the main parties have promoted their candidates for the presidency by great publicity campaigns, growing greater each election time. But in the 1912 election direct popular choice of candidates had arrived; the presidential preference primary was here: and candidates, not parties, must introduce themselves directly to the voters — and incidentally finance the machinery for doing so.

Amateur Politics from Princeton

Woodrow Wilson's publicity bureau had been among the first to start. There was a New York lawyer, William F. McCombs, who, as a graduate of Princeton, ran an association of alumni which worked to secure employment for forthcoming Princeton graduates. In this capacity he had a wide acquaintance with Princeton men

throughout the United States. He wrote and questioned many of them on the matter of their support of Woodrow Wilson for the presidency. They caught at the idea. It was evident that a campaign and a publicity bureau could be financed.

So, by August, Wilson publicity was going forth from McCombs' office in New York. At that time and throughout the fall it was very largely a campaign of pamphlets. Wilson's speeches were sent out; magazine articles, of which several had appeared, were distributed wholesale, until one, at least, had a circulation of half a million in reprints sent out from the Wilson headquarters to the voter.



GEORGE W. PERKINS
THE EX-PARTNER OF J. P. MORGAN; HE IS ROOSEVELT'S CHIEF FINANCIAL BACKER

Then the campaign turned from the pamphlet to the newspaper. A bureau was established at the beginning of the year, in Washington, under the direction of a Washington newspaper man. Tom Pence. Here, in a bureau of three rooms, with a dozen people, the Wilson news was fed out to Washington newspaper correspondents and a list of papers every day, on mimeograph sheets. Some seven hundred of these mimeograph stories were sent out every day; and every week, from Washington and New York, to six thousand weekly papers was sent a small eight-page sheet to clip from.

McCombs, the head of the appeal to the people, was an amateur in politics — quite obviously so. One of his first acts was to send out pieces of literature into the wronged and indignant West with the brand of a Wall Street office number openly printed on its envelops. The suspicions aroused by this were confirmed by rumor. McCombs was a conservative at heart — the West was told. He sat in the Lawyers Club in the old Equitable Building, where wealth met legal intrigue every noon at luncheon in New York, and spoke with little cheer of William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska. In spite of public reconciliations between Wilson and Bryan themselves, the radical distrust of the Wilson campaign manager increased.

In the middle of the campaign the Wilson speeches softened; radicalism was soft-pedaled; and it was general political information that a definite issue between a radical and temporizing campaign had been met by the decision of the Governor to abide by the advice of his New York-Princeton manager and to hold back and preserve the conservative Eastern Democratic vote. The warmth of radicalism passed; the West went other ways; and more and more Wilson faded from the newspapers.

With the Professional Stage Managers

In the meanwhile, something very different was under way. In the late fall the keener-sensed among the Washington newspaper men began to see the traces of a sly, old-fashioned, professional politician's game: the first pumping up of a great popular movement for Champ Clark from a little corner of an obscure Washington hotel. The hound-dog song — that chant of the home-spun political hero in the political melodrama, "From Missouri," was started across the land; anonymously sent envelops — sometimes containing unsigned typewritten sheets, sometimes printed pamphlets — fell in from nowhere, bearing attacks on Woodrow Wilson to the voter and to the Democratic politician.

Then, at the beginning of the year, the Hearst

chain of newspapers rose up and discharged their broadsides at Wilson from the Atlantic to the Pacific — appealing principally to the class prejudices of foreign-born voters. Champ Clark headquarters appeared in a considerable establishment in the Ebbitt House at Washington, under the direction of ex-Senators Dubois and Pettigrew, noted Washington political agents and close friends of James J. Hill in their home territory, the Northwest. Around them a corps of sleek, silent, thin-lipped men, with the faces of good poker-players, directed two shifts of typewriters, clacking out letters day and night.

Under the enormous favoring publicity of the Hearst papers, these men worked an old-fashioned letter-writing campaign to local party leaders. They paid almost no attention to feeding mimeograph copy to Washington correspondents for newspapers. It was to selected lists that they wrote at first; but gradually, as they pumped popular enthusiasm into the campaign, they enlarged their lists, until at the end they were pouring forty thousand letters into South Carolina alone. And all the while, from the Capitol, the Democratic congressmen and House employees were working from Washington or as traveling agents on their home ground for the Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives. Money was plentiful and easy. And the hound-dog song of the professional son of the soil swelled grandly from hundreds of thousands of rough and unsuspecting throats.

The Solid South for Underwood

With this campaign of Clark's, with few misunderstandings or disputes, the campaign for Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, the Democratic leader of the House, marched side by side. It carved out for its special field the block of States east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio, the old South of the Civil War — the one sure Democratic section of the country — in which until the very end of his campaign Clark did virtually no work.

The operations of this campaign were under Senator Bankhead of Alabama; its active conduct under Dr. T. M. Owens, Alabama's State historian and Bankhead's brother-in-law. It filled the South, carefully and systematically, with pamphlets showing the strength of the South's own candidate in other sections of the country, because of his leadership of his party's accomplishments in Congress. The country newspapers of the South, over five hundred of them, carried to their readers nearly nine hundred thousand four-page supplements containing the history and achievements of Underwood — the supplements being printed and the newspapers paid for carrying them by the Underwood management. And throughout the South, from one end to the other, the barber-shops and livery-stables and hotels and courthouses bloomed with great lithographs of Underwood sent from his headquarters — all made, for uniformity's sake, from two photographs, and all bearing underneath, to complete the trademark of this campaign: "Oscar W. Underwood, Democracy's Best Asset."

The Underwood campaign covered in this way only a small section of the United States; but it covered it very thoroughly. A force of forty people sent out its mail; in many cases its literature went to the entire voting population of cities and towns; and in Georgia it expended, in addition, large sums of money in political work before the election. In its way, like the campaign of Clark, it was very effective. But still the modern publicity campaign had not arrived. For it was to develop in the Republican party. The man to open it was Senator La Follette.

La Follette and His Backers

Gifford Pinchot, a master and promoter of political publicity, second — if to anybody — only to Theodore Roosevelt in the United States, was back of this campaign, and Medill McCormick, one of the owners of the great Chicago *Tribune*, Gilson Gardner, Washington correspondent, brought it in direct touch with the great Scripps-McRae chain of people's newspapers, and the still greater agency of the United Press, with its four hundred and fifty newspapers. Henry Beach Needham and Herbert Quick were feeding in La Follette literature to the big national weekly press. Senator La Follette himself was appearing monthly before the readers of the *American Magazine* in his autobiography. He had, as well, a weekly of his own, which was widely circulated in the rural West. In addition, a Washington headquarters was established in August, in charge of Walter L. Houser of Wisconsin.

No man in the world has a clearer notion of the effort and money required to make an effective direct appeal to the people than Senator La Follette. He was the greatest single pioneer in this direct campaigning. Before his publicity campaign opened, it was decided that at least seventy-five thousand dollars must be guaranteed.

Charles R. Crane, the multimillionaire foundryman and reformer of Chicago, put up the largest guaranty, pledging himself for twenty thousand dollars. Mr. Crane has long been a friend of Senator La Follette.

Congressman William Kent, for many years close to Mr. Crane in Chicago, gave ten thousand dollars more; Gifford Pinchot and his brother Amos each gave ten thousand; and Rudolph Spreckels, the sugar refiner who financed the graft prosecution in San Francisco, was another large contributor.

Through the fall and early winter the La Follette publicity campaign continued at its height. It occupied a dozen rooms, and had some forty or fifty employees. Descriptive pamphlets and speeches of La Follette were sent out by the tens of thousands. Half a million of one document, a record of La Follette's work as Governor of Wisconsin and senator, were sent forward to voters, distributed generally by express to local workers and from them to the people. Much matter was mailed out under government frank, one part of it being a million copies of one speech by Congressman Morse on Wisconsin legislation.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND GIFFORD PINCHOT, TWO GREAT EXPERTS IN PUBLICITY

In February the La Follette publicity campaign came to an abrupt and spectacular stop in the collapse of Senator La Follette, at Philadelphia, while giving out his political confession of faith to a great annual gathering of the publishers of the country. But before that time his campaign was dying — for an odd reason. He was, as a matter of fact, not getting publicity. La Follette's name was gradually retiring from the front to the rear pages of the newspapers. This was fatal. One qualification the candidate of the liberals in the Republican party must have: he must be able

to keep his name continually on the front page of the dailies.

And then Theodore Roosevelt arose.

Roosevelt, the Great Impressionist in News

No one, except old Washington newspaper men, recalls what Theodore Roosevelt, as President, accomplished in turning the operations of the national government from a dark professional secret to a matter of full-throated publicity. In the days before his presidency a veil of mystery kept the Chief Executive from newspaper reporters; facts were filtered grudgingly out through senators in the confidence of the administration. Even Roosevelt followed this tradition at first.

SENATOR JOSEPH M. DIXON
ROOSEVELT'S FIGHTING WESTERN MANAGER

It would not do. The senators gave the news the twist that pleased themselves, and not the new President. Roosevelt, schooled in publicity for twenty years in New York and Washington and Albany, called in the reporters, and, from that time on through his two terms, ruled the newspapers of the country from their front pages. He was the great impressionist in national news; every day he threw the color that he wanted on the minds of the newspaper-reading public. Congress and national affairs was not a great enough field. With the coöperation of such kindred craftsmen as Gifford Pinchot, great ethical and social pageants were staged — cross-country conservation excursions; great congresses to improve the country and factory life; and governors of great States were led down in moral chains to portentous conferences and extended interviews with the newspapers. The democracy of the printing-press had come; and Roosevelt was its founder.

When Roosevelt left the White House, according to a story common in Washington, one of the great newspaper men of the country, who had little liking for him, exclaimed: "We'll take that man off the front page forever!" He was wrong.

Immediately there came the grand scenic tour to Africa, eagerly followed by the papers, with carefully planned publicity. There was always thorough method. A speech delivered in a little village on the Upper Nile, upon the very emergence from the jungle, was written in camp two weeks before and forwarded to the American press. A two-word cablegram, and it was given to America practically simultaneously with its delivery on the Nile. Then came the wild home-coming; the tumult of the New York campaign of 1910; and then silence. No more head-lines. For a year Roosevelt was banished from the first page.

February — La Follette's boom exploded! The seven governors in waiting upon Roosevelt! And gradually the old, familiar name rising again into the first page head-lines. The men behind La Follette turned toward another leader. Medill McCormick was at Oyster Bay, and the decision came. Roosevelt would run.

"Go back to Washington right off," said Roosevelt to McCormick, "and get your publicity bureau started."

A hundred-thousand-dollar guaranty fund was necessary in advance — before the bureau could be started. It was readily secured. George W. Perkins, the former insurance man and banker, Frank A. Munsey, the publisher, and many other men of great property, interested in the liberal movement in the Republican party, found the money. Rooms were secured in the Munsey Building in Washington, and a real press bureau was started.

There were three main fields for the development of a modern publicity campaign: the daily press, the country weeklies, and the direct appeal to the voter by pamphlets and letters.

Now, a campaign for publicity in American newspapers for new movements, especially on economic lines, has tremendous difficulties. With all due respect to the American press,

newspapers are, first of all, property — and property dependent on the business advertisement, a thing peculiarly sensitive to attacks on established property rights. This influence bears especially on the city press. The country press in Republican territory has been, from the time of the Civil War, tied fast to the party machine by the county printing contracts and by cessions of country postmasterships to the editor.

Now, Roosevelt had, in the first place, a somewhat better equipment for publicity within his immediate touch than La Follette. Pinchot came to him; Gilson Gardner and the McRae papers; the United Press carried his news strongly; Henry Beach Needham now pressed his cause in the national weeklies; the *Outlook* was Roosevelt's own personal organ. Then, in the daily field, he had Medill McCormick and the Chicago *Tribune*, Frank Munsey's papers in Boston, Baltimore, and Washington, the *North American* in Philadelphia, and the *Evening Mail* of New York, in which George W. Perkins is supposed to hold a financial interest. That was about all. Roosevelt had more than La Follette; but comparatively it was not much. Whole areas of the country were without a friendly daily or weekly paper.

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LEROY T. VERNON
THE HEAD OF PRESIDENT TAFT'S CAMPAIGN PRESS BUREAU

Yet this was a situation quickly met. At once, in the latter part of February, Roosevelt exploded his constitutional amendment speech at Columbus. From that time on he was established in the head-lines, nailed permanently to the front page of the daily newspapers of the country. For Roosevelt not only knows news; he creates it.

So much for the daily press. There remained that great organ of publicity, the country press, which every practical politician has played upon continuously for a quarter of a century. McCormick hastened back from Oyster Bay to Washington and sent out queries asking country editors if they wanted a full news service on the Roosevelt campaign. There are some eighteen thousand newspapers in the country. Return postal cards were sent out to about fifteen hundred dailies and six thousand weeklies; about three fourths of them wrote back taking it. The press bureau that would furnish this had already been organized.

Senator Dixon of Montana, a fighting Western politician, was in charge of the Roosevelt headquarters. Oscar King Davis, one of the best-known Washington correspondents, resigned his position with the New York *Times* and took charge of the publicity campaign. Four other men helped him in his preparation of matter, reading exchanges, bringing together figures and writing. But practically all the "copy" was his own. There were, in the headquarters of eight or ten rooms, from twenty-five to as many as sixty people at different times, receiving news and meeting visitors, but mostly engaged in the work of transcribing or mailing publicity.

The nature of the work was this. Every day a bulletin of from half to three quarters of a column long was written, and multiplied into two hundred and fifty or three hundred copies by the duplicating process of neostyle or mimeograph machines. These bulletins, in appearance like typewritten manuscript, were dealt out to the Washington correspondents. Each morning and afternoon the newspaper men, hunting singly or in squads, according to their habit, came to Davis' office, took their copy, and asked their questions. And so the big dailies were provided for.

The Boiler-Plate Campaign

By Saturday of each week the printed matter for the weeklies was completed and printed on its sheets. Generally it was two or three columns long. Then, after the first rush was past, came the "boiler-plate" campaign.

A great number of the country newspapers of the United States, as most people know, print a large percentage of the matter from already stereotyped plates, now furnished by two great

concerns with their main headquarters in New York and Chicago. For many years, in all kinds of political campaigns for elections, this plate matter has been furnished free to country editors by political committees. The editor gets news and composition free, the politician gets free advertising. So, in this national campaign for the nomination, plate matter was naturally used by most of the headquarters, in proportion as they could afford it. For it is a very expensive form of publicity. Each page of it costs one dollar and a half, for plates and expressage. Half a page a week — the service of both the Roosevelt and Taft publicity bureaus — would run the cost of this plate matter to seven hundred and fifty dollars a week for every thousand papers served. And both services ran above two thousand papers for a considerable time.

There is no deception about any of this material furnished to the newspapers; there could not be. At the head of every piece of matter furnished is printed the source it came from. The country editors all know exactly what they are printing. In many cases — in about ten per cent, according to the figures of one bureau — the editors getting it demanded or suggested payment of money for printing it. But these requests were not heeded.

The matter furnished was interviews with prominent sympathizers, attacks and counter-attacks on candidates, and, most important after the campaign was started, the daily estimates of the delegates chosen to the national convention — a matter very difficult to follow with the great number of little conventions throughout the enormous area of this country.

Then, after the newspapers, came the voter himself. From the Roosevelt standpoint, especially, it was a campaign from the "grass roots up." The voter was the thing. And pamphlets went out by the hundreds of thousands, in one case by the million. The Columbus speech of Roosevelt, and later his speech at Carnegie Hall in New York, was mailed out under government frank by hundreds of thousands of copies. The machinery of reaching the voter direct was growing to tremendous proportions — both in documents and cost.

North Dakota is Bombarded

The first thing for the Roosevelt men was to show clearly the re-formation of the general forces of the liberal wing of Republicanism behind Roosevelt instead of La Follette. The first occasion was the presidential primaries of North Dakota. These came in the middle of March, soon after the Roosevelt bureau was getting into working order.

Bang! One hundred thousand letters went from Gifford Pinchot to the voting population of North Dakota; one hundred thousand letters from Gilson Gardner; a hundred thousand copies of several of the pamphlets — including the chief pamphlet of the Roosevelt campaign, Judson Welliver's "Catching Up with Roosevelt," printed first in *Munsey's Magazine*. It was a first spurt. Roosevelt headquarters worked day and night, folding and addressing the mail. Their stamp bills ran into the thousands of dollars. La Follette, refusing to be forced out of the campaign, fought back with great discharges of literature of his own.

Between the bureaus, North Dakota was flooded with mail. The farmers, busy with their spring work, had less time than in the winter for miscellaneous reading, and visitors to the rural post-offices waded deep in discarded political literature. La Follette won — and won again in Wisconsin. But then he stopped. The main contest with Roosevelt was not his. It was to be President Taft's.

From the Columbus constitutional speech Roosevelt danced through the head-lines from theoretical discussion to attacks upon the Taft administration, and the old-time Republican machine which stood behind him; called loudly for the direct choice of the presidential candidate by popular primary, and dared the Taft campaign management to secure State laws to provide this everywhere. Taft immediately was driven to a big publicity bureau of his own.

He opposed it at first; he hesitated to get into the business of publicity, which the new movement of American politics had compelled. But by the last of February a publicity bureau, the biggest and most elaborate of the campaign, was under operation in the Taft headquarters at the Raleigh Hotel. Le Roy T. Vernon, the enterprising young correspondent of the Chicago *News*, took charge.

In general, the plan and methods of publicity were the same as in the Roosevelt bureau; but with the Taft campaign lay the natural sympathies and affiliations of a large share of the weekly and daily newspapers; and here, too, lay the interests of the Republican machine, and the Republican congressmen seeking re-election. William B. McKinley, being the manager of the Republican Congressional Committee as well as of the Taft campaign, tied the two campaigns closely into one.

Franking Cords of Literature

The Taft headquarters in the Raleigh Hotel, with its force of some twenty-five people, had

to do with receiving and handling visitors and letters and news. But the mailing of pamphlet publicity took place from the office building of the Representatives, opposite the Capitol, and it was assisted, to the limit of their power, by the Republican congressmen.

Never in the history of campaigning has mailing under special government frank been carried to a greater height than in this campaign of individual candidates for the presidential nomination; and for no candidacy was it carried so far as in the campaign for Taft. The Taft shipping-room quarters in the House building was a tremendously busy plant. The minority room, a big chamber on the third floor, was filled with clerks and stenographers folding and addressing mail; from the room in "standpat row" — the near-by offices of the conservative Republican congressmen — came the clack of typewriters and the noise of the mimeograph machines. It was like a floor in a mail-order house. The cords and tons of franked matter were stacked in rooms and corridors; trucked out and carried down elevators; and dumped into the second-class mail. The printing was paid for by the interested parties, but the United States paid for the carrying of it in the mails. Dozens of extraneous speeches were read into the *Congressional Record* for franking purposes; and millions of copies of government pamphlets were thrown across the country under congressional franks. The more this campaign of direct publicity progressed, the more enormous its proportions were seen to become.

A $70,000 Expense Account in New York

In the last week of March came the contest in New York State, under its much-discussed imitation of a primary law. Here, as elsewhere, the Republican machine was practically against Roosevelt. With one or two exceptions, the daily papers were hostile. The Roosevelt organization decided to confine its campaign practically to New York County — the island of Manhattan and the Bronx.

It was necessary under the New York laws to get the Roosevelt delegates' names upon the ballot by a special petition. It was practically necessary to create a special organization to oppose the Republican organization of the county — which was committed in advance to the delegates of Taft. A great body of literature, also, was circulated.

A little more than seventy thousand dollars for expense account was filed by the Roosevelt committee in New York for this work — more than half of it given by three men: George W. Perkins, Frank A. Munsey, and Alexander S. Cochran, a rich young carpet manufacturer of Yonkers. The regular county committee reported on expenditures of only five thousand dollars for Taft. As in Washington, the work for Taft was done directly through the party machinery; its cost was not lessened, its items were merely shifted. The actual and entire cost of the fight in New York County for the presidential nomination, if it were known, would be far nearer a hundred and fifty thousand than a hundred thousand dollars. The cost of work for Taft may have been slightly less than for Roosevelt, under the conditions; but it was not greatly less.

After New York, and after the presidential primaries of North Dakota and Wisconsin, came very soon the primaries in Illinois. There was short time to prepare for these after their calling; and, largely for this reason, the sudden strain from literature in transit upon the Washington post-office was as severe as any in the campaign. Roosevelt was now roaring through the West — speaking ten and twenty times a day. Crowds at the stations, day and night, yelled him to the back platform and made him talk. The cost in Illinois was not so large as in some other States, for much of the publicity was done by local candidates; but still it was great.

A Million and a Quarter Postal Cards

Roosevelt won in Illinois. And now the special trains of both factions were gridironing the State of Pennsylvania, where primaries came next. The big newspapers were solid against Roosevelt, with one chief exception of the Philadelphia *North American*. It was necessary in some sections to resort to advertising to get a hearing; and both parties began to use display advertising to some extent. Pamphlet literature poured in on the voter from every side.

Just before the campaign ended, the Roosevelt management found everywhere through the State that names not chosen by them were appearing on the ballots, bearing the words "for Roosevelt" after them. These names would split Roosevelt's vote and very likely cost him the election. At once a million and a quarter postal cards were printed and sent out to every voter in the State, with instructions in the proper way to vote for Roosevelt. The postage alone on this was twelve thousand dollars; the printing and addressing brought the cost above twenty thousand dollars. Exact figures are not known to any one in these campaigns; but the Taft and Roosevelt campaigns in Pennsylvania could not have cost their backers less than

one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This campaign direct from the individual candidate voter was growing every day in magnitude.

The Duel of the Presidents

Nebraska's primaries went for Roosevelt, and Oregon's. And now the fight for Massachusetts was on — the greatest tumult in the campaign. Roosevelt was baiting Taft from the stump — down the front pages of Taft's own newspapers. The President, obviously flustered, was pushed bodily on to the stump by his managers, and the campaign duel of the Presidents, the most striking spectacle in recent political history, began.

In Massachusetts the fight arrived on territory where political publicity had passed already to a height unequaled in the United States. Long since it had gone from mere reading matter to its logical consummation in the display advertisement and the billboard. William L. Douglas, the shoemaker Governor, was a pioneer in this field. In 1904 he spent tens of thousands of dollars in billboard and full-page newspaper advertising; carried, as a Democratic candidate, a Republican State against the enthusiasm of a presidential year; and increased his shoe business forty per cent the next season. It was splendid advertising; whether he lost or won, he won, anyway, in the shoe business. The bills for display and billboard advertising of the two candidates for Mayor of Boston in 1910 undoubtedly ran over one hundred thousand dollars, and the present Governor, E. N. Foss, another Democratic candidate on a rock-bound Republican coast, pounded himself into election and reëlection on the "cost of living" issue — with long, bony fingers pointing across full newspaper pages to empty pocketbooks; brawny arms poised to strike for freedom; and in pamphlets explaining his administration direct to the voters of the State. His expenditure for publicity, in various single campaigns, has reached over twenty-five thousand dollars, in some cases nearly fifty thousand dollars. Being elected Governor in Massachusetts, even as a people's candidate, is a rich man's prerogative.

Last Word in Politics — Display "Ads"

The two weeks' campaign in Massachusetts rose to a fury of noise and black type. The Boston *Journal*, Munsey's newspaper, was the only Roosevelt daily of size in the entire State. It was distributed free by tens of thousands through the State — in the barber-shops, upon the door-steps of houses. In other newspapers display advertising began to appear stating Roosevelt's cause. The Taft campaign, an elephant in skirts, followed suit, inviting one and all to telephone Charlie Dugan, Congressman "Gussie" Gardner's secretary, and get in touch with the "Taft Independent Club" under Dugan's management. Then it was that Thomas W. Lawson, the man who brought advertising into Wall Street, arose; rebuked the levity of the Taft managers; spoke solemnly of the crisis in the republic; and appealed, six columns wide, to the "wives, mothers, and sweethearts of Massachusetts" for Roosevelt. All kinds of estimates of the cost of this advertising campaign were made. The best-informed sources credited the Roosevelt and Taft managers with spending about twenty thousand dollars apiece, and Lawson with spending fifty thousand dollars on his own account.

Meanwhile both the Taft and the Roosevelt headquarters were flooding Massachusetts with literature. The Roosevelt management sent in two hundred and fifty thousand copies of the Welliver article on Roosevelt and bales of franked matter; the Taft bureau flooded the State with their franked pamphlets. At the height of the campaign, the machinery of the Boston post-office was overstrained under the load, and the Boston press complained that the city's mail was being held up.

The speaking campaign on the voters was going forward. Roosevelt attacked Taft. Taft answered in kind. And towns and cities that had not greeted a President or an ex-President for half a century came out and listened in audiences of thousands and tens of thousands. They would hear nothing else. The ordinary spell-binder spoke to knots of fifteen and twenty-five. The only thing that interested voters was the principals in the fight and the advertising. On the day before the primary, Roosevelt scampered across the State in special trains and automobiles, speaking in not fewer than twenty-five places.

Massachusetts went as it was destined to go. The silk-hat and limousine vote, bound together in the Taft leagues, swung heavily for Taft; the factory vote went strongly for Roosevelt. As everywhere, property and the established political machine was for the President; and protestants and workingmen for Roosevelt. The State at last split nearly even between the candidates. The campaign could not, at the lowest estimate, have cost less than two hundred thousand dollars.

Maryland and Ohio and New Jersey

With the face-to-face meeting of the candidates in the Massachusetts campaign, the personal duel between Taft and Roosevelt was

under way. It was taken up by their press bureaus in Washington. Davis brought forth allusions to Taft's unfortunate similes comparing himself to "a man of straw" and "a rat in a corner." Vernon retorted in kind. Savage sarcasm appeared in the daily interchange of mutual charges in the press bulletins handed out from the two publicity headquarters to the Washington correspondents.

Meanwhile the fight of the principals was carried before the primaries of Maryland. Maryland went for Roosevelt by a fair margin. California went overwhelmingly for him, and Taft, fighting for his last ditch, went back to defend his home State, Ohio.

Up and down the State Taft and Roosevelt ranged in their special trains. In seventy-three of the eighty-eight counties Taft spoke. Both he and his opponent traveled fifteen hundred or two thousand miles. Finally Ohio went heavily to Roosevelt. New Jersey followed suit. It had been a savage, continuous, personal campaign of three months between the Republican leaders.

In all of these States expenses ran into the tens of thousands of dollars. Publicity organizations and special trains at five hundred dollars a day — these things feed on thousand-dollar bills like fire on prairie-grass. The total cost of covering the United States for the individual candidates in this campaign directly to the voter were huge. Exactly what they were can not be told; there is no one who can know. But that it runs into the millions of dollars no practical politician doubts.

The Cost of One Campaign

The nearest to the actual knowledge in this matter comes from Senator La Follette, whose statement, at this time of writing — in the last of May — is the only one of its kind which seems likely to be made. In all, the expenditures have reached to a little under sixty thousand dollars. But this, of course, was for what proved to be one of the minor and probably the least expensive of the main publicity campaigns in either party.

The cost of the four larger Democratic campaigns — for Wilson and Clark and Underwood and Harmon — must certainly have in each case run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, counting activities both from headquarters and in the various States. Of the four, Wilson's was obviously least heavily financed.

But the high point of expense came with the leading candidates of the Republican party. On the face of events, Roosevelt had most necessity for expenditure. The Republican machine and the press, both weekly and daily, were almost solidly against him. Very obviously it would require a tremendous outlay of both energy and money to take Roosevelt over their heads to the voter.

The first step in this was carrying Roosevelt personally, and setting him face to face with the voting population. Before this campaign of three months was over he had traveled some eighteen or twenty thousand miles — three quarters of the distance around the world; and had spoken four or five hundred times.

To this was added the much greater expense of publicity. And following Roosevelt came Taft, probably at least duplicating his expenditures.

A Million for Two Candidates

The exact cost of this will never be known. Three things, though, are clear: The first is a general agreement of practical politicians that the actual cost of the Taft and Roosevelt campaigns to the voters in the United States could not possibly have been under a million dollars.

The second is that these expenses — being incurred for individual candidates and not by parties — must be provided for by individual backers.

The third is that these backers are, in practice, rich individuals or interests. The contributions of small sums, which were received at the headquarters of the Roosevelt cause — by far the most popular of the causes with the small contributor — amounted to only about fifty dollars a day — an inconsiderable sum compared to the expenses.

Now, everybody who reads understands what this means. It means simply the underwriting of presidential candidates for hundreds of thousands of dollars — exactly as a bond issue is underwritten before it is offered to the general public.

This has been done, in many cases, with excellent motives. In the case of Roosevelt, campaigning against the machinery of a whole party, it was, it may be argued, necessary, under existing conditions. But, no matter how good individual motives may have been, it is not a practice that can be continued. The people of the United States before another year will enact laws to govern and limit the expenses of the presidential primary.

A SCIENTIFIC

BY EDWIN T.

THE COÖRDINATION TEST, WHICH SHOWS THE DEGREE OF SURETY WITH WHICH THE BRAIN DIRECTS A PENCIL HELD IN THE HAND TO A GIVEN POINT

NO one who has had to do with children, whether as parent, teacher, aunt, or mere observer of the human procession, can have failed to notice how extraordinarily rapid is their mental growth. It is not so much that they learn readily. As a matter of fact, they do not learn anything like as quickly as a well-trained adult working in his own special field. The cleverest of star pupils, for example, can not master in hours the amount of detailed fact that a broker picks up with one rapid glance down the financial column, or that a whist-player knows ten minutes after he has picked up his hand. But the growing child, as he masters new facts, also takes on new mental powers. He becomes perpetually a new creature. The adult, learning new things, remains the same old person as before.

Just by way of illustration, show a picture to a child of three. He says, "Man, saw, boards, house." He recognizes each several object as clearly as he ever will; but he stops there. The same child at seven, confronted with the same picture, will say, "A man is sawing a board. Another man is chopping. Two more are driving nails in a house." The child of seven, in short, has passed from the recognition of objects to an insight into what is being done. But a boy or girl of fifteen will describe the same picture as four men building a house. The youth sees beyond both the being and the doing to the underlying meaning of both. Beyond that stage he never will go, though he live to a hundred years.

Or, again, offer to a little child, to a feeble-minded person, or to a normal adult with his eyes shut, two blocks of wood, one twice as large as the other, but with the smaller loaded so that both are of the same weight. Ask any of these persons which is heavier, and he will answer correctly that neither is. But put the same question to a normal adult with his eyes open, and he will inevitably say that the smaller block is the heavier. The obligation to make that particular mistake is the ear-mark of a certain stage of mental evolution.

All this is quite independent of any formal training. At a certain age, any proper child will tell you that a table is "something you eat off of." A year later he will say, "Something with a flat top and four legs." He may be a very wise child, who knows a thousand objects by name; or he may be a very ignorant one, who knows only a few; but the moment his mind reaches a certain growth-stage, he turns from thinking about what he does with things to thinking about what they are in themselves. Each time the growing mind takes on a new point of view, a new way of handling its old material, the child enters a new stage of existence, as distinct, and often almost as definite, as when, after crawling for weeks on all fours like a beast, he suddenly gets up on his hind legs to walk like a man.

On the basis of this essential idea, the great French psychologist, Binet, devised the so-called Binet-Simon scale for measuring inherent native intelligence, irrespective of the results of training. He prepared a series of convenient and accurate tests, thoroughly standardized by trial on thousands of children in various countries, of such a nature that they

STUDY OF FOOLS

BREWSTER

enable a trained observer to get down underneath everything that the individual has been taught and measure the fundamental quality of his mind. A school examination is supposed to show what a child knows. The Binet test reveals what he is, and to a surprising extent prophesies what, in after life, he is to become.

How Many Figures Can You Carry in Your Head?

You, for example, my reader, if I say to you, "Two, nine, six, four, three, seven, five," can immediately repeat the series without error, though in ten seconds you will have completely forgotten the whole thing. That involves recalling seven digits. The kind of person who reads this magazine can probably carry eight, and possibly nine. Whoso of us can go much beyond ten has a pretty unusual quality of mind, and I, for one, wish I had his salary. An average adult or a normal child of twelve should go seven figures. At ten a child should miss seven, but hold six. Below eight years, he breaks down at five; at four, he handles three; at three, two. The length of a series — figures, letters, names, anything you will of the sort — is a test of a person's control over his attention and the inherent grip of his memory, as rigid as the number of keys he can stretch on a piano is of the size and flexibility of his hand. Moreover, this ability is quite independent of any practice in learning by heart. It really is a test of the condition of one's brain protoplasm.

So it is with other tests of the Binet-Simon scale. At five years a child should be able to copy a figure of a square, but not of a diamond. That arrives two years later. Below seven, he will not notice that the outline of a "lady" lacks arms. Up to eleven, you can tell him that you have locked yourself in your room and can't get out because you left the key on the outside, and he will believe you. At fourteen, given any time by the clock, he should be able to say what time it would be if the hands were interchanged.

Locating the Age of a Person's Mind

One need not go on. Some fifty or sixty tests have been worked out in such detail, and so carefully standardized, that they afford a scale of native mental capacity that enables us to locate minds between three and thirteen years of age, with something the same approach to the accuracy with which we match colors against a standard color scale.

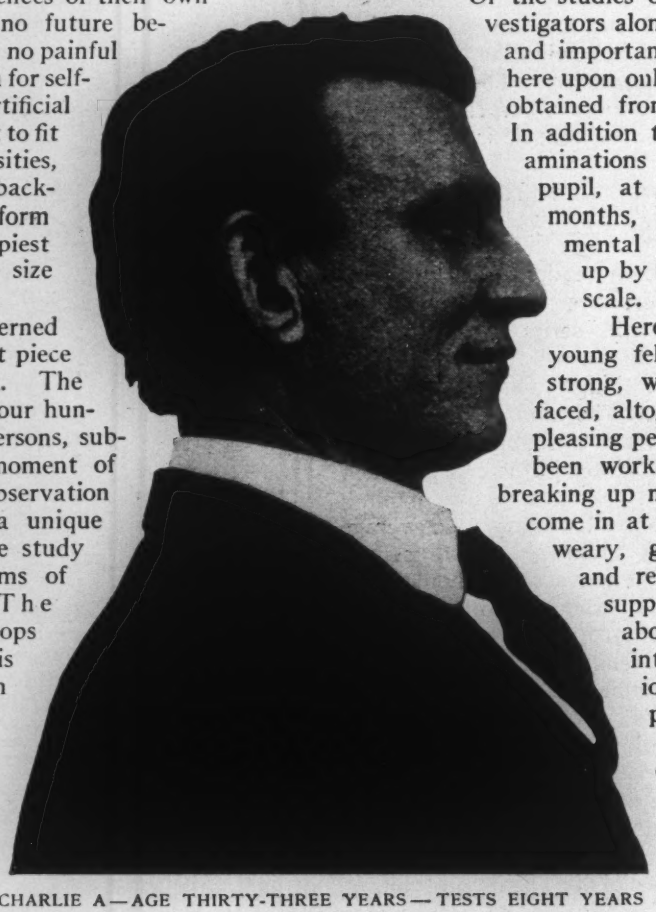
THE ATAXIGRAPH TEST, WHICH SHOWS THE DIRECTION OF THE SWAY OF THE BODY. NORMAL PEOPLE SWAY FORWARD AND BACK — SUBNORMALS, SIDEWAYS

The application of this Binet-Simon test and of others like it, some of which have already been touched upon in an earlier issue of this magazine, makes it possible to study the human mind in a fashion in which it has never been studied before. The place where such study was first taken up in a large way in this country, and where it has been carried in certain directions further than anywhere else in the world, is the Training School for Backward and Feeble-Minded Children, at Vineland, New Jersey, fifty miles south of Philadelphia.

Here, amid almost ideal surroundings, most of these four hundred subnormal persons of both sexes and every age live, most of them

for their entire lives. They work contentedly at tasks so carefully fitted to their interests and capacities that they know the joy of labor without the alloy of weariness. Recreations and amusements are accurately adjusted to their power to enjoy, as these by no means always are in the world outside. Supervision, such as would be impossible with normal human beings, protects them from the smaller ills of life and from the consequences of their own mistakes. With no future before them, there is no painful training to fit them for self-support. In an artificial environment, built to fit their peculiar necessities, these four hundred backward children form probably the happiest community of like size on earth.

But we are concerned here with a brilliant piece of scientific work. The presence of these four hundred subnormal persons, subject during every moment of their lives to the observation of experts, gives a unique opportunity for the study of certain problems of human nature. The normal child develops so rapidly that it is difficult to catch him at any particular age. "When you put your finger on him, he isn't there." But the simple-minded, slow-witted imbecile is a subject made, as it were, to hand for scientific investigation. The Vineland Training-School is already beginning to affect our ideas of normal human nature in something the same way that recent study of the cold-blooded animals has opened up new realms in human physiology and medicine.



CHARLIE A — AGE THIRTY-THREE YEARS — TESTS EIGHT YEARS MENTALLY. HE IS PHYSICALLY PERFECT, BUT IS CAPABLE OF DOING ONLY THE CRUDEST KIND OF INDUSTRIAL WORK. HE CAN NOT BE TAUGHT TO READ OR WRITE

The school has, I say, been foremost in the country to take up certain important lines of investigation, as New Jersey has been the first State of the Union to appropriate funds for the support of such work. The head of the institution, Mr. Edward R. Johnstone, a man both of extraordinary insight and of great executive capacity, began, four years ago, to develop and equip a department of scientific research. Today there is in charge a professional psychologist, Henry H. Goddard, Ph.D., with three laboratory and two field assistants, who give their entire time to the work. There is a board of fourteen consulting physicians; and shortly there is to be, in addition, a biochemist with a special laboratory.

Of the studies of this group of investigators along a dozen different and important lines, I can touch here upon only one — the results obtained from the Binet tests. In addition to various other examinations of all sorts, each pupil, at least once in six months, has his ultimate mental capacity checked up by means of the Binet scale.

Here, for example, is a young fellow of twenty — strong, well set up, open-faced, altogether a distinctly pleasing personality. He has been working hard all day breaking up new land, and has come in at night, comfortably weary, gloriously hungry, and ready for bath and supper. Question him about his occupations, interests, companions, and he answers promptly and intelligently. Inquiry shows that he leads the school orchestra, takes part in theatricals, does beautiful work at two handicrafts, and in addition is a crack athlete, quite able to hold his own on track or diamond against most college boys. He looks, in short, like a distinctly promising youth, of whom almost any parent might be proud.

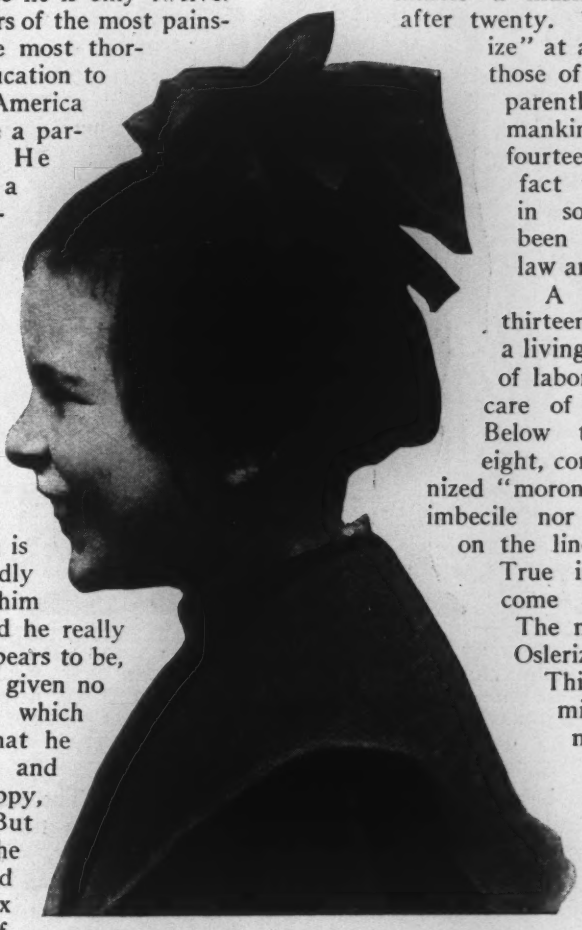
But take him into the laboratory and put him through the Binet tests, and he breaks down at thirteen. He was a likely baby. His mind developed normally during early boyhood. At eight or nine it began to slow down. At twelve it stopped. No matter how long that man lives, he will never be more than twelve years old.

Meanwhile, he will do everything that a child

of twelve can do, and do it with a man's strength. He can accomplish almost any sort of routine task,— care for stock, lay bricks, work at tailoring, perform any mechanical operation as well as anybody,— provided somebody else plans his work. But he can not plan for himself, and he can not take responsibility — naturally not, since he is only twelve.

He has had ten years of the most painstaking, as well as the most thoroughly scientific, education to be had anywhere in America — and it hasn't made a particle of difference. He knows more than a child of twelve, because he has had twice as many years to learn it in; but his learning is all on the twelve-year-old level. All the range and grasp and interests of the thirteen-year-old mind are forever to him a closed book.

So long as this man is kept in charge of kindly persons who treat him as the twelve-year-old he really is, not the man he appears to be, and so long as he is given no task beyond those which careful tests show that he can do with ease and pleasure, he is happy, docile, affectionate. But let him out into the grown-up world, and at once he is in six different kinds of trouble. He can not make a living at a man's work, because he is only a little boy; while, on the other hand, nobody will look out for him like a little boy, because everybody takes him for a man. The outside world is not adapted to such as he; and therefore, according to his natural or acquired energy, he drifts into pauperism or crime. With the forethought of his twelve years, he becomes responsible for a family which he can not possibly support. In a panic of childish jealousy or fear, he is as dangerous as a frightened horse. He has all the impulses of a grown man, with a child's power to regulate them.



FLORENCE M — NINE YEARS OLD — TESTS SEVEN YEARS MENTALLY. SHE IS A TYPE OF BACKWARD PATIENT WHO IS ALMOST CERTAIN TO BECOME NORMAL

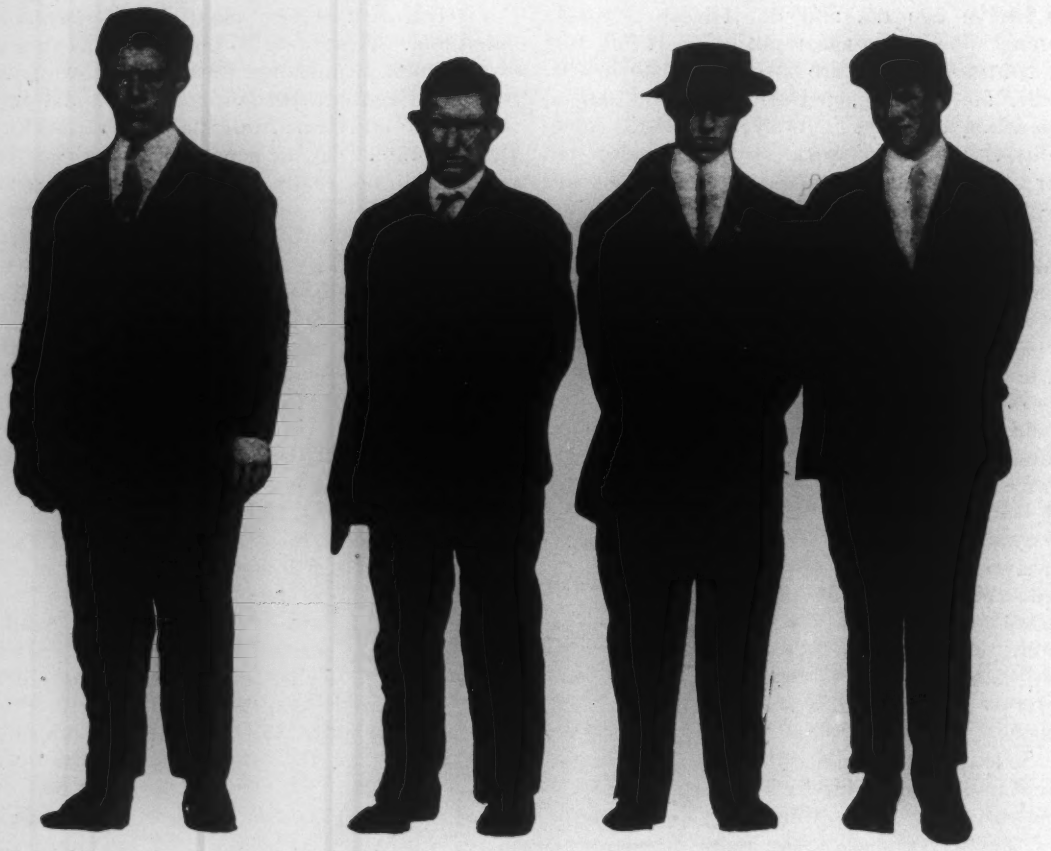
Yet this man is very close to a "normal" individual. According to Dr. Osler, the minds of the ablest professional men stop growing at forty. After that, these especially original persons work and learn, but no longer develop. It is notorious that the general run of educated persons can not really learn a new language or master a musical instrument much after twenty. Their minds "Oslerize" at about half the age of those of the finest grade. Apparently the great mass of mankind Oslerizes between fourteen and twenty-one — a fact which seems always, in some sort, to have been recognized both in law and custom.

A mind that sticks at thirteen is just able to make a living at the lowest grades of labor, and barely to take care of itself in the world. Below thirteen, but above eight, comes the newly recognized "moron," who is neither an imbecile nor a normal man, but on the line between the two. True imbeciles never become older than seven. The mind of an idiot has Oslerized before three.

This plastic time of the mind is perhaps the most important of all differences among various individuals and races of men. It appears also, now that we have an infallible means of discovering the moron, that this heretofore unrecognized type of human being is as common as argon and radium.

Students trained at the Vineland School in the Binet tests are now applying them to all sorts and conditions of men. They were tried, for example, in the first and second grades in a large boys' school in a city of the Middle West.

"You will find a few feeble-minded children in my room," said the first teacher, "but not many." As a matter of fact, of sixteen pupils tested during the first forenoon, only two had the same mental as bodily age. Four had begun to slow down, and were two years younger



ALL THESE BOYS ARE APPARENTLY NORMAL, BUT THE BINET TESTS SHOW THAT THEIR MINDS STOPPED GROWING WHEN THEY WERE CHILDREN. THEY CAN NOT MAKE A LIVING, BECAUSE THEY HAVE THE MINDS OF CHILDREN; ON THE OTHER HAND, NOBODY WILL LOOK AFTER THEM LIKE CHILDREN, BECAUSE EVERYBODY WILL TAKE THEM FOR YOUNG MEN CAPABLE OF LOOKING AFTER THEMSELVES

than they should have been. Two had lost three years, while the minds of the remaining eight had already so completely Oslerized that they had made virtually no progress for at least four years. Meanwhile they had learned their lessons after a fashion, and had been promoted. But they had done it all by mere rote, with no more real understanding than a dog that has been taught to say its prayers.

This, to be sure, is a very exceptional case. Commonly, the number of pupils whose minds lag so far behind their birthdays that there is no possible chance that they will ever catch up again, amounts to a little more than three per cent of the school population. The moral is obvious. The moment this extraordinarily accurate and delicate test of mental growth reveals the earliest premonitory signs of Osleritis,— and this sometimes occurs as early as three years,— the child should at once turn his back alike on "cultural subjects" and the three R's, and put in the short and precious time that remains on training that will help him to earn his living. The kind of brain that stay young to forty can take its bread-and-butter subject late or early. The kind that stiffens at twelve must be taken in hand forthwith.

Only One Normal Boy Among a Hundred Delinquents

The Vineland-trained psychologists have taken the Binet-Simon scale into the juvenile courts. Here is the result of testing one hundred delinquents, chosen entirely at random, just as they came to the detention home in a fair-sized city of the Middle Atlantic States. One, ten years old in body, was also ten years old in mind. He was the only normal child in the whole hundred. Also, though among the youngest of the group physically, he was among the oldest mentally. Six boys of thirteen years tested only ten. Twenty-six of fourteen tested also ten. Twenty of fourteen years tested nine. Eighteen of fifteen and sixteen years averaged under nine. One youth, fifteen in body, had

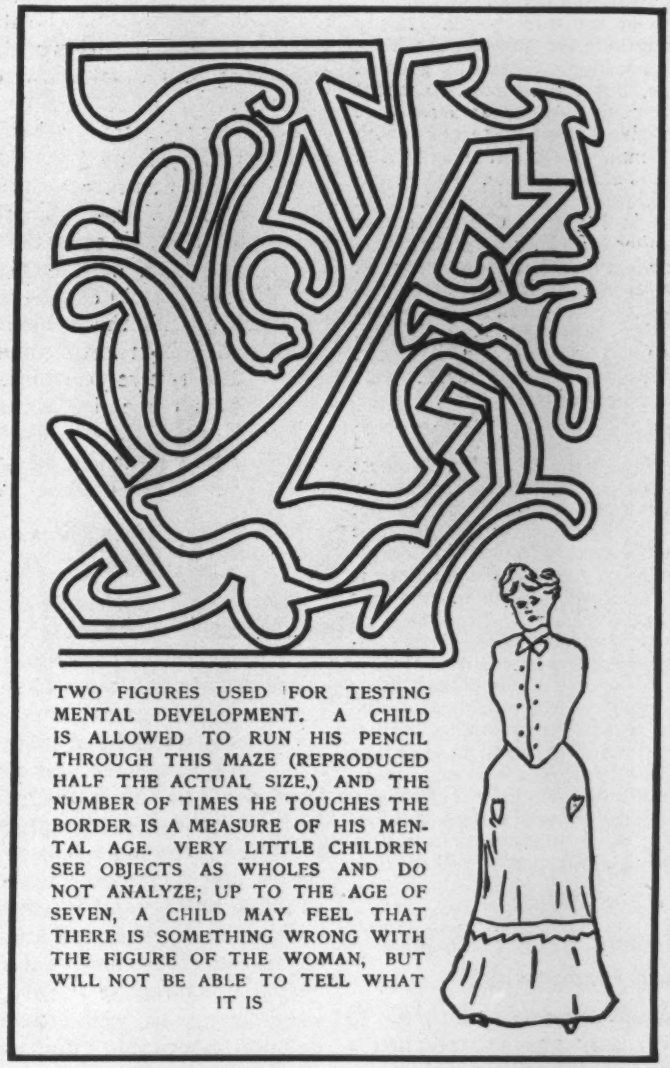
only a seven-year-old brain. One brain, eight and two tenths years of age, found itself in a seventeen-year-old body.

Or, to turn from figures to individual reports:

James — eleven years old physically; eight years old mentally. With crowd of boys who set fire to haystack. All the boys escaped being caught but James. Said he was only watching the fire and did not know why the other boys ran.

Maurice — fifteen years old physically; nine and a fifth years old mentally. Playing craps with six other boys; only boy caught. Said: "Didn't know why the other fellows ran — thought they were running to a fire." Boy was arrested by officer on beat.

Obviously, these youths have been entirely misunderstood by parents, teachers, and criminal authorities. They are not criminals, though they are being rapidly converted into such. They are children, who always will remain children so long as they live; and they have a child's ideas of moral responsibility.



TWO FIGURES USED FOR TESTING MENTAL DEVELOPMENT. A CHILD IS ALLOWED TO RUN HIS PENCIL THROUGH THIS MAZE (REPRODUCED HALF THE ACTUAL SIZE,) AND THE NUMBER OF TIMES HE TOUCHES THE BORDER IS A MEASURE OF HIS MENTAL AGE. VERY LITTLE CHILDREN SEE OBJECTS AS WHOLES AND DO NOT ANALYZE; UP TO THE AGE OF SEVEN, A CHILD MAY FEEL THAT THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE FIGURE OF THE WOMAN, BUT WILL NOT BE ABLE TO TELL WHAT IT IS

Out of Fifty-six Wayward Girls, Only Four Were Mentally Normal

Fifty-six wayward young women from another institution tell the same story. They averaged in age of body between eighteen and nineteen years. Virtually all of them were apparently normal persons, of the sort one finds at work everywhere in factory, shop, and household. All of them, at last accounts, were out on probation.

Yet, of these fifty-six young women, only four were more than twelve years old. Eleven were just twelve; fourteen were eleven; fourteen more were ten; twelve were only nine; one of them was only eight. Naturally, they have been acting out their grown-up impulses like the irresponsible children that they are. In a well-conducted institution they might all be happy and useful. Out in the world — one can imagine.

Or, if one does not want to imagine, I select such cases from the fifty-six as are both psychologically interesting and morally somewhat passable.

No. 1. This girl is sixteen years old and tests eight. Father dead. Mother married him on his deathbed so that she might receive his pension. Had had three children by him. Mother died of tuberculosis; was intemperate and immoral. One child died at eighteen of tuberculosis. Aunt and grandmother died in almshouse. Girl's history: Ugly disposition. Very troublesome, quarrelsome, slow and dull. Generally needed much direction in work. Lived an immoral life for a year. Was committed to the Reformatory for larceny.

In the test she could not make change by taking nine cents out of a quarter, nor could she put the words "Philadelphia," "money," "river" into two sentences. She saw nothing absurd in the story about the unfortunate painter who fell and broke his neck, but was taken to the hospital, where they did not think he would get well. Nor the other one about the three brothers — "I have three brothers, John, Henry, and myself."

No. 2. This girl is twenty years old and tests eleven. Father drinking man; never provided for family. Mother shiftless and ignorant. Girl's history: Placed in eleven different places on probation from April, 1905, to May, 1906. Was then kept in Industrial School until March, 1908. Was again placed out, with about the same result. Arrested for larceny and immorality,

which she admitted. Bad temper — moody, careless of dress and person. Said by employer to be "boy crazy."

She could not arrange the test weights as is usually done by nine-year-old children. She could not put three words in a single sentence.

No. 3. Nineteen years old, tests ten. Father drank, but has no court record. Hard-working, industrious man. Mother has absolutely no control over children. Chronic victim of nervous prostration. Girl's history: Was wild for three years. Easily influenced. Will do anything for any one she likes. Good worker, neat, and willing. Especially good at scrubbing and cleaning, but can not work without much supervision. She could not repeat a sentence of twenty-six syllables, give a word that rhymes with "day" or "spring" or "mill," nor repeat seven figures.

No. 4. Nineteen years old, tests nine. Father and mother both heavy drinkers. At time child was committed, father was in Home of Correction and mother in prison. Mother especially hard character, having been arrested no less than twenty-seven times. Father plainly below normal mentality. Girl's history: School work very poor; was a runaway. Would steal little things. Was immoral. Very childish. Needs constant supervision in work and behavior. Extremely fond of boys. Could not be trusted to do an errand; would never go directly back. Once, when told to cut only the end pieces from loaf of bread, she cut up whole loaf. When asked why she did it, said, "Why, how could I get the end piece unless I did cut it all up?" Follows a beaten track, never remembering from one day to another what she is to do.

She failed to pass the reading test, taking sixty-five minutes to do what should have been done in twenty-five minutes. She could not tell how much money it would take to buy three one- and three two-cent stamps.

No. 5. Nineteen years old, test nine. Father intemperate, abusive. Never supported family. Mother intemperate, never kept house for family. One brother in City Orphanage. Two brothers intemperate and worthless. One sister married to worthless colored man. Girl's history: Immoral, often staying out all night. Smoking cigarettes, swearing, etc. Stubborn, wilful, and thoughtless. Likes little children and is fond of playing with dolls. School work sometimes learned rather quickly; other times work was very poor, and seemed to go backward rather than forward.

Our Enormous Importation of Feeble-Minded Immigrants

Of one hundred girls newly admitted to another reformatory, only one had reached a "Binet age" of twelve, and she was not thirteen. Yet in bodily age they averaged close to twenty-one, while several of them were nearly thirty. Out of the hundred, only six had confined their misdoings to larcenies and assaults — and two of those were married women. There is abundant reason to believe that virtually all women of the class into which these delinquents inevitably drift are either morons or high-grade imbeciles, who are not fully responsible for their acts. Nearly a third of our criminals are morons, and at least as many of our paupers and alcoholics, not to mention a host of unreasonable and incompetent persons, cranks and visionaries of all sorts, who do not seem to be able to adjust themselves to the grown-up world, because they are too young to understand what is for their own interests.

There are at least fifty thousand unrecognized morons at large in the United States, in addition to three times as many obvious imbeciles and degenerates. We are importing these in enormous quantities. Most of our immigrants of late years have been of the thirteen-, fourteen-, and fifteen-year-old class — people who are, at best, just outside the feeble-minded group, and along with whom have come vast numbers of eleven- and twelve-year-olds. Besides these, a few morons come, by accident, out of good stock. For the brain is like any other organ, and may be crippled in all sorts of mysterious ways by illness or malnutrition.

Feeble-Mindedness Due to Heredity in Two Out of Three Cases

But at least two thirds of our feeble-minded persons are so for the very sufficient reason that their parents were so before them. Two feeble-minded parents always have all their children feeble-minded — and they commonly have about twice as many of them as normal persons do. A feeble-minded and a normal parent will have about half their offspring of one sort and half of the other, the precise proportion depending on the more remote ancestry. We are simply breeding morons to order, and using them to dilute the general intelligence of the nation.

It turns out that the kind of brain that becomes old at ten and twelve, or the kind that begins to stiffen at twenty, or the kind that keeps its gristle well into middle age, are all definite, inheritable "unit characters," peculiar qualities of family stocks that pass along from parent to child, like musical talent or red hair. Considering that one sort of brain is always good for a five-figured salary, while another can never earn a living wage, the Binet-Simon scale gets down pretty close to the bottom of our whole economic and social problem.

A new Detective Burns story will appear in the August number of McClure's Magazine.

MISS MILHOLLAND RIDING IN THE SUFFRAGE PARADE IN NEW YORK CITY ON MAY 4, 1912

THE SPOKESMAN FOR SUFFRAGE IN AMERICA

THE most effective spokesman of the suffrage cause in America is Inez Milholland. Under twenty-five years of age, with a well-trained mind, a forceful and attractive personality, and a clear perception of the difficulties before her, Miss Milholland is succeeding in impressing upon numbers of substantial and influential people, who have treated this newest world-wide propaganda with indifference, the leading arguments of the cause she has so ardently espoused.

When she rises before an audience of four or

five hundred men, there is a shock of agreeable surprise. Young, of immediately attractive appearance, and self-possessed, she instantly centers attention. Her earnestness, her conciseness, and her power of clear and logical statement carry her along.

"The chief reason why women want to vote," she begins, "is this: that we are weary of the chaos, misery, and pain in the life about us, and are eager and willing and, we think, considerably able to help usher in a new order of life. We want the vote, not for the sake of the vote itself, but as a means to an end. That end is the care and preservation and upbuilding of the lives of men and women and children. I am very glad of this chance to explain to you why we believe that we women are specially able to contribute to this end. Women are the mothers of the race, and as such are admittedly more concerned than any one else with all that goes to protect life. They know how much it costs to produce life."

There is a total absence of the sledge-hammer method of argument. Instead, there is a sympathetic recognition of the fact that most of her audience are considering her proposals perhaps for the first time; an implied admission that heretofore men have dealt fairly with women and an assumption that they will continue to do so; no demands, no denunciations, no ranting — a quiet, even statement, the more effective because her gestures and phrases continue to convey a flattering sense of appreciation for the attention of her auditors.

The result is undeniably effective; and it is a result which only a person with a strong sense of the dramatic, a real knowledge of the technique of persuasion, and a compelling enthusiasm for a cause could possibly attain. She has held scores of audiences by the hour. Few public speakers in this country are achieving an equal success.

Of the English suffragettes Miss Milholland says: "They are the most splendid women in the world. America, through ignorance, has totally misjudged them. They have rioted only because they had to. It is a recognized method in England of bringing any question into the sphere of practical politics. They have stoned public buildings and starved in jail only because they had to. It is because they had the pluck to do these things that woman suffrage is to-day one of the great overshadowing political issues in England.

"As far back as 1848 there was a suffrage movement in England. Economic conditions were beginning then to become severe, and the suffrage movement, like every great movement, is the result of change in economic conditions. The increasing numbers of women in the industrial world (one fifth of all the women of the world are engaged in gainful occupations) is the direct cause of the growth of the movement of votes for women. Votes for women means protection for women who are compelled to enter the competitive struggle for existence or else starve. But it was not until seven or eight years ago that the leaders realized that they were not making headway. They went to the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

"'Kick up a row,' he said; those were his very words. It was the only possible means of making the cause a public issue, of forcing it upon the attention of the country and the Cabinet. One Premier after another had sent delegations of women away with the statement that votes for women was not a practical issue. But such an attitude was not possible when a million people, largely women, gathered in Hyde Park in a great demonstration, and when thousands upon thousands marched to the House of Parliament, many women with a stone wrapped in paper upon which their plea for a vote was written. A stone was the only messenger they had to put their case before the Premier.

"The entire aspect of the situation began to change. Woman suffrage was in every one's mind. There began to be pressure upon the government to quell the riots from merchants whose shop-windows had been broken; insurance companies who had had to indemnify the merchants backed up the demand; tax-payers complained of the crowding of the jails. Innumerable strong influences were thus set to working indirectly for the cause. Every single extension of suffrage in English history has been accompanied by violence and bloodshed; the suffragettes in England have been unique in that they have used no more violence than absolutely necessary, and in that the women themselves have been the only ones to give their lives for the cause — not those whom they have attacked.

"Then, with the rising strength of the movement, they began to encounter grossly unfair treatment. The newspapers of England practically boycotted all suffrage news. After a time women arrested in demonstrations were treated as third-class prisoners in the jails, whereas from time immemorial the English law has said that political prisoners are first-class prisoners. The difference in these classifications is tremendous. Prisoners of the first class may have books to read, better food to eat, and are exempt from hard labor. But upon prisoners of the third class all the worst hardships of prison life fall. The suffragettes had the stoicism to meet this ignominy by refusing to eat if

INEZ MILHOLLAND

imprisoned under the third class, and this plan of deliberate starvation has been partly successful. It is by such methods alone that they can win, and the American public has little appreciated the courage, the determination, the self-sacrifice, the real political wisdom of the English propaganda."

Miss Milholland is a graduate from Vassar. After leaving college, she determined to read law. The faculty of Harvard were willing to admit her, but the trustees of the university would not open the law courses to women. Columbia University, too, refused to admit a woman to the law classes. But New York University took a different position, and in June of this year she completed her course there. She intends to practise law in New York City.

"I am trying to discharge my own individual debt to society," declares Miss Milholland, "by improving the conditions of life for women and children. And that is all. The most effective and feasible method of accomplishment is to give women the ballot."

"'LET ME PASS—I WARN YOU!' FOR A MINUTE THEY FRONTED EACH OTHER, EYE TO EYE; THEN BARNABAS SHOOK HIS HEAD. AND IN THAT VERY INSTANT SHE RAISED HER WHIP AND STRUCK HIM ACROSS THE CHEEK".

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

What happened in preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, a country bred youth, son of the retired ex-champion pugilist of England, is left a fortune £700,000. He makes up his mind to go to London and become a gentleman and sets forth on his journey. His first adventure is to assist a young girl who has been thrown from her horse while riding in the wood; his second is to knock down Sir Mortimer Carnaby, a court gallant, who interferes between him and the lady; his third is to form a friendship with a young lord, Viscount Horatio Bellasis, who informs him that the lady whom he rescued in the wood is the Lady Cleone Meredith. Barnabas announces his intention of marrying her. It turns out that the Viscount has the same thing in mind. The two therefore agree to be friendly rivals. They are stopping together at a neighbouring inn when the Viscount's servant overhears Sir Mortimer Carnaby plotting with another gallant, named Chichester, to win Lady Cleone for himself. On the strength of this the Viscount determines to be off to London at once in pursuit of Carnaby; but Barnabas on a sudden intuition decides to remain where he is.

The Patient Reader may Learn Somewhat of the Gentleman in the Jaunty Hat.

"LORD! but this is a great day for the old Cow, sir," said the landlord, as Barnabas yet stood staring down the road. "We aren't had so many o' the quality here for years. Last night the young Vi-count; this morning, bright and early, Sir Mortimer Carnaby and friend; then the Vi-count again, along o' you, sir; an' now you an' Sir Mortimer's friend — you don't be noways acquainted wi' Sir Mortimer's friend, be you, sir?"

"No," answered Barnabas; "what is his name?"

"Well, Sir Mortimer hailed him as Chichester, sir, and, 'twixt you an' me, sir, he be one o' your fine gentlemen as I aren't nowise partial to; an' he's ordered dinner and supper."

"Has he?" said Barnabas. "Then I think I'll do the same."

"Aye, aye, sir — very good."

"In the meantime, could you let me have pen, ink, and paper?"

"Aye; sir — surely, in the sanded parlour; this way, sir."

Forthwith he led Barnabas into a long, low, paneled room, with a wide fireplace at the farther end, beside which stood a great, high-backed settle with a table before it. There Barnabas sat down, and wrote a letter to his father, as here follows:

My dear Father and Natty Bell:

I have read somewhere in my books that Adventures are to the Adventurous, and, indeed, I have already found this to be true. I have already thrashed a friend of the Prince Regent, and somewhat spoiled a very fine gentleman, and am like to be necessitated to spoil another before the day is much older: from each of whom I learn that a Prince's friend may be an arrant Knave.

Furthermore, I have become acquainted with the son of an Earl, and, finding him also a man, have formed a friendship with him, which I trust may endure. Within the next few hours I confidently expect other and perchance weightier happenings to overtake me. So much for myself.

Now, as for you and Natty Bell; it is with deep affection that I think of you — an affection that shall abide with me always. Also you are both in my thoughts continually. I remember our bouts with the muffles, and my wild gallops on unbroken horses with Natty Bell; surely he knows a horse better than any, and is a better rider than boxer, if that could well be. Indeed, I am fortunate in having studied under two such masters.

Furthermore, I pray you to consider, this absence of mine will only draw us closer together, in a sense. Indeed, now, when I think of you both, I am half minded to give up this project and come back to you. But my destiny commands me, and destiny must be obeyed. Therefore I shall persist unto the end; but, whether I succeed or no, remember, I pray of you, that I am always Your lover and friend,

BARNABAS.

P. S. Regarding the friend of the Prince Regent, I could wish now that I had struck a little harder, and shall do so next time, should the opportunity be given. B.

Having finished his letter, in which, it will be seen, he made no mention of the Lady Cleone, though his mind was yet full of her, Barnabas, sanded it, folded it, affixed the wafers, and had taken up his pen to write the superscription when he was arrested by a man's voice speaking in a lazy drawl just outside the open lattice behind him:

"Now, 'pon my soul and honour, Beatrix, so much offended virtue for a stolen kiss! Begad, you were prodigal of 'em once."

"How dare you? Oh, coward that you are!" exclaimed another voice, low and repressed, yet vibrant with bitter scorn. "You know that I found you out — in time, thank God!"

"Beatrix?" said Barnabas to himself.

"In time — ha! And pray who'd believe it? You ran away from me — but you ran away with me first! In time? Would your father believe it — that virtuous old miser? Would any one who saw us together believe it? No, Beatrix; I tell you, all the world knows you for my ——"

"Stop!"

A moment's silence, and then a soft, gently amused laugh.

"Lord! Beatrix, how handsome you are! Handsomer than ever, begad! I'm doubly fortunate to have found you again. Six years is a long time, but they've only matured you — refined you. Yes, you're handsomer than ever — upon my life and soul, you are!"

But here came the sudden rush of flying draperies, the sound of swift, light footsteps, and Barnabas was aware of the door behind him being opened, closed, and bolted, and thereafter the repressed sound of a woman's passionate weeping. Therefore he rose from the settle and, glancing over its high back, beheld — Clemency.

Almost in the same moment she saw him, and started back to the wall — glanced from Barnabas to the open lattice, and covered her face with her hands. And now, not knowing what to do, Barnabas crossed to the window, and, being there, looked out; and thus espied again the languid gentleman strolling up the lane, with his beaver hat cocked at the same jaunty angle, and swinging his betasseled stick as he went.

"You — you heard, then!" said Clemency, almost in a whisper.

"Yes," answered Barnabas, without turning; "but, being a great rascal, he probably — lied."

"No, it is — quite true; I did run away with him. But oh, indeed, indeed, I left him again before — before ——"

"Yes, yes," said Barnabas a little hurriedly, aware that her face was still hidden in her hands, though he kept his eyes studiously averted. Then all at once she was beside him; her hands were upon his arm, pleading, compelling; and thus she forced him to look at her, and, though her cheeks yet burned, her eyes met his, frank and unashamed.

"Sir," said she, "you do believe that I — that I found him out in time — that I — escaped his vileness. You must believe — you shall!" And her slender fingers tightened on his arm. "Oh, tell me — tell me you believe!"

"Yes," said Barnabas, looking down into the troubled depths of her eyes; "yes, I do believe."

The compelling hands dropped from his arm, and she stood before him, staring out blindly into the glory of the morning; and Barnabas could not but see how the tears glistened under her lashes; also he noticed how her brown, shapely hands gripped and wrung each other.

"Sir," said she suddenly, "you are a friend of — Viscount Devenden."

"I count myself so fortunate."

"And, therefore, a gentleman."

"Indeed, it is my earnest wish."

"Then you will promise me that, should you ever hear anything spoken to the dishonour of — Beatrix Darville, you will — deny it."

"Yes," said Barnabas, smiling a little grimly; "though I think I should do — more than that."

Now, when he said this, Clemency looked up at him suddenly, and in her eyes there was a glow no tears could quench; her lips quivered, but no words came, and then, all at once, she caught his hand, kissed it, and so was gone, swift and light and shy as any bird. And in a while, happening to spy his letter on the table, Barnabas sat down and wrote out the superscription with many careful flourishes; which done, observing his hat near by, he took it up, put it on, and went out into the sunshine. Yet, when he had gone but a very little way, he paused, and, seeing he still carried the letter in his hand, thrust it into his breast, and so remained staring thoughtfully toward the spot, green and shady with trees, where he and the Viscount had talked with the Apostle of Peace. And with his gaze upon the spot he uttered a name, and the name was:

"Beatrix."

CHAPTER XVI

In Which Barnabas Engages a Man Without a Character

BARNABAS walked on along the lane, head on breast, plunged in a profound reverie, and following a haphazard course, so much so that, chancing presently to look about him, he found that the lane had narrowed into a rough cart-track that wound away between high banks gay with wild flowers and crowned with hedges.

Now as he walked he noticed a dry ditch — a grassy and most inviting ditch; therefore Barnabas sat him down therein, leaning his back against the bank.

"Beatrix!" said he again, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he became aware of the

"'BEING A RASCAL,' SAID BARNABAS, 'HE PROBABLY LIED.' . . . 'NO, IT IS—QUITE TRUE,' SHE ANSWERED; 'I DID RUN AWAY WITH HIM'"

"priceless wollum." Taking it out, he began turning its pages idly enough, and eventually paused at one headed thus:

THE CULT OF DRESS

It is permitted [solemnly writes the Person of Quality] that white Waistcoats be worn — though sparingly, for caution is always advisable, and a buff Waistcoat, therefore, is recommended as safer. Coats, on the contrary ——

But he had not read a dozen words when he was aware of a rustling of leaves, near by, that was not of the wind, and then the panting of breath drawn in painful gasps; and therefore, having duly marked his place with a finger, he raised his head and glanced about him. As he did so, the hedge almost opposite was burst asunder, and a man came slipping down the bank, and, regaining his feet, stood staring at Barnabas and panting. A dusty, bedraggled wretch he looked, unshaven and unkempt, with quick, bright eyes that gleamed in the pale oval of his face.

"What do you want?" Barnabas demanded.

"Everything!" the man panted, with the ghost of a smile on his pallid lips; "but — the ditch would do."

"And why the ditch?"

"Because they're — after me."

"Who are?"

"Gamekeepers!"

"Then you're a poacher?"

"And a very clumsy one; they had me once — close on me now!"

"Then — hum! — get into the ditch," said Barnabas.

Now the ditch, as has been said, was deep and dry, and next moment the miserable fugitive was hidden from view by reason of this and of the grasses and wild flowers that grew luxuriantly there; seeing which, Barnabas went back to his reading.

Thus far the Person of Quality, when:

"Hallo theer!" roared a stentorian voice. "Hallo theer! Oho! hi! Waken oop, will 'e!"

Once more Barnabas marked the place with his finger, and, glancing up, straightway espied Stentor, somewhat red-faced, clad in a velveteen jacket, and with a long-barrelled gun on his shoulder.

"Might you be shouting at me?" enquired Barnabas.

"Well," replied Stentor, looking up and down the lane, "I don't see nobody else to shout at, so let's s'pose as I be shouting at ye. Bean't deaf, be ye?"

"No, thank God."

"'Cause, if so be as y'are deaf, a can shout a tidy bit louder nor that, a reckon."

"I can hear you very well as it is."

"Werry good, then, if you *are* sure as you can 'ear me, I'd like to ax 'e a question — though, mark me, I'll shout it, ah, an' willin'; if so be you're minded, say the word!" But, before Barnabas could reply, another man appeared, being also clad in velveteens and carrying a long-barrelled gun.

"Wot be doin', Jarge?" he enquired of Stentor, in a surly tone. "Wot be wastin' time for?"

"W'y, lookee, I be about to ax this 'ere deaf chap a question, though ready — ah, an' willin' — to shout it if so be 'e gives the word."

"Stow yer gab, Jarge," retorted Surly, more surly than ever. "You be a sight too fond o' usin' that theer voice o' your'n!" — saying which, he turned to Barnabas.

"Did ye see ever a desprit poachin' wagabone run down this 'ere lane, sir?" he enquired.

"No," answered Barnabas.

"Well, did ye see ever a thievin' wastrel run oop this 'ere lane?" demanded Stentor.

"No," answered Barnabas.

"But we seen 'im run this way," demurred Surly.

"Ah! — he must ha' run oop or down this 'ere lane," said Stentor.

"He did neither," said Barnabas.

"Why, then p'r'aps you be stone blind as well as stone deaf?" suggested Stentor.

"Neither one nor the other," answered Barnabas; "and now, since I have answered all your questions, suppose you go and look somewhere else?"

"Look, is it? Look wheer, d'ye mean?"

"I mean — go!"

"Go!" repeated Stentor, round of eye. "Then s'pose you tell us — wheer!"

"Anywhere you like; only — be off!"

"Now you can claw me!" exclaimed Stentor, with an injured air, nodding to his gun.

And he strode off, muttering, after his companion. Hereupon Barnabas once more opened his book; yet he was quite aware that the fugitive had thrust his head out of the ditch, and, having glanced swiftly about, was now regarding him from the corners of his eyes.

"Why do you stare at me?" he demanded.

"I was wondering why you took the trouble and risk of shielding such a thing as I am," answered the fugitive.

"Hum!" said Barnabas. "Upon my soul, I don't know."

"No," said the man, with the ghostly smile upon his lips again; "I thought not." Now, as he looked at the man, Barnabas saw that his cheeks beneath their stubble were hollow and pinched, as though by the cruel hands of want and suffering. And yet, in despite of all this,

and of the grizzled hair at his temples, the face was not old; moreover, there was a merry twinkle in the eye and a humorous curve to the wide-lipped mouth that appealed to Barnabas.

"And you are a poacher, you say?"

"Yes, sir; and that is bad, I confess, but, what is worse — I was, until I took to poaching, an honest man without a shred of character."

"How so?"

"I was discharged — under a cloud that was never dispelled."

"Hum!" said Barnabas. "And what were you by profession?"

"My calling, sir, was to work for, think for, and shoulder the blame for others — generally fools, sir. I was a confidential servant — a valet, sir. And I have worked, thought, and taken the blame for others so very successfully that I must needs take to poaching, that I may live."

"But — other men may require valets!"

"True, sir; and there are plenty of valets to be had — of a sort; but the most accomplished one in the world, if without a character, had better go and hang himself out of the way, and have done with it. And, indeed, I have seriously contemplated so doing."

"You rate yourself very highly."

"And I go in rags! Though a professed thief may do well in the world, though the blackest rascal, the slyest rogue, may thrive and prosper, the greatest of valets, being without a character, may go in rags and starve — and very probably will."

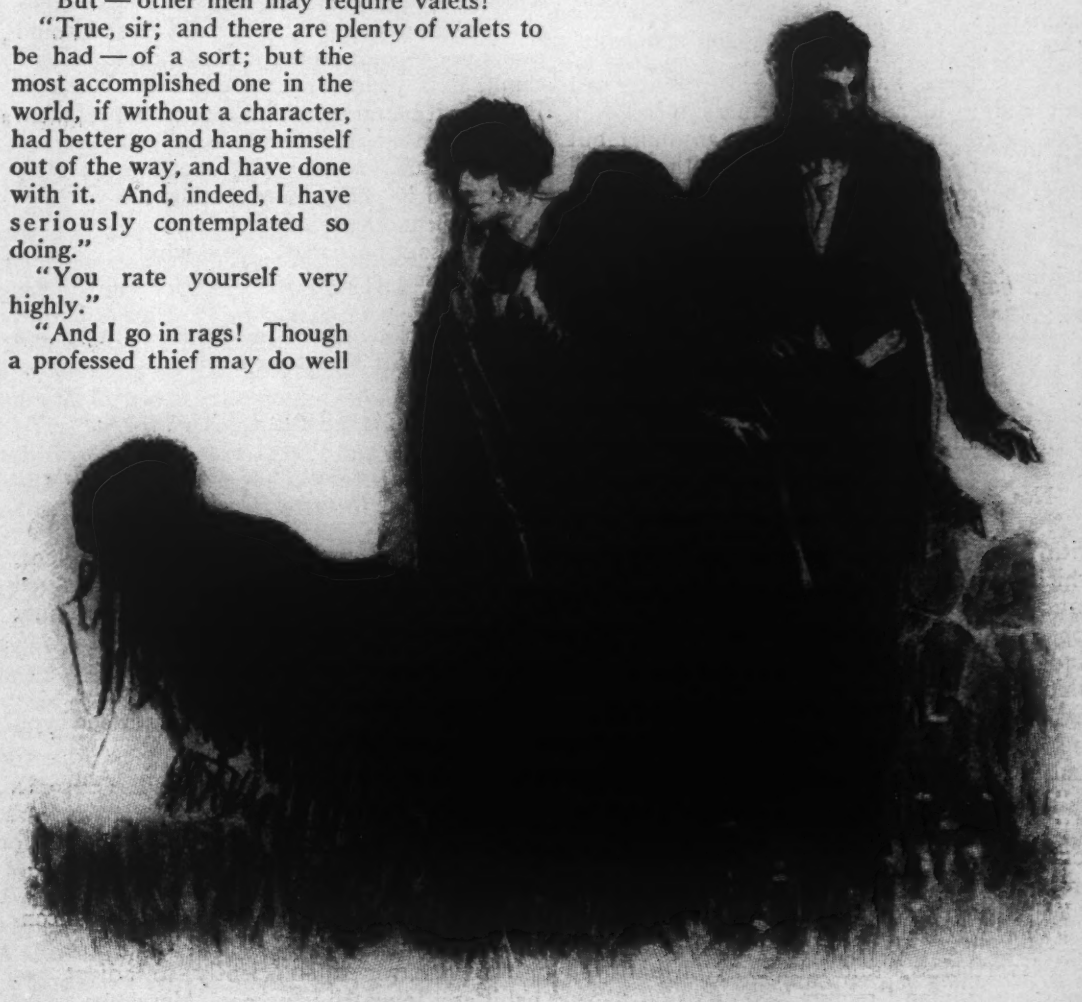
"Hum!" said Barnabas.

"Now, to starve, sir, is unpleasant; thus I, having a foolish though very natural dread of it, poach rabbits that I may exist. I possess, also, an inborn horror of rags and dirt; therefore I — exchanged this coat and breeches at a farmhouse, the folk being all away in the fields, and, though they are awkward, badly made garments, still, beggars — and ——"

"Thieves!" added Barnabas.

"And thieves, sir, can not always be choosers, can they?"

"Then you admit you are a thief?"



"AS HE STOOD THERE WITHIN A YARD OF HER, UPON THE QUIET BROKE A SMALL, SHARP SOUND. EVEN AS BARNABAS TURNED TO FRONT THIS MENACE, THE MOON WENT OUT."

Here the fugitive glanced at Barnabas with a wry smile.

"Sir, I fear I must. Exchange is no robbery, they say; but my rags were so very ragged, and these garments are at least wearable."

"You have, then, been a — great valet?"

"And have served many gentlemen in my time."

"Then you probably know London and the Fashionable World?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, with a sigh.

"Now," pursued Barnabas, "I am given to understand, on the authority of a Person of Quality, that to dress properly is an art."

The Fugitive nodded.

"Yes, indeed, sir — though your Person of Quality should rather have called it the greatest of all the arts."

"Why so?"

"Because by dress it is possible to make something out of nothing!"

"Explain yourself."

"Why, there was the case of young Lord Ambleside — a nobleman remarkable for a vague stare and seldom saying anything but 'What!' or 'Dey-vil take me!' — though I'll admit he could curse almost coherently — at times. I found him nothing but a lord — and very crude material at that; yet in less than six months he was made."

"Made?"

"Made, sir," nodded the fugitive. "I began him with a cravat — an entirely original creation, which drew the approval of Brummell himself, and consequently took London by storm — and continued him with a waistcoat."

"Not a — white one?" Barnabas enquired.

"No, sir; it was a delicate pink embroidered with gold, and of entirely new cut and design, which was the means of introducing him to the notice of royalty itself; the Prince had one copied from it and wore it at a state reception. And I finished him with a pair of pantaloons which swept the World of Fashion clean off its legs and brought him into lasting favour with the Regent. So my lord was made. And eventually I married him to an heiress."

"You married him?"

"That is to say, I dictated all his letters and composed all his verses — which speedily brought the affair to a happy culmination."

"You seem to be a man of varied gifts."

"And one — without a character!"

"Nevertheless," said Barnabas, "I think you are the very man I require."

"Sir?" exclaimed the fugitive, staring. "Sir?"

"And therefore," continued Barnabas, "you may consider yourself engaged."

"Engaged, sir — engaged!" stammered the man.

"As my valet," nodded Barnabas.

"But, sir, I told you I was — a thief!"

"Yes," said Barnabas; "and therefore I have great hopes of your future honesty."

Now hereupon the man, still staring, rose to his knees, and with a swift, appealing gesture stretched out his hands toward Barnabas, and his hands were trembling all at once.

"Sir!" said he. "Oh, sir, d'ye mean it? You don't — you can't — know what such an offer means to me. Sir, you're not jesting with me?"

"No," answered Barnabas, calmly serious of eye; "no, I'm not jesting; and, to prove it, here is an advance of wages." And he dropped two guineas into the man's open palm. The man stared down at the coins in his hand, then rose abruptly to his feet and turned away, and when he spoke again his voice was hoarse.

"Sir," said he jerkily, "for such trust I would thank you — only words are too poor! If, as I think, it is your desire to enter the World of Fashion, it becomes my duty, as an honest man, to tell you that all your efforts, all your money, would be unavailing, even though you were introduced by Barrymore, or Hanger, or Norfolk, or Brummell himself."

"Ah," said Barnabas; "and why?"

"Because you have made a fatal beginning."

"How?"

"By knocking down the Prince's friend and favourite — Sir Mortimer Carnaby."

CHAPTER XVII

In Which Barnabas Parts Company with the Person of Quality

For a long moment the two remained silent, each staring at the other, Barnabas still seated in the ditch and the man standing before him, with the coins clutched in his hand.

"Ah!" said Barnabas at last. "Then you were in the wood?"

"I lay hidden behind a bush and watched you do it, sir."

"And what were you doing in Annesley Wood?"

"I bore a message, sir — for the lady."

"Ah!" said Barnabas. "The lady — yes."

"Who lay watching you also."

"No," said Barnabas; "the lady was unconscious."

"Yet recovered sufficiently to adjust her habit and to watch you knock him down."

"Hum," said Barnabas, and was silent a while. "Have you heard such a name as Chichester?" he enquired suddenly.

"No, sir."

"And did you deliver the letter?"

"I did, sir."

"And she — sent back an answer?"

"Yes, sir."

"The gentleman who sent the letter was tall and slender, I think, with dark hair, and a scar on his cheek?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when you came back with her answer, he met you down the lane yonder, and I heard you say that the lady had no time to write."

"Yes, sir; but she promised to meet him at a place called Oakshott's Barn."

"Ah!" said Barnabas. "I think I know it."

"At sunset, sir."

"How came you to be carrying his letter?"

"He offered me five shillings to go and bring her answer."

"Did you know the lady?"

"No, sir, but he described her."

"He seemed to know her well, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir."

"And she — promised to meet him — in a very — lonely place?"

"At Oakshott's Barn, sir."

Once again Barnabas stared down at his book, and was silent so long that his new servant wondered, grew fidgetty, coughed, and at last spoke. "Sir," said he, "what are your orders?"

Barnabas started and looked up.

"Orders?" he repeated. "Why, first of all, get something to eat, then find out a barber, and wait for me at the Spotted Cow."

"Yes, sir." The man bowed, turned away, took three or four steps, and came back again.

"Sir," said he. "I have two guineas of yours, and you have never even asked my name."

"True," said Barnabas.

"Supposing I go and never come back?"

"Then I shall be two guineas the poorer, and you will have proved yourself a thief; but, until you do, you are an honest man, so far as I am concerned."

"Sir," said the fugitive hoarsely, but with a new light on his face, "for that, if I were not your servant, I — should like to — clasp your hand; and, sir, my name is John Peterby."

"Why, then," said Barnabas, smiling all at once, "why, then, John Peterby, here it is!"

So for a moment their hands met, and then John Peterby turned sharp about, and strode away down the lane, his step grown light and his head held high.

But, as for Barnabas, he sat there in the ditch, staring at nothing; and as he stared his brow grew black, and ever blacker, until, chancing at last to espy the "priceless wollum" where it lay beside him, he took it up, balanced it in his hand, then hurled it over the opposite hedge; which done, he laughed sudden and harsh, and clenched his fists.

"God!" he exclaimed. "A goddess and a satyr!" And so sat staring on at nothingness again.

CHAPTER XVIII

Barnaby Returns a Coat-Button

THE sun was getting low as Barnabas parted the brambles and, looking about him, frowned. He stood in a grassy glade or clearing — a green oasis hemmed in on every side with bushes. Before him was Oakshott's Barn, an ancient structure, its rotting thatch disheveled, its doors gone long since, its aged walls cracked and scarred by years — a very monument of desolation; upon its threshold weeds had sprung up, and within its hoary shadow breathed an air damp, heavy, and acrid with decay. It was, indeed, a place of solitude, full of the "hush" of leaves, shut out from the world, close hidden from observation, a place apt for the meetings of lovers. And therefore, leaning in the shadow of the yawning doorway, Barnabas frowned. Evening was falling, and from shadowy wood, from dewy grass and flower, stole wafts of perfume, while from some thicket near by a blackbird filled the air with the rich notes of his languorous song; but Barnabas frowned only the blacker, and his hand clenched itself on the stick he carried — a heavy stick that he had cut fom the hedge as he came.

All at once the blackbird's song was hushed, and gave place to a rustle of leaves that grew nearer and nearer. Yet Barnabas never moved, not even when the bushes were pushed aside and a man stepped into the clearing — a tall, elegant figure, who, having paused to glance sharply about him, strolled on again towards the barn, swinging his tasseled walking-cane, and humming softly to himself as he came. He was within a yard of Barnabas when he saw him, and stopped dead.

"Ah!" he exclaimed softly; and thereafter the two eyed each other in an ominous silence.

"And who the devil are you?" he enquired at length, his eyes still intent.

"Sir," said Barnabas, yet leaning in the doorway, "your name, I think, is Chichester?"

"Well?"

"Permit me to return your coat-button!" And Barnabas held out the article in question; but Mr. Chichester never so much as glanced at it.

"What do you want — here?" he demanded, soft of voice.

"To tell you that this dismal place is called Oakshott's Barn, sir."

"Well?"

"To warn you that Oakshott's Barn is an unhealthy place — for your sort, sir."

"Ha!" said Mr. Chichester, his heavy-lidded eyes unwinking. "Do you threaten?"

"Let us rather say — I warn!"

"So you do threaten?"

"I warn," repeated Barnabas.

"To the devil with you and your warning!"

All this time neither of them had moved or raised his voice; only Mr. Chichester's thin, curving nostrils began to twitch all at once, while his eyes gleamed between their narrowed lids. But now Barnabas stepped clear of the doorway, the heavy stick swinging in his hand.

"Then, sir," said he, "let me advise — yes, let me advise you to hurry from this solitude."

Mr. Chichester laughed. "Ah, so that's it!"

"Yes," nodded Barnabas, shifting his gaze to Mr. Chichester's right hand — a white, beringed hand, whose long, slender fingers toyed with the seals that dangled at his fob; "so pray take up your button and go!"

Mr. Chichester glanced at the heavy stick, at the powerful hand, the broad shoulders, and resolute face of him who held it, and — laughed again, and laughing bowed.

"Your solicitude for my health — touches me, sir — touches me. My thanks are due to you, for my health is paramount. This place, as you say, is dismal; I wish you good evening!" Saying which, Mr. Chichester turned away. But in that same instant, swift and lithe as a panther, Barnabas leapt and, dropping his stick, caught that slender, jeweled hand, twisted it, and wrenched the weapon from its grasp. Mr. Chichester stood motionless, white-lipped and silent, but a devil looked out of his eyes.

"Ah!" said Barnabas, glancing down at the pistol he held. "I judged you would not venture into these wilds without something of the sort. The path, you will notice, lies to your left. It is a winding path; I will go with you, therefore, to see that you do not lose your way and wander — back here again."

Without a word, Mr. Chichester turned, and, coming to the path, followed it, walking neither fast nor slow, never once looking to where Barnabas strode behind. On they went — until the path ended in a five-barred gate. Now, having opened the gate, Mr. Chichester passed through into the highroad, and then for one moment he looked at Barnabas — a long, burning look that took in face, form, and feature; and so, still without uttering a word, he went upon his way, while Barnabas, leaning upon the gate, watched him until his figure had merged into the dusk and was gone.

Then Barnabas sighed, and, becoming aware of the pistol in his hand, smiled contemptuously, and was greatly minded to throw it away, but, changing his mind, slipped it into his pocket instead — for he remembered the devil in the eyes of Mr. Chichester.

CHAPTER XIX

It was dark among the trees, but away to the left, though as yet low down, the moon was rising, filling the woods with mystery — a radiant glow wherein objects seemed to start forth with a new significance: here the rugged bole of a tree, gnarled, misshapen, there a wide-flung branch, strangely contorted, and there again a tangle of twigs and strange, leafy shapes that moved not. And over all was a deep quietude.

Yes, it was dark among the trees, yet not so black as the frown that clouded the face of Barnabas as he strode on through the wood, and so betimes reached the ancient barn of Oakshott. And lo! even as he came there, it was night; and, because the trees grew tall and close together, the shadows lay thicker than ever, save only in one place, where the moon, finding some rift among the leaves, sent down a shaft of silvery light that made a small pool of radiance amid the gloom. Now, as Barnabas gazed at this, he stopped all at once, for, just within this patch of light, he saw a foot. It was a small foot, proudly arched, a shapely foot and slender, like the ankle above; indeed, a haughty and most impatient foot, that beat the ground with angry little taps; and yet, in all and every sense surely and beyond a doubt the most alluring foot in all the world. Therefore Barnabas sighed and came a step nearer, and in that moment it vanished; therefore Barnabas stood still again, and there followed a moment's silence; then:

"Dear," said a low, thrilling voice, "have you come — at last? Ah, but you are late; I began to fear—" The soft voice faltered and broke off with a little gasp, and, as Barnabas stepped out of the shadows, she shrank away, back and back to the mossy wall of the barn, and leaned there, staring up at him with eyes wide and fearful. Her hood, close drawn, served but to enhance the proud beauty of her face, pale under the moon, and her cloak, caught close in one white hand, fell about her ripe loveliness in subtly revealing folds. Now in her other hand she carried a silver-mounted riding-whip. And because of the wonder of her beauty Barnabas sighed again, and because of the place wherein she stood he frowned; yet, when he spoke, his voice was gentle:

"Don't be afraid, Madam — he is gone."

"Gone!" she echoed faintly.

"Yes; we are quite alone; consequently you have no more reason to be afraid."

"Afraid, sir? I thought — why, 'twas you who startled me."

"Aye," nodded Barnabas. "You expected — him!"

"Where is he? When did he go?"

"Some half hour since."

"Yet he expected me — he knew I should come; why did he go?"

Now hereupon Barnabas lifted a hand to his throat and loosened his neck-cloth.

"Why, then," said he slowly, "you have — perhaps — met him hereabouts — before to-night?"

"Sir," she retorted, "you haven't answered me. Why did he go — so soon?"

"He was — forced to, Madam."

"Forced to go — without seeing me — without one word! Oh, impossible!"

"I walked with him to the cross-roads, and saw him out of sight."

"But I — I came as soon as I could. Ah, surely he gave you some message — some word for me?"

"None, Madam!" said Barnabas evenly; but his hand had clenched itself suddenly on the stick he again held.

"But I — don't understand!"— with a helpless gesture of her white hands. "To hurry away like this — without a word! Oh, why — why did he go?"

"Madam," said Barnabas, "it was because I asked him to."

"You — asked him to?"

"I did."

"But why — why?"

"Because, from what little I know of him, I judged it best."

"Sir," she said softly, "sir — what do you mean?"

"I mean that this is such a very lonely place for any woman and — such as he!"

Now, even as Barnabas uttered the words, she advanced upon him with upflung head and eyes aflame with sudden passionate scorn.

"Insolent!" she exclaimed. "So it was you. You actually dared to interfere?"

"Madam," said Barnabas, "I did."

Very straight and proud she stood, and motionless save for the pant and tumult of her bosom; fierce-eyed and contemptuous of lip.

"And remained to insult me — with impunity."

"To take you home again," said Barnabas; "therefore pray let us be gone."

"Us? Sir, you grow presumptuous."

"As you will," said Barnabas; "only let us go."

"With you?" she exclaimed.

"With me."

"No; not a step, sir! When I choose to go, I go alone."

"But to-night," said Barnabas, gentle of voice, but resolute of eye, "to-night — I go with you."

"You!" she cried. "A man I have seen but once — a man who may be anything — a — a thief — a ploughman — a runaway groom, for aught I know!"

Now, watching him beneath disdainful, drooping lashes, she saw Barnabas flinch at this, and the curve of her scornful lips grew more bitter.

"And now I'm going — alone! Stand aside and let me pass!"

"No, Madam."

"Let me pass — I warn you!"

For a minute they fronted each other eye to eye, very silent and still, like two antagonists that measure each other's strength; then — Barnabas smiled and shook his head. And in that very instant, quick and passionate, she raised her whip and struck him across the cheek. Then, as she stood panting, half fearful of what she had done, Barnabas reached out and took the whip, and snapped it between his hands.

"And now," said he, tossing aside the broken pieces, "pray let us go."

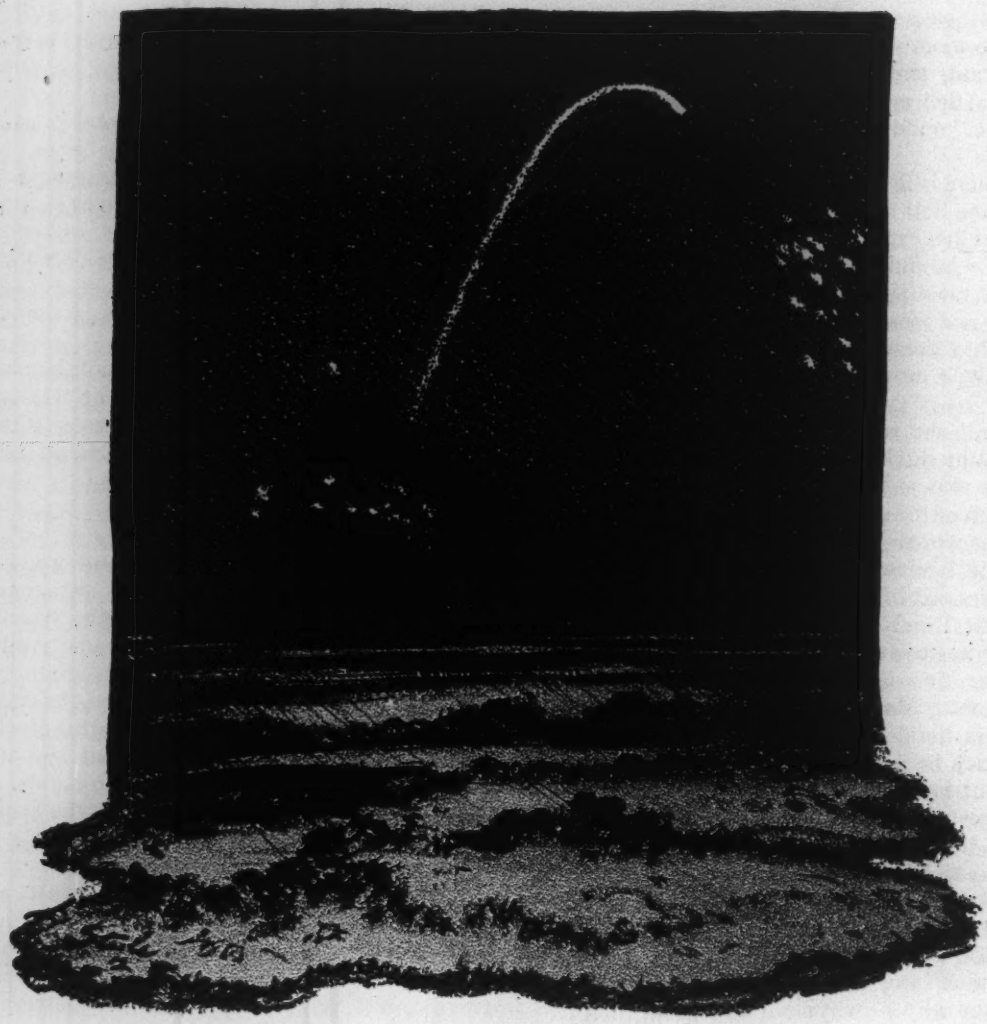
"No!"

"Why, then," sighed Barnabas, "I must carry you again."

Once more she shrank away from him, back and back to the crumbling wall, and leaned there. But now, because of his passionless strength, she fell a-trembling, and because of his calmly resolute eyes and grimly smiling mouth fear came upon her; and therefore, because she could not fly from him, because she knew herself helpless against him, she suddenly covered her face from his eyes, and a great sob burst from her.

Barnabas stooped and, looking at her bowed head and shrinking figure, knew not what to do. And as he stood there within a yard of her, debating within himself, upon the quiet broke a sudden sound — a small, sharp sound, yet full of infinite significance — the snapping of a dry twig among the shadows — a sound that made the ensuing silence but the more profound — a breathless quietude which, as moment after moment dragged by, grew full of deadly omen. And now, even as Barnabas turned to front these menacing shadows, the moon went out.

TO BE CONTINUED



HIS BIG STORY

BY

EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

ADSIT, the veteran manager of the *Banner*, came into Stanwix's office with the matrix of a half-page advertisement in his hand.

"I've broken an office rule and taken a big ad with a promise to trade it out," said he.

City Desk did not urge him on.

"It's one of them liquor-cure ads," he continued. "They've rigged up an institute in Harlem, and they'll take the worst soak we have on our staff and straighten him out just to show us what they can do. It's a good idea. You get the right man and send him up."

Stanwix looked at Adsit and said:

"I'll see if I can find a man."

"It'll be a joke on the papers and the reporters of the town."

But Stanwix did not look again at Adsit, and only repeated:

"I'll see if I can find a man."

He kept his eyes on his desk work, and Adsit "guessed" it was getting "some warmer," murmured something about a waiting engagement, and hurried downstairs. When Stanwix heard the door slam behind him, he rang for Mulligan, the head office-boy.

"Get Mr. Leavy for me," he ordered of him.

Mulligan's face fell. He was plainly puzzled.

"You fired him only half an hour ago," he said. "He's gone."

But City Desk did not care to discuss office ethics or discipline with Mulligan, and he repeated:

"You'll have to find him; I want him brought here."

Mulligan, pulling on his coat, showed his disgust at the errand. Mulligan was a reader of character, and he had read nothing good in Leavy. Now it was his duty to find him after his tenth discharge from the *Banner's* staff.

Mulligan's instinct led him straight to the nearest saloon, where Leavy was tightening the debauch that had already cost him his place upon the *Banner*. Protesting and bewildered, he was hauled back to Stanwix, and the upshot of the whole business was that Leavy's reincarnation was the *Banner's* recompense for the flaming ad that adorned the rear of the third section the following Sunday.

The institute kept its promise, and in four weeks Leavy was back at his old desk in the city room, fit for work again, the craving for liquor gone from his soul. He could hardly believe that true of himself. Drink? Why, it had been the curse of his life ever since he could remember. Drink had stretched out its arm and kept him from being a great reporter. When he was sober, and sometimes in the early days when he was a little drunk, he was a good reporter. He was a news-getter by instinct, a writer by gift, and in his head had been laid the foundations of brilliancy. Then, just as he had begun to build firmly upon these foundations, the old craving would come upon him, and he would go down, down, down into the gutter again.

Now he was back and hard at it; but his mind had been exhausted by each onslaught, and he realized that never again could he key himself to the brilliant tensions of the old days — of the times when he was "police" and could beat the inspector at Mulberry Street almost every time; of the stormy nights when the old fire chief had the department in hard with his irascible temper, and Leavy, of the *Banner*, could get him every time in the middle of a "four-alarm," cursing at smoke-eaters and buffs alike — could make him tell, just in time to catch an edition, his opinion of the blaze, what caused it and the like.

Those were certainly golden days. Now, after Stanwix and the institute had placed him squarely upon his feet, he was safe, but he felt himself to be only a mental shadow of his former self. He drifted into routine and simple work, and tried to forget a past that had its achievements as well as its downfalls. His craving for liquor was completely gone. Once, when he was passing a saloon, he thought that he would step inside for a single drink, just to know again how it tasted. But an unseen hand reached down and held him back as he stepped upon the threshold of the place, and he staggered back and on to a park bench across the way, and cried like a little child — cried because he could not be a man, be tempted and resist like a real man. When it was quite over, he slowly retraced his steps to the *Banner* office, and buried his head in his hands, thanking God for having stopped him on that threshold.

Stanwix saw him, yet saw him not; for Stanwix had a bit of flimsy tissue in his hand that was causing him more worry than Leavy ever had. It had chanced to be one of those nights when one good story crowds upon the heels of another, and City Desk had depleted his reserves at an alarming rate. On top of it all came the message from Hog Island Light that was the culmination of Stanwix's woe. His eye caught sight of Mulligan, and his finger beckoned the boy.

"I want one of the old men," said Stanwix sharply. "I have a chase out into the night for him."

Mulligan saw that there was a tip of a big story in the office, and his eye caught sight of Leavy — poor old Leavy, who had handled the big stories in the past, only to get the poor stuff in the present.

"Mr. Leavy's there," returned Mulligan.

"No one else?"

"I guess Mr. Leavy can cover the story," said Mulligan.

So it was that Mulligan nominated Leavy, and Leavy was hurried in to Stanwix's desk.

"I've a big story here, Mr. Leavy," said the City Desk, "and I want it covered in a big way. Hog Island Light reports that a steamer has come ashore four miles to the east, and as far as they can see she is in a bad way. It's a wicked night down there and they can't give details."

"I'll get down there after them."

"Easier said than done; but it's up to you.

You've got twenty minutes to catch a train for Heathmere from Flatbush Avenue."

The reporter got a lift into his coat from Mulligan, and hurried down the stairs into the December night to catch his train down the island. All the way to Heathmere he tried to plan his story. But it did not seem to plan, and he realized that his old talent for phrasing, his skill and happiness in the sharp use of words, was entirely gone from him. He tried to lay out his opening paragraph, his first sentence even; but that failed him.

"If you had a drink within you, you might turn the trick," flashed a suggestion from his inner to his outer soul. The more resolutely he tried to put the suggestion out of his mind, the more insistent it became. It was with him when the train stopped, and he did not forget it as he entered the little depot and got an additional wire from Stanwix telling him to hurry the details of the ship that was lying helpless in the storm on Hog Island reef.

"You'd better arrange to stay here for me to-night," Leavy remarked casually to the operator, who was beginning to shut up shop. "There's a big fellow gone ashore across the bay, and I'll want to send to my office when I get back from there. They can't get much at New York."

The operator came out of his office and laughed at him.

"You get details!" he said. "Who do you suppose you could get to take you across the bay on a night like this?"

"Got to get some one," said Leavy doggedly.

But Stanwix had given Leavy a thick roll of bills from an emergency fund in the corner of his desk, and money talked that night at Heathmere station. The operator finally said that he knew only one man who might be counted upon to make the trip in a winter's gale.

"Crazy Joe Richards — that's your man. If he doesn't see liquor he won't be near so crazy as he might be." The operator did not notice the sign of pain that crossed the reporter's face, and he continued: "He's got a staunch little eight horse-power,— one of them automobile engines stuck in a launch,— and I guess that it's worth my while to stay here for you, if I have to stay all night."

The two put their heads together, routed out Cap'n Joe, whose *Little Rufus* was the best motor-boat within ten miles, and, while Joe put his wonderful engine in readiness, Leavy made a run to the depot for a last word from Stanwix.

All these details were taking time — and time is the biggest thing of an evening to a city paper like the *Banner*. It was after nine o'clock already, and they were not even started upon the hard part of their assignment. He ran back to the *Little Rufus*, which Cap'n Joe now had ready, and only halted just before he reached the stringpiece of the wharf.

There was a tiny saloon at the pier, and its lights burned brightly through the wet, which was beginning to change to heavy snow. Leavy felt that he must have the whisky now, and it took a good deal of the real man within him to withstand that temptation. He might even have prayed a bit; he certainly did not risk trying to cross that threshold to see if a hand should again reach down from the unseen to stop him.

"Cut loose, Joe," he ordered, "and you hammer that old engine as you never hammered it before. There's enough in it for you to buy you another *Little Rufus*. What's the chart to the outer reef, and how many miles?"

"Four an' a fraction. Clean sailin' just as soon as we're past the clam-boat down at the end of the inlet thar."

Cap'n Joe was silent then, for he was pushing the tiny launch free from the friendly embrace of the ice-coated piles of the dock, and was occupied, too, in sparking his engine. As soon as they were well under way, and the *put-put* came in quick rhythm, he spoke to the reporter.

"Are we carryin' a licker cargo?" he asked. "Whisky's a mighty good thing on a night like this, an' there ain't a man 'long here that would have been enough of a fool to hev started out in this nasty bay 'thout gasolene in his tank and s'mother licker in a flask."

But Leavy shook his head.

"We're not lickering to-night, Joe," he said. "Neither you nor I have any business monkeying with the fire-water when we're in for serious business."

Cap'n Joe reached for his steering-wheel to put his craft about.

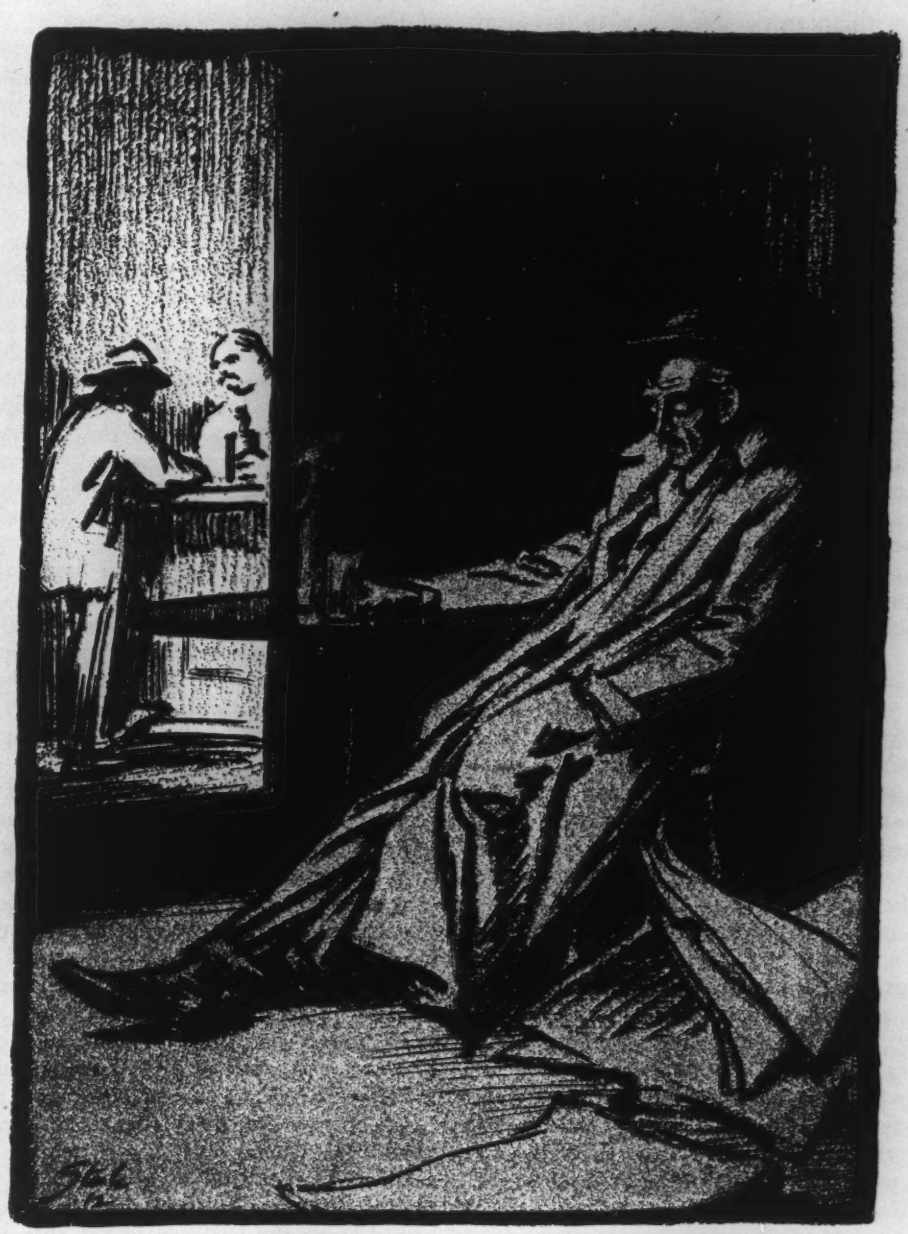
"I wuz a fool to leave my cabin 't all to-night," he muttered.

Leavy was quick as a cat, and he shot across the cockpit and caught the Cap'n's hand away from the tiny wheel.

"None of that monkey business," he said. "You're only engineer on the *Little Rufus* to-night, and I'm the commander. You'll take orders, Joe, and you'll take them quick. You stay back of your cylinders."

And the owner of the *Little Rufus*, after a look at his passenger, slunk back into the stern of the launch and busied himself with his engine, silent save for an occasional steering direction which he shot to the man at the wheel. Leavy kept a careful lookout, but he felt that such a thing was all but farcical. For

out here, hardly half a mile from shore, the snow was rain again, and formed a thick gray veil that made them in a world of their own, a little sea world, darting forward like a blind man running in the dark. Leavy had a land-lubber's knowledge of navigation, and once in a while, when the wind blew less sharply in its nasty gusty fashion, he would unfold a chart of the bay and try to figure out their course. Still, he felt that he was the child and the half-witted seafaring man the father in this expedition. Cap'n Joe must have known each point and nook and cranny of the bay, even stealing about it in the night as they were; for not once did he falter in his directions.



"DRINK? WHY, IT HAD BEEN THE CURSE OF HIS LIFE EVER SINCE HE COULD REMEMBER. DRINK HAD STRETCHED OUT ITS ARM AND KEPT HIM FROM BEING A GREAT REPORTER"

"P'int her port. Thar's a wreck of a sailin'-schooner right under our keel now, an' if we was six foot to the west we might poke one o' her old spars into us."

Then Leavy would trim the course of the

Little Rufus neatly, and, even if he had doubts as to the absolute accuracy of Cap'n Joe's bearings, he felt satisfied that the old man knew his business quite as well as the reporter knew his own. But *did* he know his own? Even out here on the Great South Bay, already battling with an arm of the sea, with the damp salt air filling his lungs and choking him, with the gray fog splashing into his very face, the *Little Rufus* being tossed on the waves like chips in a sawmill, he could not even begin to form his story — the story that was to mean so much to Stanwix, so much to the *Banner*, so very, very much to Leavy. Perhaps he *was* foolish not to have stopped in at the little grog-shop on the wharf. What would a single drink have mattered, with a big story in prospect? He began to wonder if a great story in the *Banner*, the kind of thing that Stanwix would shove to the front page and that would be talked about in Park Row for a week—if the glory of such achievement would not be worth the price of his soul, a tiny flame that had almost been extinguished long ere this, and which now burned only as a candle-like fragment of its former brilliancy.

Such a story might be worth the price — a man's mind spilled out in the hidden tragedy of its tumbling words and sentences and paragraphs.

They could not see the black hulk of the *Tunic* from the sandy beach of the outer reef—she was close inshore; but they could catch some of the noises that came from her decks,—men cursing, freight already going overboard in last efforts to set her free again,—and these sounds made a low note that sounded above the roar of the sea.

"She must have been sliding along near full speed," was the bayman's calculation. "Pretty risky business, that, with the fog a-layin' low here till a couple o' hours ago."

"They take risks on some of these bigger lines," said Leavy; "they've got to ——"

But what else he meant to say Cap'n Joe never knew, for at that moment he went sprawling on the clean, hard beach. The bayman hurried to him with his lantern, as Leavy pulled himself to his feet and said:

"Stubbed my toe on a piece of driftwood."

The lantern swung back and close to the sand with a suspicious alertness. The reporter's eyes followed its feeble light. Then he saw that he had stumbled over a small box. Joe was already on his knees, trying to open the box.

"It's salvage," said he. "'Twill be a good night's work for me.'

"You'll have another night's work," the *Banner* man reminded him, "getting me back to Heathmere. We'll get the worst of our run then."

Cap'n Joe swore inwardly for ever having made such a bargain. He set his lantern down on the beach, and began to pry at the hidden treasure. Leavy hurried on to where he saw a bright fire blazing on the beach. The life-savers had started the fire after their two hours or so of work had brought most of the passengers off the ship. These folk, soaked to the skin, tried desperately to warm themselves by the fire, and, while the men chattered in a jargon, the children and some of the women cried pitifully — a language that needs no translator. Some of the other women sat stolidly looking into the fire; they had not fully appreciated what it all meant, this shipwreck at the gateway of a strange land. There were some returning Americans in the ship's company, and it was from these that Leavy slowly gathered his story — an immensely human story.

There was something about the big ship lying just there, behind the blanket of rain, that struck the reporter as intensely pathetic. He remembered when the *Tunic* had made her maiden trip. It was in his cub days on the *Banner*, and he had gone down with the other men from *Ship's News* to welcome the newest product of the wonderful builders of the Clyde. He had been much impressed with her at that time. He had marveled at the completeness of the ship — her bridge and navigating-room forward and aloft, spick and span; still more so at the shining engines buried deep in her heart, an intricate mass of levers and rods and wheels to a landsman, who could only dimly realize that they were capable of working incessantly, day and night, for a week at a time, and pushing an inert ten or twelve thousand tons of metal through the angry seas at express speed.

The *Tunic* was no longer an inspiring sight, unless inspiringly forlorn and pathetic. She was foundered on the North Atlantic. In a little while they would come and take her rusty engines from her silent heart, and they would be worth only their weight in junk metal. They would strip her of all her fine fittings, like ghouls plundering the dead. They would leave the skeleton of the ship to pound itself to pieces on the beach.

What a chance for a story! If only he could set the feeble engines of his brain vibrating once more!

There was a way, and he knew the way.

If he only had a drink,— two drinks at the most,— how they would loosen his thoughts, be the motive power that should compose what he

vowed would be not only the biggest story that he had ever written, but the biggest story that ticking wires had carried into the *Banner* office in many and many a month. It would be an easy enough matter to beg a drink on a raw night like this, with the wind and wet chilling a man, body and soul alike.

He drew closer to the shivering group around the fire, when a tall, familiar figure loomed out of the indistinct, rain-shielded mass: Nichols — Nichols of the *Report*, the worst news thief in town. Up to that moment Leavy had indulged himself in the idea that he was the only one of the crowd that had managed to get out to the storm-swept reef. It had not occurred to him that there were other power-boat men at Heathmere who might be as foolhardy as Cap'n Joe under sight of a city desk's roll of yellow bills.

"Hello, Leavy," was Nichols' greeting. "I didn't think there was another man fool enough to come out here to-night."

Leavy said little except a formal greeting.

"It's a good story," continued Nichols, "but it lacks bigness. They poke a ship ashore every little while with a big death list, and here's everybody safe."

Somehow the story had not lost value to Leavy because of that, but he kept his mouth shut.

"If we were fools to come out here to-night," Nichols said craftily, "we'd be worse fools to cross the Great South again in this wind and fog and rain."

"I got out here; I guess I can get back."

Nichols came close to Leavy and laid his hand on the other's wrist.

"That isn't really it," he whispered. "There's more than space for both of us if we stick it out here till dawn. It will be after that before they get wind of this over at Heathmere and all the bay thieves come trooping across. There's salvage enough here to be worth a year's salary to both of us. You can tell your office that you couldn't get back in the storm, and it won't matter. It isn't a big story, and we control the situation, so there's no danger of any other fellow getting it."

Leavy loosened his hand from Nichols' grasp. His big story — Stanwix beaten — he down here on his honor — his big story — the human story of the big ship foundered!

"I wouldn't think of such an idea," he said quickly.

And when Nichols began to argue, Leavy turned from him.

"I'm going to do my level best to get my story in to-night," he said.

With that he hurried away into the inky blackness beyond the beach fire. Nichols ripped a string of oaths after the *Banner* man. What use was it working for a rag, when one found a chance to make a heap of money elsewhere? Who was going to look out for a man who did not look out for himself? Now Leavy was going back,— just a reformed drunk at that, but soaked full with a lot of silly sentiment about loyalty to his paper and all that,— and that meant that Nichols must go across the bay in the fog and snow again, and lose the best chance to pick up plunder that ever had come to his greedy fingers.

If Leavy stayed as an odious figure in Nichols' mind, Nichols quickly disappeared from Leavy's. The *Banner* man was only thinking how he could get Cap'n Joe, the *Little Rufus*, and a bottle of whisky together in quick conjunction; for it was close to midnight, and Stanwix would be crazy for more news from Hog Island reef than the sighting station at the lighthouse, four miles distant, could possibly get for him.

He dimly remembered where he had left Cap'n Joe; his memory had not played tricks with him to-night, as it sometimes did these days, and he soon found the man, whose lantern was all but obscured by the enveloping fog. Cap'n Joe was stretched prostrate on the beach, with the litter from half a dozen water-soaked boxes spread about him. When Leavy called his name, the sailor did not answer. Then the reporter threw himself down on the wet beach and put his face close to the man's.

He breathed; better than that, he breathed liquor. The smell of the drink on the sleeping man's lips was intoxicating to the reporter. He rolled Cap'n Joe over as he might have rolled a great log, and an uncorked bottle went slipping down the shelving beach toward the water. In an instant Leavy was after the bottle. Precious salvage was that, and not a second was lost before he raised it to his lips and the good red liquor went rolling down his dry and thirst-parched throat. How it cleared his mind, that liquor of a foreign and unknown vintage! He had only wanted a single drink, and after he had had a generous one he threw the bottle back on the sand and congratulated himself that, if he had needed a drink, nowadays he knew when to stop. But it was not five minutes after that he went back and hunted out the bottle. One drink might not be enough!

There was no use bothering Cap'n Joe now. The bayman was helplessly drunk, and, while Leavy felt that it was not quite as fair and square as he would have liked, this leaving a man sleeping and marooned on the reef, yet he would wake with plenty of company in the morning, and Stanwix would manage to

"HE DREW CLOSER TO THE SHIVERING GROUP AROUND THE FIRE, WHEN A TALL, FAMILIAR

FIGURE LOOMED UP — NICHOLS OF THE 'REPORT,' THE WORST NEWS THIEF IN TOWN"

straighten the business out afterward. So he left Cap'n Joe, after he had dragged him up under a shelving bank where he would be safe, and started out to find the *Little Rufus*.

How Leavy found the motor-boat that inky night at Hog Island reef has never been satisfactorily explained; but it is a fact that some time along about midnight the *Little Rufus* set sail in the dark from Hog Island reef across the Great South for Heathmere. Leavy had an engineer, too. He had come across a man at the little wharf on the bay side of the reef who wanted passage to the mainland. The man explained to the reporter that it was most urgent — a woman was dying; would not the correspondent take him across?

Leavy's first impulse was to say "no." He could not be bothered with passengers, when he was so near desperation, and might sink the craft before they ever reached Heathmere. He turned to leave. But the man, who spoke only French, again pleaded with the reporter. A sister was dying; was that a time for refusal?

The refusal was again on Leavy's lips, but like a flash he changed it, and in French asked the stranger:

"Can you run an automobile engine?"

The Frenchman ceased crying and stroked his pointed black beard for a moment. Could he run an automobile engine! Why, it was his garage that was accounted the finest in Paris, and his fad was the designing of racing-cars and -boats.

Leavy looked at him a moment doubtingly. A man in such desperation would probably lie in order to get passage to the shore. But then, there was the possibility that the Frenchman told the truth, and that possibility was certainly to be preferred to the probability of blowing the high-powered engine of the *Little Rufus* to smithereens and landing in the cold waters of the bay.

"Very well; I'll let you tackle it," said Leavy. "You'll have to keep her up to the notch."

He took another drink as the *Little Rufus* pushed off into the bay, and still another as her engine began its quick, nervous vibrations. They seemed, to his inexperienced ear, to sound true, and perhaps the Frenchman he had back there was not such a liar, after all. He covertly watched his engineer, and derived some satisfaction from the way he seemed to be handling the cylinders. Then he fastened the steering-wheel into place, stretched himself upon the floor of the *Little Rufus*, and drew forth a pencil and a wad of copy-paper.

The story! That was the main thing, after all. Now it was plain sailing, mentally; the liquor had loosened things a good deal. Here was his first sentence, the first paragraph, the introduction to the intensely human story by which the reporter hoped to thrill New York for the last time in his misspent life. The liquor was good; it set his mind afire, and now the words and sentences came tumbling out of it like people from a burning house, and went romping down in fine, straight lines across his copy-paper. The *Little Rufus* was well away from the shelter of the reef and tossing wildly in the wind-caught surface of the bay; but the reporter might have been back in the dingy old city room of the *Banner*, for all he cared.

The story was forming itself, not slowly, but instantly, as the creation of a mind accustomed to work at high tension. It *was* a good story, as newspaper stories go, and Leavy felt that it was good as he penciled it. The motor-boat went into rougher water, and tossed more furiously. A comber broke over her gunwale and sprinkled the copy-paper as Leavy wrote upon it. He did not stop. A larger wave broke over the little launch, and the Frenchman began to pray aloud. Leavy's pad was drenched. Then he pulled himself to his feet, and took his bearings from the chart and another drink from the bottle.

For a moment the gale lulled. As it freshened for a new attack it brought to Leavy's ears the *put-put* of another motor, and the reporter delayed for a moment his return to his story. He stood at the tiny nickeled wheel while out of the blackness a fog-blanketed form of another launch loomed, crossed the bows of the *Little Rufus*, and swept into blackness again. It was over in a moment, but Leavy heard some one in the boat shout:

"Where the devil are you going?"

That was Nichols' voice, and Nichols was making toward Heathmere with the story of the shipwreck for the *Report*. Leavy went to the stern of the little launch.

"How does that engine behave?" he asked the Frenchman.

"Oh, pretty well for an American make," said the other, with more than a sign of contempt in his glance at the tiny mechanism. "Now, with us it is different, so different, my dear sir; we take the ——"

But Leavy cut him short, saying:

"We'll argue the merits at another time. You saw that boat slide across our path? Well, it's up to us to get into port ahead of them, and if we're out of our bearings we'll try theirs. It's your trick to pound that engine. We're not making the time we've got to make, and we're going to pound in, if we skip over the island

"JOE WAS ALREADY ON HIS KNEES, TRYING TO OPEN THE BOX. 'IT'S SALVAGE,' SAID HE. ''TWILL BE A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK FOR ME'"

when we strike it, and land plumb in the middle of Long Island Sound."

Which, recited in half French, half English to a Parisian never before across the Atlantic, was high Greek; but there was something about this wild-eyed American journalist that was convincing and spoke more than human tongues, so the engineer fussed at the cylinders again. Leavy was again throwing the words and sentences helter-skelter upon the ocean-sprayed pages of his copy-pad.

The engines of the *Little Rufus* throbbed as even Cap'n Joe had never suspected they were capable of throbbing. They were in hands, now, that knew how to control, a trained mind that had conceived many such as they. The *put-put* of the other boat came more loudly to Leavy's ears. A voice spoke from it, but the reporter did not hear it. He was in the heart of his big story, and the wild, rough world was shut out of the intensity of his mind. The *put-put* of the other grew fainter, and the shouts and calls more distant; even the chuckling of the speed-crazed engineer was unheard: for Leavy was on the last page of his copy. After that the deluge — after a last period had been implanted and a round pencil ring made about it, let come what may, let the worst happen; let ——

Leavy went sliding forward along the smooth

floor of the launch at a terrible rate until his poor, tired head crashed against the head of the cockpit. The Frenchman spilled forward against the hot engine, and ripped out a yell that must have been heard all the way back to Hog Island reef. The *Little Rufus* rammed her nose into Long Island mud, and was ashore hard and fast.

When Leavy had collected his senses and the pages of his story, he found that he had no time to waste. He began to wade to shore, and the Frenchman started to follow, but then decided that he had risked enough, and stayed with the launch. Leavy plunged knee-deep into marsh and bog, and all but fell as he crossed there in the dark. Then he felt the slimy surface rise, climbed upon the land again, went poking forward blindly in a muddy field of stubble until he reached a wire fence, crossed it, and stood in a country road.

Leavy stood in the road, wet and shivering, while he tried to get his bearings. For a long time there was no sound save that of the heavy storm until he caught in the distance the wild shriek of a locomotive. Then he knew that they could not be far from the railroad, and up the railroad was Heathmere.

Still, it is probable that the *Banner* might never have had Leavy's big story on its flashy first page, in the morning, if Patsy Connor's uncle had not died that week out on Frog Point. Patsy, driving home from the wake at one o'clock in the morning, with Mrs. Patsy asleep on his shoulder, trusted implicitly to his old mare to keep to the road. He, too, was almost asleep, when the mare went back on her haunches and a man began speaking out of the dark to him.

In spite of the fact that he had left his revolver home, Patsy kept threatening that if the stranger did not loosen his mare's bridle instantly he would shoot. But Stanwix's fat roll talked again, and when the mare once more moved forward her load was heavier.

When they were nearing the Heathmere depot, Leavy quit drinking from the long bottle. He felt that he was not so much up against impossibilities as he had been when the *Little Rufus* foundered on a mud-bank; for the operator had stuck to his word and the light still burned in his little office.

Leavy had felt unconscionably sleepy during the past fifteen minutes — which was not strange, with all the exposure and strain that his weakened frame had withstood for hours. Sleep all but overpowered him as they drove up to the little depot, but he made a final effort to rouse himself as he half staggered into the tiny telegraph office. The operator had been dozing, but he was quickly wakened and staring at the reporter.

Leavy was shouting his instructions at him. A wire into the *Banner* office,— it *was* decent of him to have the line cleared,— and the reporter's hand went deeper into his inner pocket and brought forth a thick, water-soaked roll of paper. There was the story, and there was a twenty-dollar bill for a bonus if there were no delays in the sending.

Then Leavy went caroming across the waiting-room of the depot, which was lighted only by the light that came through the tiny wicket window where the operator was calling New York, calling the *Banner*, now reeling in line upon line, page upon page, of Leavy's story. The rattle of the telegraph instrument was music in his ears as he sank to sleep, body and mind alike exhausted to the point of stupor.

Nichols of the *Report* had passed close enough to the stranded *Little Rufus* to see the predicament of his competitor, and he was still chuckling at the thought of Leavy stuck in a mud-bank while he was scurrying toward the depot at Heathmere. In his wake were two more reporters from lesser papers, trying to pick up such crumbs as he might see fit to drop to them —for they had never even started across the bay.

"Mighty lucky to get an operator this time of night in this hole," said Nichols; "most generally I have to fall back on long distance, and that knocks all the prettiness out of a story."

One of the others answered him:

"It would have taken more than prettiness out of your story, for the storm has knocked out the 'phones, and the operator here has not been able to get New York since six o'clock."

Nichols stumbled and all but fell over a man asleep on the floor in the dark.

"Who's that?" he asked.

The two younger men bent over him.

"'Tisn't much of any one," one of them reassured him; "it's old Leavy, the lush of the *Banner*. I'd have thought Stanwix would have known better than send him down here to-night. I'll bet they're crazy up in that office just now."

And so they were crazy around City Desk — crazed as only a city room can become crazed when a big story, a big exclusive story, is coming in over the wire: boys snatching copy from the operators' typewriters; page after page of an epic, written by a master of the craft, going aloft to the linotypes — whirling in the presses — off in the crisp and wintry morning to the sleeping city, hours before the *Report*, or any of the other sheets without traditions like the *Banner's*, without men who carry the glory of their calling above their very lives.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

THE MENACE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY

OUT of the tumult and shouting of the presidential campaign one thing can be understood clearly. We must have restraining laws on the new processes of democracy which are now so rapidly being introduced in the United States.

We are in the midst of the greatest revolt against representative machinery in government, the greatest impulse toward the direct decision of the individual voter, since the time of Andrew Jackson. A deep and, generally speaking, well-earned popular distrust has been aroused against the perversion of representative government, to the representation of special instead of general public interests. And the popular answer has been the placing of fundamental political decisions in the hands of the individual voter.

A DOUBLE-BARRELED CAMPAIGN FOR THE PRESIDENCY

The direct primary is probably the most vital, certainly the most conspicuous, of the results of this new swing toward pure democracy. Nothing in recent years has been so striking as the pre-convention campaign for the presidential nomination during this spring, described in Mr. Turner's article in this magazine. But no one who has seen it believes that it is yet a finished process. It is, as a matter of fact, just half of a new system of choosing candidates.

The presidential primary this year has been carried on under laws hastily thrown together for immediate use. The old-established political interests — all hostile to them — have tried, both in their framing and in their operation, to discredit them. The laws are unfinished — sometimes purposely distorted so as to make them impracticable.

As they stand, they suggest a great new danger to the republic. The machinery of publicity which is required to carry presidential candidates before the fifteen millions of voters in the United States is necessarily elaborate; under present conditions it is extremely expensive. It is involving the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars for promoting individual candidates.

THE NOMINATION TO THE HEAVIEST ADVERTISER

Hundreds of thousands of dollars spent by a party organization is one thing; hundreds of thousands by individuals as candidates, or by their personal backers, is another, entirely different. The national primary resolves itself into a huge advertising campaign; and in advertising — political as well as commercial — Napoleon's cynical belief that "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions" is too apt to be true to make for comfortable reflections in a democracy. Our country — having created individual aggregations of wealth, huge beyond the dreams of previous history — can scarcely afford to create a new instrument which can be used by wealth to rake political power into its already tremendous pile of possessions. We can not afford to make the presidency the property of multimillionaires, or men backed by great financial aggregations.

Fortunately, it is not necessary that it should be. The West has already, in State affairs, gone through the experience with direct primaries which the nation is now undergoing. The use of money is curbed by practical laws by which the State limits expenditures, especially for candidates for nomination, and carries, by State publication, the publicity of every candidate, rich or poor, to the voter. Some such policy must be adopted at once by the nation.

The extravagance of the present pre-convention campaign has many particular excuses; it can not be charged rightly that the mere power of money determined its result; but its warning is quite clear. Any system of promoting or underwriting a Chief Executive, for great sums, is not one which the nation can afford to make permanent. The presidential preference primary must be governed at once by a rigid corrupt practices act.

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